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THE POLICY OF IMPERIAL PREFERENCE*

My first duty is to thank this great and representative audience for having offered to me an opportunity of explaining for the first time in some detail the views which I hold upon the subject of our fiscal policy. I would desire no better platform than this. I am in a great city, the second of the Empire; the city which by the enterprise and intelligence which it has always shown is entitled to claim something of a representative character in respect of British industry. I am in that city in which Free Trade took its birth, in that city in which Adam Smith taught so long, and where he was one at any rate of my most distinguished predecessors in that great office of Lord Rector of your university which it will always be to me a great honor to have filled. Adam Smith was a great man. It was not given to him, it never has been given to mortals, to foresee all the changes that may occur in something like a century and a half, but with a broad and far-seeing intelligence which is not common among men, Adam Smith did at any rate anticipate many of our mod-

ern conditions, and when I read his books I see even then how he was aware of the importance of home markets as compared with the foreign; how he advocated retaliation under certain conditions; how he supported the Navigation Laws; how he was the author of a sentence which we ought never to forget, that "Defence is greater than opulence." When I remember also how he, entirely before his time, pressed for reciprocal trade between our Colonies and the Mother Country, I say he had a broader mind, a more Imperial conception of the duties of the citizens of a great Empire, than some of those who have taught also as professors, and who claim to be his successors. Ladies and gentlemen, I am not afraid to come here to the home of Adam Smith, and to combat free imports, and still less am I afraid to preach to you preference with our Colonies—to you in this great city whose whole prosperity has been founded upon its colonial relations—and I must not think only of the city, I must think of the country. It is known to every man that Scotland has

* An address delivered by the Right Honorable J. Chamberlain, M. P., at St. Andrew's

Hall, Glasgow, Tuesday, October 6, 1903, and since personally revised by the author.

contributed out of all proportion to its population to build up the great Empire of which we are all so proud—an Empire which took genius and capacity and courage to create—and which requires now genius and capacity and courage to maintain.

My lords and gentlemen, I do not regard this as a party meeting. I am no longer a party leader. I am an outsider, and it is not my intention—I do not think it would be right—to raise any exclusively party issues. But after what has occurred in the last few days, after the meeting at Sheffield, a word or two may be forgiven to me, who, although no longer a leader, am still a loyal servant of the party to which I belong.

I say to you, ladies and gentlemen, that that party whose continued existence, whose union, whose strength, I still believe to be essential to the welfare of the country, and to the welfare of the Empire, has found a leader whom every member may be proud to follow. Mr. Balfour in his position has responsibilities which he cannot share with us, but no one will contest his right—a right to which his high office, his ability, and his character alike entitle him—to declare the official policy of the party which he leads, to fix its limits, to settle the time at which application shall be given, to the principles which he has put forward. For myself, I agree with the principles that he has stated. I approve of the policy to which he proposes to give effect, and I admire the courage and the resource with which he faces difficulties which even in our varied political history have hardly ever been surpassed. It ought not to be necessary to say any more. But it seems as though in this country there have always been men who do not know what loyalty and friendship mean, and to them I say that nothing that they can do will have the slightest influence or will af-

fect in the slightest degree the friendship and confidence which exist and have existed for so many years between the Prime Minister and myself. Let them do their worst. Their insinuations pass us by like the idle wind, and I would say to my friends, to those who support me in the great struggle on which I have entered, I would say to them also, I beg of you to give no encouragement to these mean, and libellous insinuations. Understand that in no conceivable circumstances will I allow myself to be put in any sort of competition, direct or indirect, with my friend and leader, whom I mean to follow. What is my position? I have invited a discussion upon a question which comes peculiarly within my province, owing to my past life, and owing to the office which I have so recently held. I have invited discussion upon it. I have not pretended that a matter of this importance is to be settled offhand. I have been well aware that the country has to be educated, as I myself have had to be educated before I saw, or could see, all the bearings of this great matter; and therefore I take up the position of a pioneer. I go in front of the army, and if the army is attacked I go back to it.

Meanwhile, putting aside all these personal and party questions, I ask my countrymen, without regard to any political opinions which they may have hitherto held, to consider the greatest of all great questions that can be put before the country; to consider it impartially if possible, and to come to a decision—and it is possible—I am always an optimist—it is possible that the nation may be prepared to go a little further than the official programme. I have known them to do it before, and no harm has come to the party; no harm that I know has come to those who as scouts, or pioneers, or investigators, or discov-

erers have gone a little before it. Well, one of my objects in coming here is to find an answer to this question. Is the country prepared to go a little further? I suppose that there are differences in Scotland, differences in Glasgow, as there are certainly in the southern country, and those differences, I hope, are mainly differences as to methods.

For I cannot conceive that, so far as regards the majority of the country at any rate, there can be any differences as to our objects. What are our objects? They are two. In the first place, we all desire the maintenance and increase of the national strength and prosperity of the United Kingdom. That may be a selfish desire; but in my mind it carries with it something more than mere selfishness. You cannot expect foreigners to take the same views as we of our position and duty. To my mind Britain has played a great part in the past in the history of the world, and for that reason I wish Britain to continue. Then, in the second place, our object is, or should be, the realization of the greatest ideal which has ever inspired statesmen in any country or in any age—the creation of an Empire such as the world has never seen. We have to cement the union of the States beyond the seas; we have to consolidate the British race; we have to meet the clash of competition, commercial now—sometimes in the past it has been otherwise—it may be again in the future. Whatever it be, whatever danger threatens, we have to meet it no longer as an isolated country; we have to meet it fortified and strengthened, and buttressed by all those of our kinsmen, all those powerful and continually rising States which speak our common tongue and glory in our common flag.

Those are two great objects, and as I have said we all should have them in view. How are we to attain them? In

the first place, let me say one word as to the method in which this discussion is to be carried on. Surely it should be treated in a manner worthy of its magnitude, worthy of the dignity of the theme. For my part I disclaim any imputation of evil motive and unworthy motive on the part of those who may happen to disagree with me; and I claim equal consideration from them. I claim that this matter should be treated on its merits—without personal feeling, personal bitterness, and, if possible, without entering upon questions of purely party controversy, and I do that for the reason I have given; but also because, if you are to make a change in a system which has existed for sixty years, which affects more or less every man, woman, and child in the kingdom, you can only make that change successfully if you have behind you not merely a party support—if you do not attempt to force it by a small majority on a large and unwilling minority, but if it becomes, as I believe it will become, a national policy in consonance with the feelings, the aspirations, and the interests of the overwhelming proportion of the country.

I was speaking just now of the characteristics of Glasgow as a great city; I am not certain whether I mentioned that I believe it is one of the most prosperous of cities, that it has had a great and continuous prosperity; and if that be so, here, more than anywhere else, I have got to answer the question, Why cannot you let well alone? Well, I have been in Venice—the beautiful city of the Adriatic, which had at one time a commercial supremacy quite as great in proportion as anything we have ever enjoyed. Its great glories have departed; but what I was going to say was that when I was there last I saw the great tower of the Campanile rising above the city which it had overshadowed for centuries, and looking as

though it was as permanent as the city itself. And yet the other day, in a few minutes, the whole structure fell to the ground. Nothing was left of it but a mass of ruin and rubbish. I do not say to you, gentlemen, that I anticipate any catastrophe so great or so sudden for British trade; but I do say to you that I see signs of decay; that I see cracks and crevices in the walls of the great structure; that I know that the foundations upon which it has been raised are not broad enough or deep enough to sustain it. Now, do I do wrong, if I know this—if I even think I know it—do I do wrong to warn you? Is it not a most strange and inconsistent thing that while certain people are indicting the Government in language which, to say the least of it, is extravagant, for not having been prepared for the great war from which we have recently emerged with success—is it not strange that these same people should be denouncing me in language equally extravagant because I want to prepare you now while there is time for a struggle greater in its consequences than that to which I have referred—a struggle from which, if we emerge defeated, this country will lose its place, will no longer count among the great nations of the world—a struggle which we are asked to meet with antiquated weapons and with old-fashioned tactics?

I tell you that it is not well to-day with British industry. We have been going through a period of great expansion. The whole world has been prosperous. I see signs of a change, but let that pass. When the change comes I think even the Free Fooders will be converted. But meanwhile what are the facts? The year 1900 was the rec-

ord year of British trade. The exports were the largest we had ever known. The year 1902—last year—was nearly as good, and yet, if you will compare your trade in 1872, thirty years ago, with the trade of 1902—the export trade—you will find that there has been a moderate increase of twenty-two millions.¹ That, I think, is something like seven and a half per cent. Meanwhile the population has increased thirty per cent. Can you go on supporting your population at that rate of increase, when even in the best of years you can only show so much smaller an increase in your foreign trade? The actual increase was twenty-two millions under our Free Trade. In the same time the increase in the United States of America was 110 millions, and the increase in Germany was fifty-six millions. In the United Kingdom our export trade has been practically stagnant for thirty years. It went down in the interval. It has now gone up in the most prosperous times. In the most prosperous times it is hardly better than it was thirty years ago.

Meanwhile the protected countries which you have been told, and which I myself at one time believed, were going rapidly to wreck and ruin, have progressed in a much greater proportion than ours. That is not all; not merely the amount of your trade remained stagnant, but the character of your trade has changed. When Mr. Cobden preached his doctrine, he believed, as he had at that time considerable reason to suppose, that while foreign countries would supply us with our food-stuffs and raw materials, we should remain the mart of the world, and should send them in exchange our manufactures. But that is exactly what we have not done. On the contrary, in the period to which I have referred, we are sending less and less of our manufactures to them, and they

¹ The figures given in the recent Board of Trade Blue Book are as follows:

1872. Total Exports of British Produce, 256 millions.

1902. Total Exports of British Produce, 278 millions.

are sending more and more of their manufactures to us.

Now I know how difficult it is for a great meeting like this to follow figures. I shall give you as few as I can, but I must give you some to lay the basis of my argument. I have had a table constructed, and upon that table I would be willing to base the whole of my contention. I will take some figures from it. You have got to analyze your trade. It is not merely a question of amount; you have got to consider of what it is composed. Now what has been the case with regard to our manufactures? Our existence as a nation depends upon our manufacturing capacity and production. We are not essentially or mainly an agricultural country. That can never be the main source of our prosperity. We are a great manufacturing country. Now, in 1872 we sent to the protected countries of Europe and to the United States of America, £116,000,000 of exported manufactures. In 1882, ten years later, it fell to £88,000,000. In 1892, ten years later, it fell to £75,000,000. In 1902, last year, although the general exports had increased, the exports of manufactures to these countries had decreased again to £73,500,000, and the total result of this is that after thirty years you are sending £42,500,000 of manufactures less to the great protected countries than you did thirty years ago. Then there are the neutral countries, that is, the countries which, although they may have tariffs, have no manufactures, and therefore the tariffs are not protective—such countries as Egypt and China, and South America, and similar places. Our exports of manufactures have not fallen into these markets to any considerable extent. They have practically remained the same, but on the whole they have fallen £3,500,000. Adding that to the loss in the protected countries, and you have lost altogether

in your exports of manufactures £46,000,000.

How is it that that has not impressed the people before now? Because the change has been concealed by our statistics. I do not say they have not shown it, because you could have picked it out, but they are not put in a form which is understood of the people. You have failed to observe that the maintenance of your trade is dependent entirely on British possessions. While to these foreign countries your export of manufactures has declined by £46,000,000, to your British possessions it has increased £40,000,000, and at the present time your trade with the Colonies and British possessions is larger in amount, very much larger in amount, and very much more valuable in the categories I have named, than our trade with the whole of Europe and the United States of America. It is much larger than our trade to those neutral countries of which I have spoken, and it remains at the present day the most rapidly increasing, the most important, the most valuable of the whole of our trade. One more comparison. During this period of thirty years in which our exports of manufactures have fallen 46 millions to foreign countries, what has happened as regards their exports of manufactures to us? They have risen from 63 millions in 1872 to 149 millions in 1902. They have increased 86 millions. That may be all right. I am not for the moment saying whether that is right or wrong, but when people say that we ought to hold exactly the same opinion about things that our ancestors did, my reply is that I dare say we should do so if circumstances had remained the same.

But now, if I have been able to make these figures clear, there is one thing which follows—that is, that our Imperial trade is absolutely essential to our prosperity at the present time.

If that trade declines, or if it does not increase in proportion to our population and to the loss of trade with foreign countries, then we sink at once into a fifth-rate nation. Our fate will be the fate of the empires and kingdoms of the past. We shall have reached our highest point, and indeed I am not certain that there are some of my opponents who do not regard that with absolute complacency. I do not. As I have said, I have the misfortune to be an optimist. I do not believe in the setting of the British star, but, then, I do not believe in the folly of the British people. I trust them. I trust the working classes of this country, and I have confidence that they who are our masters, electorally speaking, will have the intelligence to see that they must wake up. They must modify their policy to suit new conditions. They must meet those conditions with altogether a new policy.

I have said that if our Imperial trade declines we decline. My second point is this. It will decline inevitably unless while there is still time we take the necessary steps to preserve it. Have you ever considered why it is that Canada takes so much more of the products of British manufacturers than the United States of America does per head? When you answer that I have another conundrum. Why does Australia take about three times as much per head as Canada? And to wind up, why does South Africa—the white population of South Africa—take more per head than Australasia? When you have got to the bottom of that—and it is not difficult—you will see the whole argument. These countries are all protective countries. I see that the Labor leaders, or some of them, in this country are saying that the interest of the working class is to maintain our present system of free imports. The moment those men go to the Colonies

they change. I will undertake to say that no one of them has ever been there for six months without singing a different tune. The vast majority of the working men in all the Colonies are Protectionists, and I am not inclined to accept the easy explanation that they are all fools. I do not understand why an intelligent man—a man who is intelligent in this country—becomes an idiot when he goes to Australasia. But I will tell you what he does do. He gets rid of a good number of old-world prejudices and superstitions. I say they are Protectionist, all these countries. Now, what is the history of Protection? In the first place a tariff is imposed. There are no industries, or practically none, but only a tariff; then gradually industries grow up behind the tariff wall. In the first place they are primary industries, the industries for which the country has natural aptitude or for which it has some special advantage—mineral or other resources. Then when those are established the secondary industries spring up, first the necessities, then the luxuries, until at last all the ground is covered. These countries of which I have been speaking to you are in different stages of the protective process. In America the process has been completed. She produces everything, she excludes everything. There is no trade to be done with her beyond a paltry six shillings per head. Canada has been protective for a long time. The protective policy has produced its natural result. The principal industries are there, and you can never get rid of them. They will be there for ever, but up to the present time the secondary industries have not been created, and there is an immense deal of trade that is still open to you, that you may still retain, that you may increase. In Australasia the industrial position is still less advanced. The agricultural products of the country have been first

of all developed. Accordingly Australasia takes more from you per head than Canada. In South Africa there are, practically speaking, no industries at all. Now, I ask you to suppose that we intervene in any stage of the process. We can do it now. We might have done it with greater effect ten years ago. Whether we can do it with any effect or at all twenty years hence I am very doubtful. We can intervene now. We can say to our great Colonies: "We understand your views and conditions. We do not attempt to dictate to you. We do not think ourselves superior to you. We have taken the trouble to learn your objections, to appreciate and sympathize with your policy. We know you are right in saying you will not always be content to be what the Americans call a one-horse country, with a single industry and no diversity of employment. We can see that you are right not to neglect what Providence has given you in the shape of mineral or other resources. We understand and we appreciate the wisdom of your statesmen when they say they will not allow their country to be solely dependent on foreign supplies for the necessities of life. We understand all that, and therefore we will not propose to you anything that is unreasonable or contrary to this policy, which we know is deep in your hearts; but we will say to you after all there are many things which you do not now make, many things for which we have a great capacity of production—leave them to us as you have left them hitherto. Don't increase your tariff walls against us. Pull them down where they are unnecessary to the success of this policy to which you are committed. Do that because we are kinsmen—without injury to any important interest, because it is good for the Empire as a whole, and because we have taken the first step and have set you the example.

We offer you a preference; we rely on your patriotism, your affection, that we shall not be the losers thereby."

Now, suppose that we had made an offer of that kind—I won't say to the Colonies, but to Germany, to the United States of America—ten or twenty years ago. Do you suppose that we should not have been able to retain a great deal of what we have now lost and cannot recover?

I will give you an illustration. America is the strictest of protective nations. It has a tariff which to me is an abomination. It is so immoderate, so unreasonable, so unnecessary, that, though America has profited enormously under it, yet I think it has been carried to excessive lengths, and I believe now that a great number of intelligent Americans would gladly negotiate with us for its reduction. But until very recent times, even this immoderate tariff left to us a great trade. It left to us the tin-plate trade, and the American tin-plate trade amounted to millions per annum, and gave employment to thousands of British workpeople. If we had gone to America ten or twenty years ago and had said, "If you will leave the tin-plate trade as it is, put no duty on tin-plate—you have never had to complain either of our quality or our price—we in return will give you some advantage on some articles which you produce," we might have kept the tin-plate trade. It would not have been worth America's while to put a duty on an article for which it had no particular or special aptitude or capacity. If we had gone to Germany, in the same sense there are hundreds of article which are now made in Germany which are sent to this country, which are taking the place of goods employing British labor, which they might have left to us in return for our concessions to them.

We did not take that course. We were not prepared for it as a people.

We allowed matters to drift. Are we going to let them drift now? Are we going to lose the Colonial trade? This is the parting of the ways. You have to remember that if you do not take this opportunity it will not recur. If you do not take it I predict, and I predict with certainty, that Canada will fall to the level of the United States, that Australia will fall to the level of Canada, that South Africa will fall to the level of Australia, and that will only be the beginning of the general decline which will deprive you of your most important customers, of your most rapidly increasing trade. I think I have some reason to speak with authority on this subject. The Colonies are prepared to meet us. In return for a very moderate preference they will give us a substantial advantage.

They will give us in the first place, I believe they will reserve to us, much at any rate of the trade which we already enjoy. They will not—and I would not urge them for a moment to do so—they will not injure those of their industries which have already been created. They will maintain them, they will not allow them to be destroyed or injured even by our competition, but outside that there is still a great margin, a margin which has given us this enormous increase of trade to which I have referred. That margin I believe we can permanently retain—and I ask you to think, if that is of so much importance to us now, when we have only eleven millions of white fellow citizens in these distant colonies, what will it be when in the course of a period which is a mere moment of time in the history of States, what will it be when that population is forty millions or more? Is it not worth while to consider whether the actual trade which you may retain, whether the enormous potential trade which you and your descendants may enjoy,

be not worth a sacrifice, if sacrifice be required. But they will do a great deal more for you. This is certain. Not only will they enable you to retain the trade which you have, but they are ready to give you preference on all the trade which is now done with them by foreign competitors. I never see any appreciation by the free importers of the magnitude of this trade. It will increase. It has increased greatly in thirty years, and if it goes on with equally rapid strides we shall be ousted by foreign competition, if not by protective tariffs, from our colonies. It amounts at the present time to forty-seven millions. But it is said that a great part of that forty-seven millions is in goods which we cannot supply. That is true, and with regard to that portion of the trade we have no interest in any preferential tariff, but it has been calculated, and I believe it to be accurate, that twenty-six millions a year of that trade might come to this country which now goes to Germany and France and other foreign countries, if reasonable preference were given to British manufactures. What does that mean? The Board of Trade assumes that of manufactured goods one half the value is expended in labor—I think it is a great deal more, but take the Board of Trade figures—thirteen millions a year of new employment. What does that mean to the United Kingdom? It means the employment of 166,000 men at 30s. a week. It means the subsistence, if you include their families, of 830,000 persons; and now, if you will only add to that our present export to the British possessions of ninety-six millions, you will find that that gives on the same calculation forty-six millions for wages or employment at 30s. a week to 615,000 workpeople, and it finds subsistence for 3,075,000 persons. In other words, your colonial trade as it stands at present with the prospective ad-

vantage of a preference against the foreigner means employment and fair wages for three-quarters of a million of workmen, and subsistence for nearly four millions of our population.

Ladies and gentlemen, I feel deeply sensible that the argument I have addressed to you is one of those which will be described by the Leader of the Opposition as a squalid argument. A squalid argument! I have appealed to your interests, I have come here as a man of business, I have appealed to the employers and the employed alike in this great city. I have endeavored to point out to them that their trade, their wages, all depend on the maintenance of this Colonial trade, of which some of my opponents speak with such contempt, and, above all, with such egregious ignorance. But now I abandon that line of argument for the moment, and appeal to something higher, which I believe is in your hearts as it is in mine. I appeal to you as fellow citizens of the greatest Empire that the world has ever known; I appeal to you to recognize that the privileges of Empire bring with them great responsibilities. I want to ask you to think what this Empire means, what it is to you and your descendants. I will not speak, or, at least, I will not dwell, on its area, greater than that which has been under one dominion in the history of the world. I will not speak of its population, of the hundreds of millions of men for whom we have made ourselves responsible. But I will speak of its variety, and of the fact that here we have an Empire which with decent organization and consolidation might be absolutely self-sustaining. Nothing of the kind has ever been known before. There is no article of your food, there is no raw material of your trade, there is no necessity of your lives, no luxury of your existence, which cannot be produced somewhere or another in the

British Empire, if the British Empire holds together, and if we who have inherited it are worthy of our opportunities.

There is another product of the British Empire, that is, men. You have not forgotten the advantage, the encouragement, which can be given by the existence of loyal men, inhabitants, indeed, of distant States, but still loyal to the common flag. It is not so long since these men, when the old country was in straits, rushed to her assistance. No persuasion was necessary; it was a voluntary movement. That was not a squalid assistance. They had no special interest. They were interested, indeed, as sons of the Empire. If they had been separate States they would have had no interest at all. They came to our assistance, and proved themselves indeed men of the old stock; they proved themselves worthy of the best traditions of the British Army, and gave us an assistance, a material assistance, which was invaluable. They gave us moral support which was even more grateful. That is the result of Empire. I should be wrong if, in referring to our white fellow subjects, I did not also say, that in addition to them, if any straits befel us, there are millions and hundreds of millions of men born in tropical climes, and of races very different from ours, who, although they were prevented by political considerations from taking part in our recent struggle, would be, in any death-throe of the Empire, equally eager to show their loyalty and their devotion. Now, is such a dominion, are such traditions, is such a glorious inheritance, is such a splendid sentiment—are they worth preserving? Aye, they have cost much. They have cost us much in blood and treasure; and in past times, as in recent, many of our best and noblest have given their lives, or risked their lives, for this great ideal.

But it has done much for us. It has ennobled our national life, it has discouraged that petty parochialism which is the defect of all small communities. I say to you that all that is best in our present life, best in this Britain of ours, all of which we have the right to be most proud, is due to the fact that we are not only sons of Britain, but we are sons of Empire. I do not think, I am not likely to do you the injustice to believe, you would make this sacrifice fruitless, that you would make all this endeavor vain. But if you want to complete it, remember that each generation in turn has to do its part, and you are called to take your share in that great work. Others have founded the Empire; it is yours to build firmly and permanently the great edifice of which others have laid the foundation. And I believe we have got to change somewhat our rather insular habits. When I have been in the Colonies I have told them that they are too provincial, but I think we are too provincial also. We think too much of ourselves, and we forget—and it is necessary we should remember—that we are only part of a larger whole. And when I speak of our Colonies, it is an expression; they are not ours—they are not ours in a possessory sense. They are sister States, able to treat with us from an equal position, able to hold to us, willing to hold to us, but also able to break with us. I have had eight years' experience. I have been in communication with many of the men, statesmen, orators, writers, distinguished in our Colonies. I have had intimate conversation with them. I have tried to understand them, and I think I do understand them, and I say that none of them desire separation. There are none of them who are not loyal to this idea of Empire which they say they wish us to accept more fully in the future, but I have found none who do not believe that our

present colonial relations cannot be permanent. We must either draw closer together or we shall drift apart.

When I made that statement with all responsibility some time ago there were people, political opponents, who said: "See, here is the result of having a Colonial Secretary. Eight years ago the Colonies were devoted to the Mother Country. Everything was for the best. Preferences were not thought of. There were no squalid bonds. The Colonies were ready to do everything for us. They were not such fools as to think we should do anything for them, but when that happy state of things existed the Colonial Secretary came into office. Now it has all disappeared. We are told if we do not alter our policy we may lose our Empire." It is a fancy picture, but I will not rest my case upon my own opinion. It is not I who have said this alone; others have said it before me. We have a statesman here in Scotland whose instincts are always right, but whose actions unfortunately often lag behind his instincts. What did he say many years before I came into office, in 1888? Lord Rosebery was speaking at Leeds and he said this: "The people in this country will in a not too distant time have to make up their minds what position they wish their Colonies to occupy with respect to them, or whether they desire their Colonies to leave them altogether. It is, as I believe, absolutely impossible for you to maintain in the long run your present loose and indefinable relations and preserve these Colonies as parts of the Empire. . . . I do not see that you can obtain the great boon of a peaceful Empire encircling the globe with a bond of commercial unity and peace without some sacrifice on your part." Well, we have to consider, of course, what is the sacrifice we are called upon to make. I do not believe—no, let me first say if there be a

sacrifice, if that can be shown, I will go confidently to my countrymen, I will tell them what it is, and I will ask them to make it. Nowadays a great deal too much attention is paid to what is called the sacrifice; no attention is given to what is the gain. But, although I would not hesitate to ask you for a sacrifice if a sacrifice were needed to keep together the Empire to which I attach so much importance, I do not believe that there would be any sacrifice at all. This is an arrangement between friends. This is a negotiation between kinsmen. Can you not conceive the possibility that both sides may gain and neither lose? Twelve years ago another great man—Mr. Cecil Rhodes—with one of those flashes of insight and genius which made him greater than ordinary men, took advantage of his position as Prime Minister of the Cape Colony to write letters, which have recently been published, to the then Prime Minister of Canada and the Prime Minister of New South Wales. He said in one of these letters: "The whole thing lies in the question—can we invent some tie with our Mother Country that will prevent separation? It must be a practical one. The curse is that English politicians cannot see the future."

Well, I ask the same question. Can we invent a tie which must be a practical one, which will prevent separation, and I make the same answer as Mr. Rhodes, who suggested reciprocal preference, and I say that it is only by commercial union, reciprocal preference, that you can lay the foundations of a confederation of the Empire to which we all look forward as a brilliant possibility. Now I have told you what you are to gain by preference. You will gain the retention and the increase of your customers. You will gain work for the enormous number of those who are now unemployed; you will pave the way for a firmer and

more enduring union of the Empire. What will it cost you? What do the Colonies ask. They ask a preference on their particular products. You cannot give them, at least it would be futile to offer them, a preference on manufactured goods, because at the present time the exported manufacture of the Colonies is entirely insignificant. You cannot, in my opinion, give them a preference on raw material. It has been said that I should propose such a tax; but I repeat now, in the most explicit terms, that I do not propose a tax on raw materials, which are a necessity of our manufacturing trade. What remains? Food.

Therefore, if you wish to have preference, if you desire to gain this increase, if you wish to prevent separation, you must put a tax on food. The murder is out. I said that in the House of Commons, but I said a good deal more, but that is the only thing of all that I said that my opponents have thought it particularly interesting to quote, and you see that on every wall, in the headlines of the leaflets of the Cobden Club, in the speeches of the devotees of free imports, in the arguments of those who dread the responsibilities of Empire, but do not seem to care much about the possibility of its dissolution—all these, then, put in the forefront that Mr. Chamberlain says "you must tax truth." (Laughter). "You must tax food." There is no need to tax truth, for that is scarce enough already. I was going to say that this statement which they quote is true. But it is only half the truth, and they never give you the other half. You never see attached to this statement that you must tax food the other words that I have used in reference to this subject, that nothing that I propose would add one farthing to the cost of living to the working man, or to any family in this country. How is that to be achieved? I

have been asked for a plan. I have hesitated, because as you will readily see no final plan can be proposed until a Government is authorized by the people to enter into negotiations upon these principles. Until that Government has had the opportunity of negotiating with the Colonies, with foreign countries, and with the heads, and experts in all our great industries, any plan must be at the present time more or less of a sketch-plan.

A SKETCH-PLAN.

But at the same time I recognize that you have a right to call upon me for the broad outlines of my plan, and those I will give you if you will bear with me. You have heard it said that I propose to put a duty of 5s. or 10s. a quarter on wheat. That is untrue. I propose to put a low duty on foreign corn, no duty at all on the corn coming from our British possessions. But I propose to put a low duty on foreign corn not exceeding 2s. a quarter. I propose to put no tax whatever on maize, partly because maize is a food of some of the very poorest of the population, and partly also because it is a raw material for the farmers, who feed their stock with it. I propose that the corresponding tax which will have to be put on flour should give a substantial preference to the miller, and I do that in order to re-establish one of our most ancient industries in this country, believing that if that is done not only will more work be found in agricultural districts, with some tendency, perhaps, operating against the constant migration from the country into the towns, and also because by re-establishing the milling industry in this country the offals, as they are called—the refuse of the wheat—will remain in the country and will give to the farmers or the agricultural population a food for their stock and their pigs

at very much lower rates. That will benefit not merely the great farmer, but it will benefit the little man, the small owner of a plot or even the allotment owner who keeps a single pig. I am told by a high agricultural authority that if this were done so great an effect would be produced upon the price of the food of the animal that where an agricultural laborer keeps one pig now he might keep two in the future. I propose to put a small tax of about 5 per cent. on foreign meat and dairy produce. I propose to exclude bacon because once more bacon is a popular food with some of the poorest of the population. It forms a staple of food for many of the poorest of the population. And, lastly, I propose to give a substantial preference to our Colonies upon colonial wines and perhaps upon colonial fruits. Well, those are the taxes, new taxes, or alterations of taxation which I propose as additions to your present burden.

But I propose also some great remissions. I propose to take off three-fourths of the duty on tea, and half of the whole duty on sugar, with a corresponding reduction on cocoa and coffee. Now, what will be the result of these changes, in the first place upon the cost of living; in the second place upon the Treasury? As regards the cost of living, I have accepted, for the purpose of argument, the figures of the Board of Trade as to the consumption of an ordinary workman's family, both in the country districts and in the towns, and I find that if he pays the whole of the new duties that I propose to impose it would cost an agricultural laborer 16½ farthings per week more than at present, and the artisan in the town 19½ farthings per week. In other words, it would add about 4d. per week to the expenditure of the agricultural laborer and 5d. per week on the expenditure of the artisan. But, then, the reduction which I propose, again

taking the consumption as it is declared by the Board of Trade, the reduction would be, in the case of the agricultural laborer 17 farthings a week; in the case of the artisan 19½ farthings a week.

Now, gentlemen, you will see, if you have followed me, that upon the assumption that you pay the whole of the new taxes yourselves the agricultural laborer would be half a farthing per week to the better, and the artisan would be exactly the same. I have made this assumption, but I do not believe in it. I do not believe that these small taxes upon food would be paid to any large extent by the consumers in this country. I believe, on the contrary, they would be paid by the foreigner.

Now, that doctrine can be supported by authoritative evidence. In the first place, look at the economists—I am not speaking of the fourteen professors—but take John Stuart Mill, take the late Professor Sidgwick, and I could quote others now living. They all agree that of any tax upon imports, especially if the tax be moderate, a portion, at any rate, is paid by the foreigner, and that is confirmed by experience. I have gone carefully during the last few weeks into the statistical tables not only of the United Kingdom, but of other countries, and I find that neither in Germany, nor in France, nor in Italy, nor in Sweden, nor in the United Kingdom, when there has been the imposition of a new duty or an increase of an old duty has the whole cost over a fair average of years ever fallen upon the consumer. It has always partly been paid by the foreigner. Well, how much is paid by the foreigner? That, of course, must be a matter of speculation, and there, again, I have gone to one of the highest authorities of this country—one of the highest of the official experts whom the Government consult—and I have

asked him for his opinion, and in his opinion the incidence of a tax depends upon the proportion between the free production and the taxed production. In this case the free production is the home production and the production of the British Colonies. The taxed production is the production of the foreigner, and this gentleman is of opinion that, if, for instance, the foreigner supplies, as he does in the case of meat, two-ninths of the production, the consumer only pays two-ninths of the tax. If he supplies, as he does in the case of corn, something like three-fourths of the consumption, then the consumer pays three-fourths of the tax. If, as in dairy produce, he supplies half of the production, then the consumer pays half of the tax. Well, as I say, that is a theory like any other that will be contested, but I believe it to be accurate, and at all events as a matter of curiosity I have worked out this question of the cost of living upon that assumption, and I find that, if you take that proportion then the cost of the new duties would be 9½ farthings to the agricultural laborer and ten farthings to the artisan, while the reduction would still be 17 farthings to the laborer and 19½ farthings to the artisan. There, gentlemen, you see my point. If I give my opponents the utmost advantage, if I say to them what I do not believe, if I grant that the whole tax is paid by the consumer, even in that case my proposal would give as large a remission on the necessary articles of his life as it imposes. As a result of the advantage upon other necessary articles the budget at the end of the week or the result at the end of the year will be practically the same even if he pays the whole duty. But if he does not pay the whole duty, then he will get all the advantages to which I have already referred. In the case of the agricultural laborer he will gain about

2d. a week, and in the case of the town artisan he will gain $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ a week.

I feel how difficult it is to make either interesting or intelligible to a great audience like this the complicated subject with which I have to deal. But this is my opening declaration, and I feel that I ought to leave nothing untold; at all events, to lay the whole of the outlines of my scheme before the country.

Now, the next point, the last point I have to bring before you, is that these advantages to the consumer will involve a loss to the Exchequer. And you will see why. The Exchequer when it reduces tea or sugar loses the amount of the tax on the whole consumption, but when it imposes a tax on corn or upon meat it only gains a duty on a part of the consumption, since it does not collect it either upon the colonial or upon the home production. Well, I have had that worked out for me, also by an expert, and I find, even making allowance for growth in the colonial and home production which would be likely to be the result of the stimulus which we give to them—and after making allowances for those articles which I do not propose to tax—the loss to the Exchequer will be £2,800,000 per annum. How is it to be made up? I propose to find it and to find more—in the other branch of this policy of fiscal reform, in that part of it which is sometimes called retaliation and sometimes reciprocity. Now I cannot deal fully with that subject to-night. I shall have other opportunities, but this I will point out to you, that in attempting to secure reciprocity we cannot hope to be wholly successful. Nobody, I imagine, is sanguine enough to believe that America or Germany and France and Italy and all those countries are going to drop the whole of their protective scheme because we ask them to do so, or even because we threaten.

What I do hope is that they will reduce their duties so that worse things may not happen to them. But I think we shall also have to raise ours. Now a moderate duty on all manufactured goods, not exceeding 10 per cent. on the average, but varying according to the amount of labor in these goods—that is to say, putting the higher rate on the finished manufactures upon which most labor would be employed—a duty, I say, averaging 10 per cent. would give the Exchequer at the very least nine millions a year, while it might be nearer fifteen millions if we accept the Board of Trade estimate of £148,000,000 as the value of our imports of manufactured and partly manufactured goods. Nine millions a year—well, I have an idea that the present Chancellor of the Exchequer would know what to do with a full purse. For myself, if I were in that onerous position—which may Heaven forbid—I should use it in the first place to make up this deficit of £2,800,000 of which I have spoken; and, in the second place, I should use it for the further reduction both of taxes on food and also of some other taxes which press most hardly on different classes of the community. Remember this, a new tax cannot be lost if it comes to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He cannot bury it in a stocking. He must do something with it, and the best thing he can do with it is to remit other taxation; and now the principle of all this policy is that whereas your present taxation, whether it be on food or anything else, brings you revenue, and nothing but revenue, the taxation which I propose, which will not increase your burdens, will gain for you in trade, in employment, in all that we most want to maintain, the prosperity of our industries. The one is profitless taxation, the other scientific taxation.

I have stated, then, the broad outline of the plan which I propose. As

I have said, this can only be filled up when a mandate has been given to the Government, when they have the opportunity which they desire to negotiate and discuss. It may be that when we have these taxes, and if we were prepared to put on such a tax on manufactured goods, we might be willing to remit or reduce it if we could get corresponding advantages from the country whose products would thus be taxed. It cannot, therefore, be precisely stated now what it would bring in or what we should do, but this is clear that, whatever happened, we should get something for it. We should either get something in the shape of a reduction of other taxation or something in the shape of a reduction of those prohibitive tariffs which now hamper so immensely our native industries. There will be, according to this plan, as I have said, no addition to the cost of living, but only a transfer of taxation from one item to another.

It remains to ask what will the Colonies say? I hear it said sometimes by people who I think have never visited the Colonies and do not know much about them, that they will receive this offer with contempt, that they will spurn it, or that if they accept it they will give nothing in return. Well, I differ from these critics. I do not do this injustice to the patriotism or the good sense of the Colonies. When the Prime Ministers, representing all the several States of the Empire, were here, this was the matter of most interesting discussion. Then it was that they pressed upon the Government the consideration of this question. They did not press—it is wrong, it is wicked, to say that they pressed it in any spirit of selfishness, with any idea of exclusive benefit to themselves. No; they had Mr. Rhodes's ideal in their minds. They asked for it as a tie, a practical tie, which should prevent separation, and I do not

believe that they will treat ungenerously any offer that we may now be able to make to them. They had not waited for an offer. Already Canada has given you a preference of 33.13 per cent., South Africa has given you a preference of 25 per cent., New Zealand has offered a preference of 10 per cent. The Premier of Australia has promised to bring before Parliament a similar proposal. They have done all this in confidence, in faith which I am certain will not be disappointed—in faith that you will not be ungrateful, that you will not be unmindful of the influences which have weighed with them, that you will share their loyalty and devotion to an Empire which is theirs as well as ours, and which they have also done something to maintain.

And, ladies and gentlemen, it is because I sympathize with their object, it is because I appreciate the wisdom, aye, the generosity of their offer, it is because I see that things are moving and that an opportunity now in your hands once lost will never recur; it is because I believe that this policy will consolidate the Empire—the Empire which I believe to be the security for peace and for the maintenance of our great British traditions—it is for all these things, and, believe me, for no personal ambition, that I have given up the office which I was so proud to hold, and that now, when I might, I think, fairly claim a period of rest, I have taken up new burdens, and I come before you as a missionary of Empire, to urge upon you again, as I did in the old times, when I protested against the disruption of the United Kingdom, once again to warn you, to urge you, to implore you to do nothing that will tend towards the disintegration of the Empire, not to refuse to sacrifice a futile superstition, an inept prejudice, and thereby to lose the results of centuries of noble effort and patriotic endeavor.

A HOUSE IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

HERTS. Elizabethan farm-house to be let; capable of improvement; stands alone with extensive view; interesting associations; four miles from station, G. N. R.; suitable for artist or literary man; moderate rent. Apply &c.

The advertisement was captivating. What could be more congenial to a misanthrope of the twentieth century than to find himself actually four miles from a railway station, and to a lover of letters than to find himself in the Hertfordshire of Izaak Walton and Charles Lamb, and that, too, in an Elizabethan house "with associations"? The modern solecism of "to be let" instead of "to let" gave us a moment's pause, as suggesting that the writer of the notice was perhaps less in touch with literature than his quotation from Dr. Johnson about the view pretended; but our imagination had been fired and we took bicycle and went to see for ourselves. The house proved to be even more captivating than the advertisement; and, to make a short story, we were captured. What we found was an E-shaped Tudor building of rosy brick standing in a forecourt with a low wall of the same auroral color; its long square-headed windows, with their stone mullions, being filled, as was right, with leaded diamond-shaped panes. The house was only one room deep, so that it reminded us of Spenser's "House of Pride"; but the staircase was immense, giving an effect of spaciousness beyond the fact, and such rooms as there were were large, and, what is more, lofty. The "associations" we found to be with the great Queen herself, who is locally reported to have hidden in one of the attics; on what occasion we could not ascertain. It must have been when she

was playing hide-and-seek on some visit as a little girl to the B's, whose manor-house it was; for there was no room that could ever have been missed in a search. But the phrase of the advertisement that had most taken our fancy was "capable of improvement." Englishmen are born with a passion for improving something; it is well known that if their instincts in this sort do not get enough exercise in the Legislature or some lesser council, or in their own business, or gardens, they will take to improving each other, often with disastrous consequences.

Our talents here were promised abundant scope. The garden was a wilderness of weeds, in which no esculent vegetables were recognizable except a gaunt cabbage and a few currant bushes; the farmyard would tax all our invention to convert into whatever form of goodliness seemed possible—rose-garden or bowling-green; and the house itself cried aloud for the improving influences of whitewash and carbolic soap. Then there was the joy of furnishing. The mind stretched forward to the excitement of excursions to St. Albans, and Hitchin, and Hertford, in search of grandfather clocks and copper coal-scuttles and oak benches and fire-dogs and generally furniture of any other age than our own.

When, in process of time, we were settled in and were preparing to enjoy our sober hermitage, we began to realize that we were to be less lonely than we had dreamed. First, a nest of cottages discovered itself, of whom we soon learned that we were the proper prey. Their hares and rabbits we were content to engross without asking questions; the fruit of their orchards

we were fain to purchase at famine prices because we had none of our own; we let them persuade us that a house so lonely required a watch-dog of singular ferocity and a kennel which from its cost might have been "celled with cedar and painted with vermillion"; and all the worn-out farm implements from the last half-century of county sales—diggers, and wheelbarrows, and scythes—presented themselves for purchase. One day there came a cockatoo that had been caught in a tree. The pious elder who brought it explained that, being in doubt how to pay his rent at Michaelmas this bird had come from above to supply his need; so that its price was 3*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* We demurred to this predestinarian method of fixing values, but promised to keep the bird a few days to discover his points. On the third day he released himself from his chain by opening a link with his beak—an art he had evidently perfected by practice—and sped off again into the woods, perhaps to supply the rent of some other pious cottager. Meanwhile we found ourselves in a difficulty. The bird was not ours, and we had lost him. It was clearly a case for arbitration, and we suggested that it should be referred to the clergyman of the parish. But an unanticipated arbitrator appeared in the person of the village constable, who had got wind of the matter and was indignant that no notice of the bird's capture had been given to him. The would-be Elijah accordingly found himself a delinquent and beholden to my good offices to avert the displeasure of the law; so that, in the event, the affair resolved itself into a distribution of *douceurs*. A second and far more objectionable invasion of our solitude arose from the fact, unknown to us, and we trust also to the advertiser of the house, that we were scheduled as a "local curiosity" in the Hertfordshire programme of

the bicycling world. I am not likely to forget the first Saturday afternoon of our residence. Up the hill came wild trumpeting as of a herd of elephants in pain, and into our newly gravelled drive there rushed panting a motor tricycle, followed by three motor bicycles, and after a slight interval by a flock of the ordinary species. They passed into the orchard which commands the "extensive view" already spoken of, and proceeded to unpack their wallets and enjoy their luncheon and the wide prospect together. I felt that it was idle, and might even be dangerous, to interpose between trumpeting elephants and their provender; so I waited till the signal of repletion was given by the striking of lucifer matches, and the upcurling of thin columns of smoke, and then proceeded to the scene of refection, which I found as "white as snow in Salmon" with sandwich-papers. "Do you gentlemen know," I began, "that you are trespassing?"

"We're not doing any harm, are we?" said the rider of the motor tricycle, who seemed to be the captain.

"Well, no," I said, "that is, if you will be so good as to collect your scattered papers. But for all that you are trespassing. You wouldn't like me to bring my lunch and eat it without leave in your drawing-room."

"But this isn't your drawing-room, sir," was the reply.

"Well then, in your garden!"

"I haven't got a garden."

This repartee excited merriment. As argument did not seem to appeal to elephant nature, I shifted my ground and asked another of the party to what I was indebted for the honor of the visit. "Well," he replied, "the 'Hub' said there was a view, and so it was worth while doing the extra four miles from Tewin, but I've seen a better view from Primrose Hill." This excited more merriment, and I saw my

opportunity. "Would you mind then," I said, "writing to—the paper you spoke of—and saying that my view is really not worth the extra journey?" And so we parted in good humor. I learned afterwards that the attraction of Tewin is a tomb in the churchyard out of which spring six sycamores. Legend has it that the lady who is there buried doubted of the resurrection; whence the miracle; and every bicycle club in London deems it necessary to come down and be convinced by it.

Our solitude, therefore, it will be understood, was not so suited to the artist or man of letters as we had been led to believe; on some days with a barrel-organ, a motor-car or two, and various parties of pilgrims in brakes, it became, in Cowley's phrase, "an Islington almost." And then there were the callers. It would ill become me to complain of the civility of our neighbors (using that term in a wide sense), who drove their five and ten miles to leave cards on the new-comers, and welcome us into "the fruitful fields of pleasant Hertfordshire." With some of them an acquaintance thus begun has ripened into friendship; with others it has remained a bowing acquaintance. The only calls we have, here or elsewhere, had reason to resent have been those made at the unsolicited instance of good-natured friends. I don't know if any novelist has remarked upon the manners sometimes displayed by people who have made a call at the request of common acquaintances, supposing they are so unfortunate as to be found at home when the call is returned. They are almost as interesting as the manners of ladies who hold drawing-room meetings for charitable purposes. (Of course if you are at home when they perform the initial call, they are constrained to behave as though they did it from a free heart and mere goodwill.) The game, as

played, opens by their not quite catching your name as you are announced, and looking a little distracted, as if to wonder what you want. The fatal move at this point is to say: "I think we have common friends in the Joneses," because the retort comes pat: "Oh, have we?" and you have to begin again. A safer opening is: "I am sorry you did not find us at home when you called," because this leaves them face to face with the responsibility for the first step, which they must either explain away, or mend their manners. A skilful player would of course not be checkmated so early, ladies having a way of eluding both logic and responsibility which is my perpetual envy; and if they have been polite only by request, they must be allowed to mark the distinction, in case you should think they wanted to know you. But it is ungracious to dwell on such a topic; for the only house that thus slammed its door in our faces under pretence of opening it was not tenanted by an indigenous stock of "hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire."

And so we come back to Charles Lamb. I must confess that it is only very lately, after reading an essay of Dr. Ainger's in an old volume of the "English Illustrated Magazine" lent me by a friendly divine, that I am become learned in the various spots sacred to the memory of Saint Charles. My first efforts to gain information about them, made at a garden party on first coming into the county, were not fortunate; but like every seeker after truth I had a reward, if not what I expected. I was talking with a clergyman of the type that always delights me, well set up and with an unmistakable air of gentleman, and very little of the conventional parson in dress or manner. To my request for enlightenment about the Lambs he replied: "Oh, they lived quite near at Brocket Hall. The house was begun by Sir Matthew, the first

baronet, and finished by the first Lord Melbourne. Of course you know all about Lady Carolyn Lamb and Byron. Yes, you should certainly see Bocket; it has one of the most beautiful parks in England; and it was the home not only of Melbourne but of Palmerston; both died there." I hastened to explain that by the Lambs I had meant Charles Lamb and his sister. But my friendly clergyman did not know them. "No," he said, "I don't recall any Lamb of the name of Charles. There was George, and William, and Frederick. Anyhow you should see Bocket. It was once part of Hatfield Chace, and its oaks are as old as any in England. All this part of Hertfordshire was once forest, and that is why the roads twist about so. It was under one of the Bocket oaks that the Lady Elizabeth was sitting when the news came of Queen Mary's death. At least that is the Lamb tradition; the Cecil tradition puts the oak at Hatfield." Happily other inquiries put me on the track of the other Lambs, in whom, not being a politician, I felt more interest, and as the fine days at last came with departing summer we visited the shrines. But I am not sure that I did not more enjoy reading about them in the guide books. At Widford, for instance, there is little enough to recall Lamb himself, even less than there is to recall Shakespeare at Stratford; for he was not born there but in London, the house which he loved and has described in his "Essays" is pulled down, and the tomb that pilgrims visit is not his own, which is at Edmonton, but his grandmother's. Even that has suffered at the hand of fortune and the pious restorer. As Lamb describes it in "The Grandam":

A plain stone barely tells
The name and date of the chance passenger.

But as we found it, the passage from

"The Grandam" was cut on the stone itself, which thereby ceased to be "a plain stone barely telling &c." We learned that an elm branch had fallen on the grave-stone and broken it, and "the opportunity was taken" &c., &c. There are some opportunities, we generally call them "liberties," which ought not to be taken.

I venture to think a sentiment for places must be a sentiment at first hand. Lamb loved Widford and Mackery End because of their associations with his youth. It is difficult for other people to love them because of their association with Charles Lamb. Perhaps I am a Philistine; perhaps I feel the direct sentiment too strongly to have any feeling left for the indirect. The fact remains that, much as I love Lamb (on this side of editing him), it is not at Widford or Mackery End that I dropped the tear of sensibility this summer, but at the little village of S—; where I myself lived for a few months some forty years ago. The picture of the place has hung ever since in a very sacred nook of memory, and I have cared less and less as the separating years have grown in number, to compare it with the reality. But now that I was actually living within a few miles of the village, with time on my hands, the temptation proved irresistible, and with a lifting (or was it a sinking?) of heart I found myself approaching the place of my dreams. I had been sent to S—, when about six years old, to the care of an old dame—at least, I thought her old—who kept the village school, that I might recover in the strong air of the place from some childish ailment. As I recall her, she was an erect, homely-looking woman with cheeks like streaky apples, and a hand whose firmness I had more than one opportunity of estimating. I lived with her in the cottage adjoining the school-house, and naturally enough, when I was some-

what recovered, and able to be mischievous, she put me into school to be under her eye. I remember little enough of what happened from day to day. There were a good many scrapes, most of them (like the primeval scrape of Eden) connected with apples; in which my tempter was the rector's son, some two years my elder. They were atoned for by discipline. It is the discipline of the school that I chiefly remember. The girls were punished by "thimble-pie." They crossed their hands on their heads and were rapped with a thimble on the knuckles, or, supposing they withdrew them, on their crowns. The punishment seemed cruel then, and it seems so still. The boys, for grave offences, were punished in more primitive and fundamental fashion. I remember a punishment for truancy which moved our youthful pity and fear like some masterpiece of tragedy. The boy—his name would not come to mind, or I should have sought him out—had been threatened with the birch if he repeated the offence, and of course, truancy being in the blood, he repeated it, and then reappeared the next day as though nothing had happened. I remember still the hardly suppressed excitement of the school as he came in. I can still see the light in the old dame's eyes as, after prayers, she took the birch from her desk, and bore down upon him. Then came a pause; something had evidently gone wrong; it proved to be that the young rebel had endeavored to make assurance doubly sure by tying up his unmentionables with string. But he had miscalculated the resources of authority. A knife, fetched from the inner room by a satellite, made all too short work of his defences; and although, if my memory serves me, he bit in a most unsportsmanlike way, nothing could arrest the strokes of Nemesis. At the end of the morning there appeared his father, with a knife in one

hand and a piece of bread and cheese in the other, and we looked to see murder done; but after some words had passed he turned away cowed by the indomitable dame. Another scene that comes up into memory was the inspection of the school which fell during my visit. To prepare for the examination all the slates were boiled in the good dame's copper. The examiner was a pomopus clergyman with an enormous stock swathed round and round by a white neckcloth, who annoyed me by mispronouncing the mistress's name. After the inspection came a prize-giving with recitations. I wonder if such entertainments were usual in Hertfordshire in the early 'sixties, or whether the little village of S— was eminent for its humanities. The head girl, dressed for the business in cap and apron, recited a piece which began:

Good morning, ma'am,
I've come to give you warning, ma'am;
I've put on my best apron for the purpose, ma'am.

It consisted, I believe, of home truths to mistresses—a sort of Saturnalia of domestic service—but I have sought it in vain in modern collections. Of my own experiences I can recall little but sins, with their expiations. On one occasion I made an attempt to assert superiority over the little yokels by refusing to rise from my seat when the rector left the room. Being remonstrated with, I performed at his next visit an exaggerated act of reverence, by mounting on the form and waving my arms. But my triumph was short-lived, for it chanced that the good man had forgotten his umbrella, and returning for it he surprised my demonstration; which put me out of countenance, as I was something of a favorite with him, and was privileged to hold his book while he christened the babies.

Well, there does not seem in these trivial recollections much food for sen-

timent; and yet as I drew near the village I could have laughed or cried with equal ease. I found the country more beautiful than I anticipated; it was the rolling, well-wooded Hertfordshire landscape, but I remembered nothing of that. A chalk-pit and "the quick" were the only natural features that had impressed themselves. The "quick" (still so called) was a path down the hill, from the church to the road below, arched over with thorns and hornbeam; and as I saw it again in the peaceful light of a September afternoon it justified all my vague affection. The church, I regretted to discover, was a hideous structure, restored to more than its native ugliness in 1855, so that I must have known it in its newest gloss; I saw my seat, west of the font, where I used to assist at baptisms; I saw also, for the first time, though without any thrill, the interior of the mysterious chamber into which the minister used to disappear in white, to emerge again in black. I found his grave in the churchyard; and noted with something of a shock that I had myself reached the age at which he seemed to me then

The Cornhill Magazine.

so venerable. As I stood looking at the inscription, I heard the village children practising the Sunday Psalms; they were singing to a chant of Purcell's "I do not exercise myself in great matters that are too high for me," as I must have sung it all those years ago; and I felt that at S— I might perhaps learn the lesson over again. We looked into the schoolroom. The mistress was not awful like the dame I had known; and everything seemed proportionately diminished. The walls were washed with blue, instead of white; and instead of a broad spaciousness with texts here and there—"Swear not at all," "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord"—there was a confused mass of pictures: Jerusalem, the Squire, lions, sheep and other curious wild-fowl. But I saw in an outhouse the copper where the slates were boiled; and I saw the window of the little room where I used to sleep, and where I spent one very bright summer's day—"from morn to dewy eve"—learning the first page of words in Johnson's Dictionary, awful words like ab-an-don, which I still hate.

Urbanus Sylvan.

THEY AND WE.

With stormy joy, from height on height,
The thundering torrents leap.
The mountain tops, with still delight,
Their great inaction keep.

Man only, irked by calm, and rent
By each emotion's throes,
Neither in passion finds content,
Nor finds it in repose.

William Watson.

A PERILOUS RIDE.

Frampton was a forest officer in India. He was a great friend of mine, and often asked me out for a few days' shooting, if his camp was anywhere within reach, and in a country where game was abundant. One cold weather he was camping in the *Dun* (pronounced *Doon*), combining sport with survey work, and I was spending a week with him. The *Dun*, or Dehra *Dun* as it is generally called, is one of the best known and most beautiful valleys in the whole of Northern India. It is some fifty or sixty miles in length by about fifteen or twenty in breadth: bounded on the north by the mighty Himalaya ranges, on the south by the lovely Sewalik hills, on the west by the river Jumna, and on the east by the sacred Ganges. It is traversed, besides, by numerous lesser streams, issuing from the mountains, and in many parts is covered with dense grass-jungle and heavy forest. It can be well believed that such a country must be a veritable paradise for game of every description, and such, indeed, was once the case. But partly because it has been so constantly shot over, and partly because advancing civilization, represented by settlers, tea-planters, roads and railways, has caused much of the land to be drained and cleared, the "bags" are not to be made now that were formerly common in this happy valley. Still even now excellent sport is to be had. Elephants still are found in the more remote covers. They are, however, strictly preserved. Tigers are still to be encountered; and the *Dun* tigers are fierce and famous fighters, as this narrative will show. The lordly sambhur and the beautiful cheetah stag still frequent the forest glades and the breezy

slopes of the Sewalik hills, while smaller game of every kind yet abounds. Hence a chance for a shoot in the *Dun* is still gladly accepted when it comes, and hence it was with the pleasantest anticipations that one bright February afternoon I rode into Frampton's camp, pitched in the shelter of a mango-grove on the banks of the Sooswa river.

These forest officers do know how to make themselves comfortable in camp. No scrambling about in 80-lb. tents, as we poor soldiers do. No rousing at awful hours in the morning, long before daylight, to make dreary, dusty marches, as we have to. Their camps are picturesquely laid out in shady dells, by babbling streams. Their tents, ample as to size, various in design, and many in number, fleck the green forest with their spotless white, as they nestle under some ancient tree, amid whose spreading branches querulous doves and timid green pigeons coo their amorous plaints, and the gray squirrels chase each other up and down the gnarled and twisted limbs; while flocks of shrieking parrots dart in and out unceasingly, like hungry passengers trying to snatch a hasty mouthful at a crowded buffet, and afraid of getting left unless they hurry. Let us peep inside the tents and see how they are occupied. Begin with this big "Swiss cottage." A curtain across the centre divides it into two rooms. In one a table is laid for dinner. No roughing it here. Observe the spotless nappery, the bright silver, the shaded lamps, and the beautiful flowers fresh from the dewy jungle. Pass through the curtain. Here is a drawing-room comfortable even to luxuriousness. Soft carpets, easy-chairs,

tea-tables, books and flowers and lights; and, yes—a lady's work-basket! Ah, that accounts, then, for all this refinement and coziness. Mrs. Frampton is in camp with her husband. He does not always tour in this Sybarite style; but if his wife accompanies him, as she often does, then he travels *en grand seigneur*. A little way off are the sleeping-tents, each with a dressing-room and bathroom attached. In another direction there is the big square office tent in which Frampton and his native clerks transact their business. During the daytime there is always squatting outside it a circle of patient villagers, who have come in—many of them long distances—to see the Sahib: some with complaints, some with news and reports, some simply to pay their respects to the great man; a few perhaps because they are in trouble, charged with trespass, theft, or assaulting a forest ranger. Frampton will have a busy time to-morrow. Away to the right, our horses are picketed, and a little beyond them some elephants, eight or nine, borrowed from neighboring landlords. But one of them is Frampton's own property. Piyari, "the Beloved," is a female, shapely, swift, and staunch. Many a time has she stood like a rock before the charge of an infuriated roaring tiger, confident in the unerring marksmanship of her master in the howdah on her back. Her mahout, or driver, old Ali Khan, has been with her as long as any one can remember, and under his guidance she has never flinched from any danger, and displays an intelligence almost human. The old man loves her with devotion, and always rewards her at the end of a long day with toothsome balls of brown sugar and flour, and sticks of juicy sugar-cane. He is pleased and proud that we should admire and praise his "Beloved" one, and is ready to tell us many instances of her prow-

ess in the field. But the shades of night are descending. We must get ready for dinner, a repast as well cooked and as daintily served by the well-trained servants as if we were comfortably housed in cantonments, instead of encamped in the heart of an Indian jungle. After dinner we all three sit outside in easy-chairs under a *shamiana*—a great awning upheld by four poles at the corners; and while Frampton and I smoke our pipes, we all talk of many matters, but chiefly of the jungles and sport. Frampton is going to be busy in camp all day to-morrow with office-work, but he suggests that I go out after breakfast on Piyari with the rest of the elephants to beat, and shoot the grass covers to the west of the camp. There is not likely to be any big game in that direction, but there will be heaps of part-ridges, and pig and hog-deer, and very likely cheetah, so I ought to get fair sport. Mrs. Frampton says she will come too, and bring her camera, and lunch, and make a regular picnic of it. She often goes with her husband in his howdah, and is not at all a nervous woman, so I am delighted that she should accompany me, and the details of our excursion are soon settled. The head shikari and old Ali Khan are called up. Orders for the morrow are explained to them, and soon after we all turn in.

The next morning about ten o'clock, after a good breakfast, we make a start. I am on Piyari; Mrs. Frampton is with me, in the back seat of the howdah. The rest of the elephants have merely pads on their backs. Old Ali Khan is stopping in camp, his son, Ahmed Khan, a boy of fourteen or fifteen, taking his place on Piyari's neck, and acting as mahout for the day. The old man says he was ill in the night, and as we are only going to shoot small game,—black partridges, hog-deer and pig,—he wants to take a

day off. His son is quite as competent to manage Piyari as he is. Frampton makes no objection, so all being ready, we file out of camp, and he waves us "Good-bye," and sits down to his work.

About three miles from camp we get into a likely looking bit of grass, so I form the elephants into line, four on each side of Piyari, and we move slowly through it. Partridge and jungle-fowl begin to get up, and two or three brace are picked up before we have gone very far. Then the boy, Ahmed Khan, points with outstretched finger where the moving grass shows that some animal is passing swiftly through it, and says softly, "*Dekho, sahib! jan-war.*" ("See, sir! an animal!") I imagine it is a hog-deer, though I see no horns. I put down my gun and take up my rifle, and just for a second catching glimpse of something yellowish barely forty yards away, I pitch up the weapon and fire. To my amazement, the shot is answered by a loud roar of rage and pain, and a huge tiger bounds forward, showing himself clearly as he springs through the grass. I give him the second barrel on the instant, but miss him in style, and with fierce coughing growls he disappears into some heavy cover some distance ahead.

Mrs. Frampton is the first to speak. "Oh, what luck!" she says. "Won't George be disgusted that he wasn't with us? Wasn't he a beauty?" "He was indeed," I answer; "but we have not got him yet!" "No, but we soon will have him," she replies. "He was badly hit by that first shot of yours, and we can soon beat him out of that grass." That's true; but as soon as the first excitement has a little subsided, I reflect that, plucky as Mrs. Frampton is,—I did not know till later *how* plucky,—I would rather she was not in my howdah while we are beating up a wounded tiger. And then

how about the boy, Ahmed Khan? Is he to be trusted? Driving for hares and partridges is one thing; beating up a wounded tiger is another. So we hold a council of war. Ahmed Khan is very indignant that we should suppose for a moment that he is not to be trusted. The other mahouts support him. They know what a liberal distribution of bakshish will follow the death of a tiger. Mrs. Frampton is urgent in her implorings that we should follow up the animal at once; so I, as anxious as she is to take the splendid chance thrown in our way, and not dreaming that an accident is possible, give my consent. The line of elephants is reformed, and cautioning every one, particularly the boy, Ahmed Khan, to be steady, we move forward.

It does not take us many minutes to reach the spot where we have last seen the tiger. Hardly have we entered the grass at this point when with a wough! wough!! wough!!! he charges straight at Piyari. I am using a light .450 express rifle, and I hit him with the first barrel, fair and square in the chest, but it does not stop him. And then, before I can fire again, an awful thing happens. Ahmed Khan loses his head and turns Piyari round! The next instant, with a blood-curdling roar, the tiger makes a desperate spring, and lands on the elephant's back, just behind the howdah. Trumpeting shrilly with fear and pain (for she feels his sharp claws), and curling her trunk high over her head, Piyari, the hitherto invincible and fearless one, *bolts!*

Reader, have you ever been on a runaway elephant? It is an experience, I promise you, and makes you think of things! For the time being, the huge beast, ordinarily so docile and tractable, is absolutely bereft of its senses, and amenable to no persuasion or authority. It rushes blindly across country, smashing or trampling down whatever it may encounter. If its

mad career takes it through forest, the danger is really great, as the howdah and its occupants are pretty sure to be swept into space by overhanging branches. Fortunately, here we were in grass jungle. There were very few trees about. But the mere jolting and pitching caused by the unwieldy animal's terrified flight made it very difficult to avoid being flung out of the howdah. Mrs. Frampton was safe enough for the moment as far as the tiger was concerned, for it was all the brute could do to hold on himself during this wild ride; but I was in terror lest she should be thrown out. I called out to her encouragingly to "Hold tight!" She answered bravely, "I'm all right. Don't mind me!" but had hardly spoken when, with a sickening lurch, the howdah swung over to an angle of 45°, and, with a gasping little shriek, out she went! Almost immediately afterwards, the tiger, unable any longer to maintain his precarious hold, dropped off too! And still Piyari urged her headlong course! My feelings at this moment may be imagined, but cannot be described. It was only by a supreme effort that I had saved myself when the howdah lurched, and now I was clinging on with both hands like a drowning mariner to a hen-coop. What had happened to Mrs. Frampton? Was she maimed or killed by the fall? or—horrible thought!—attacked and mangled by the tiger? I was frantic as I thought of these things, and felt how utterly helpless I was to move to her aid. In vain did Ahmed Khan beat Piyari on the head with the heavy iron *ankus* (goad) and command her to stop. He might as well have whacked the side of an iron-clad with a drum-stick, and ordered the wind to cease from blowing! Still, even a frightened elephant cannot keep running forever, and by the time we had covered another mile, over desperately bad ground, she slowed down to a

walk, and at last we stopped her. I was prepared to be very angry with Ahmed Khan, but the poor boy was so ashamed and distressed that I could not say much. Besides, to seek Mrs. Frampton, and ascertain her fate, must be our first care. We made Piyari sit down, and I looked in despair at the state of the howdah. It ordinarily takes four men to put a howdah on an elephant and to girth it up properly. How could we two do it by ourselves? But it had to be done, and at last by dint of stupendous exertions the feat was accomplished. My gun, and binoculars, and bag of cartridges, &c., had all gone overboard during our exciting flight; but I had managed through it all to save my rifle, and most fortunately I had a few rifle-cartridges in the pocket of my shooting-coat. So all being in readiness, we retraced our steps, consumed with an anxiety indescribable, and fearing the worst. Imagine, then, my relief and thankfulness, when, as we neared the spot where the catastrophe had occurred, I espied Mrs. Frampton making her way towards us as quickly as she could, apparently quite unhurt. It was not long before I had her once more safe in the howdah. I could hardly believe that she was not even scratched, or bruised! The long grass had broken her fall, she said; and as for the tiger—"Do you know he fell quite close to me, and wasn't I frightened? But I lay quite still: I hardly dared to breathe; and he is wounded, you know, very badly: I saw a lot of blood on him, on his chest, and dropping from his mouth" (hit through the lungs, thought I); "and he was pretty sick, too, with his ride and his fall; so he just stared about in a dazed kind of way, and then, thank goodness, went slowly off in another direction away from me; and when I had given him time to get well away, I got up and ran—*didn't* I run just? And here I am,

and there's the tiger: I know exactly where; and now let us go and get him."

Well, did I not say she was a plucky woman? She insisted that we could not go home now without that tiger, and that Piyari and Ahmed Khan must be given a chance to retrieve their tarnished reputations. By this time the pad-elephants had all joined us, so, hardening my heart, we re-formed line, and once more advanced into action. Needless to say, we found our friend "at home," and though he was desperately wounded, he came at us at once as fiercely as before. But Ahmed Khan kept cool this time, and Piyari stood firm, so I stopped the charge with my first barrel easily, and laid the great striped cat low with my second.

Then we felt very joyful indeed, and refreshed ourselves with cooling drinks and sandwiches, while, 'with much shouting and gesticulation, our late foe, beautiful still in death, was hoisted on

Blackwood's Magazine.

to one of the pad-elephants. Then, feeling we had had excitement enough for one day, we returned to camp, and related our adventures. Frampton did not say much, but he realized, as indeed we all did, that a great danger had been happily come through. Poor old Ali Khan was terribly distressed when he heard how the accident had happened. I think he would have severely chastised his son unless we had interceded for him, and he sat up half the night bathing Piyari's wounds, talking to her, caressing her, and feeding her with sugar-cane and other dainties. And we, *nous autres*, how we talked that evening over the walnuts and the wine! How we dwelt on our "most disastrous chances, moving accidents and hairbreadth 'scapes!" How we killed that tiger over and over again! And how we toasted Mrs. Frampton, and congratulated her on coming so splendidly out of her perilous ride!

Pilgrim.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Let it be granted of any given writer that his prose style is as bad as possible. Let it be granted that his sentimental passages are nauseating; that he did not understand women, that his would-be fine writing is absurd, and that his melodrama too often makes us yawn. There would not be much left of the reputation of an ordinary writer after postulates as numerous and as damaging as these had been granted.

Nevertheless, we may say all this of Charles Dickens and yet leave his reputation unharmed. Clearly, if lovers of Charles Dickens can afford to allow their idol to be stripped of all that makes the fame of smaller men,

Charles Dickens is greater than most. Lovers of Dickens the world over find in their worship a veritable freemasonry of mirth. Care drops from our shoulders and anxiety from our brows when we remind each other that Mrs. Nickleby decided to call Smike "Mr. Slammons." In moments of depression, and even of misery, life becomes less wearisome when we murmur: "The Baron Sampson Brasso and his fair sister are (you tell me) at the Play? Ha! 'tis well, Marchioness! but no matter. Some wine there, ho!" Delightedly we cap passages; and while listening with joy to some reminiscence of the Fat Boy, we await the

moment when we can slip in, "If the law says that, the law is a ass."

To say that Dickens is popular is a good deal less than complimentary. Rather we should define his position as that of a man whose words are household words, and whose creations are part of the English language, and no inconsiderable part of the mental inheritance of the race. Probably, at the present moment, he is not a popular writer, and that much is to his credit. If, however, we look abroad and seek for the writer whom readers of other nations appreciate as typically English, it is always Dickens whose name is to the fore. Gratifying though this may be as a tribute to the man's greatness, it is also, perhaps, a little mortifying when we learn on what grounds the world has decided to regard Charles Dickens as the typical English prose-writer. But, if mortifying, it is again instructive.

Let us consider. In the early days of the *Daily Graphic* that enterprising journal published an illustration of its own correspondent interviewing M. Jules Claretie on the question of a possible British Academy. The *Daily Graphic* emissary, in the correct overcoat of the period (a kind of revived and modified Inverness cape), is standing in front of a table behind which M. Jules Claretie, also standing, is dealing with the different literary methods of England and France. He cites Dickens and inquires, convincingly:—"Pouvez-vous imaginer Dickens Académicien?" Well, no, we cannot; and while we spend half a minute in wondering why so eminent an authority as M. Jules Claretie should have overlooked the long roll of Englishmen whose presence would have adorned and illuminated the Academy of France in its most illustrious moments, we yet rejoice that at least one Englishman should have overcome the insularity of the Continent and found

his way to the hearts of Frenchmen. Instinctively we say "to the hearts of Frenchmen;" he leaves their intelligence untouched, as indeed is not wonderful.

It is hardly necessary to dwell on the admiration of Charles Dickens cherished by citizens of the United States. We all remember what Bret Harte rhymed of the rough man of the West who loved to hear what the master wrote of Little Nell; and although we must needs admit that the weakest part of Dickens's work was that which most readily found its way to the hearts of Western miners, yet, nevertheless, there is the patent fact that there is something in the work of Dickens which is not to be disregarded.

Yet one more reminder of the wide borders of Dickens's empire, and then let us find our way, if we can, to the heart of this mystery. We have been often reminded that Gaboriau was the favorite reading of the late Prince Bismarck. More recently we have learnt that Moltke solaced the leisure of his declining years with passages from Dickens; it must be admitted that the taste of the great soldier was at least as sound as that of the Iron Chancellor.

What quality, then, in Charles Dickens—in whom his most ardent admirers admitted faults, many and grave—commended our Englishman to men so diverse? Surely it was his abounding love of his kind. If the inspiration of Thackeray was mockery, the inspiration of Dickens was love. To say that is not to say the last word. When the late Mr. Matthew Arnold somewhat condescendingly remarked that to France much must be pardoned because she loved much, the late Sir James Stephen commented that it was precisely France's way of loving mankind that most irritated him. He did not use the expression that I am about to employ; but his comments clearly

pointed to the conclusion that, if love is a great and admirable fact, there is a certain parody of love called gush, which is neither great nor admirable.

Here we have, perhaps, the strength and weakness of Charles Dickens explained. His love of mankind, tremendous driving force as it was, invested his creations with a vitality unparalleled in fiction; it also drove him into writing passages that make us feel positively ill.

For example, towards the close of *Dombey and Son* it is Florence Dombey who speaks; she is about to address Walter Gay.

She sat looking at him for a moment, then timidly put her trembling hand in his.

"If you will take me for your wife, Walter, I will love you dearly. If you will let me go with you, Walter, I will go to the world's end without fear. I can give up nothing for you, I have nothing to resign, and no one to forsake; but all my love and life shall be devoted to you, and with my last breath I will breathe your name to God if I have sense and memory left." He caught her to his heart, and laid her cheek against his own, and now, no more repulsed, no more forlorn, she wept indeed, upon the breast of her dear lover.

Blessed Sunday bells, ringing so tranquilly in their entranced and happy ears! Blessed Sunday peace and quiet, harmonizing with the calmness in their souls, and making holy air around them! Blessed twilight stealing on, and shading her so soothingly and gravely, as she falls asleep, like a hushed child, upon the bosom she has clung to.

Oh! load of love and trustfulness that lies so lightly there! Ay, look down on the closed eyes, Walter, with a proudly tender gaze; for in all the wide, wide world they seek but thee now—only thee!

Words fall one to do justice to a passage like this. Fortunately another passage from the master's pen may be

cited to save the situation. "And what did Lord Nobley say to that?" "Why! he didn't know what to say. Damme, sir, if he wasn't as mute as a poker!"

A certain proportion of this revolting gush could not be avoided in the years through which Dickens labored. It is to be found in full blast in the ballad *She Wore a Wreath of Roses*, and still more in the concluding blare of *The Three Fishers*. Even so fastidious an artist as Tennyson could not altogether keep clear of it; "The stentorian martyr of Locksley Hall" is a woeful person. The "nice" women are made impossibly slow by reason of the overpowering sentimentality which he deemed inseparable from virtue, and once or twice he came perilously near to drivelling. When he writes, "Ho, Betty! my gruel and my slippers! And go, ye frisky merry little souls! and dance, and have your merry little supper of cake and ale!" or again, "God bless you, honest William!—Farewell, dear Amella, grow green again, tender little parasite, round the rugged old oak to which you cling!" we are relieved to find that these are in each case the concluding words of the chapter. Daudet, in his most sentimental moments, knew how to restrain himself. "Je me sens au cœur l'amour de Dickens pour les disgraciés et les pauvres," he wrote of himself, "même en un temps où je ne l'avais pas lu." It is not unfair to even him with Dickens for many reasons. Probably *Jack* is even more sentimental than *Oliver Twist*, though it is harder to read, because the story is not relieved by any such tremendous creations as Sikes and Fagin. The instinctive taste of a Frenchman saved Daudet from actually maundering in the manner of Dickens, just as the remorselessly critical attitude of Thackeray towards everybody and everything (including his own style) prevented him from doing more

than treat himself occasionally to a short outburst of drivel; which, for the rest, was in the air and could hardly be avoided. Now Dickens was devoid of taste, and had none of the academic fastidiousness of Thackeray. Consequently there was nothing to check the riot of gush which he found so congenial an indulgence. Thackeray, as we know, liked everybody to be alike. "If he saw 'a celebrity' with a turn-down collar (now so general), a moustache and a beard (now worn by half the population), he set him down as an ass. He liked nothing out of the way—either in manner, dress, or style."¹ Dickens liked contrasts, in particular he liked oddities. Dickens would never have called a man an ass for dressing differently from himself. If there was anything characteristic, or funny, about a man's dress, he would note it carefully, but he was too fond of his fellow-creatures to abuse them. He loved them as much for their weaknesses, their eccentricities, their faults, perhaps, as for any other qualities. It is to his careful and affectionate study of men that we owe the memory of Mr. Bailey's tops. Who can ever think of Montague Tigg without recalling the shabby gentility of his early days, or the costly flamboyance of his fraudulent prosperity? We cannot think of Mr. Pecksniff without his wonderful collars, or of Mrs. Gamp without her terrific bonnet, or of Mr. Pickwick without his spectacles. Dickens has a place in the world of art, all untrained though he was, and in spite of M. Claretie's denunciation of the unacademic nature of his work. His method had great successes and equally great failures. In *Dombey and Son*, for example, Walter is a failure, Florence is a failure, the Dombey's father and son are both failures, Carker is a

failure, and Edith Dombey is the most striking failure of all. Why his method should fail in some directions, and secure him immortal success in others, is not so easy to say. It is not a question of his understanding men and not understanding women; for Carker and Dombey are just as great failures as Edith and Florence. Perhaps the immortal Joey B. in the same book may help us to understand.

"Dombey," said the Major, "I'm glad to see you. I'm proud to see you. There are not many men in Europe to whom J. Bagstock would say that—for Josh is blunt, sir; it's his nature—but Joey B. is proud to see you, Dombey."

"Major," returned Mr. Dombey, "you are very obliging." "No, sir," said the Major, "devil a bit. That's not my character. If that had been Joe's character, Joe might have been by this time Lieutenant-General Sir Joseph Bagstock, K.C.B." and so on.

Or again:

"Dombey," said the Major with appropriate action, "that is the hand of Joseph Bagstock, of plain old Joey B. sir, if you like that better! That is the hand of which His Royal Highness, the late Duke of York did me the honor to observe, sir, to his Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, that it was the hand of Josh; a rough and tough and possibly an up-to-snuff old vagabond."

Here is a man with an oddity: the kind of man that Dickens loved and Thackeray loathed, and the consequence of Dickens's study of Major Bagstock is that millions of people who probably could not tell you in what book the Major was to be found can always remember that "Joey B., sir, was tough and devilish sly."

The extreme care with which Dickens observed odd and eccentric people found its affinity in Cruickshank's or Philz's distorted presentments of humanity; and because these men illus-

¹ "Recollections of Thackeray," by his cousin, Richard Bedingfield, "Cassell's Magazine," vol. II, N.S. p. 113.

trated (more or less successfully) much of Dickens's work, we have grown accustomed to bracket the three men as brother artists. Now Browne and Cruikshank were caricaturists; therefore Charles Dickens was a caricaturist. Let us consider how far that conclusion is fair. Phiz did no harm by drawing Mulberry Hawk and Frederick Verisopht, because those distinguished men about town were themselves nothing but caricatures, and the illustration exactly suited them. Also Phiz was successful with Squeers and Quilp, and people who were naturally deformed. But it is not through Phiz that we remember what Tom Pinch looked like, or Montague Tigg or Pecksniff or Sairey Gamp. It is true that the weakest part of Dickens's work found adequate interpreters in Cruikshank and Phiz; but Fred Barnard, a considerable artist, had to be enlisted for the more vital types. To a certain extent Dickens was undoubtedly a caricaturist; but most of his work is better than caricature. He had little or no sense of beauty; and when we seek in the world of painting for some brother artist whose name may be experimentally bracketed with that of Charles Dickens, we instinctively think of the Dutchmen.

That is all very well so far as it goes, but we ought to remember the vulgarity of much of Jan Steen, and Ostade, and Teniers, and the grossness of which even greater men could be capable. Dickens had none of this, and while we can hardly venture to place him with Rembrandt, we must cordially admit that he was superior to all but the first-rate Dutchmen.

That helps us. If he had no sense of beauty, and no more of taste than saved him from grossness, if his idealizations are unconvincing, at least his naturalism is unrivalled. As an example of the failure of his idealizations let us recall Turner's *Rain; Steam*

and *Speed on the G. W. R.*, and then contemplate the following passage:

Away with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle, from the town, burrowing among the dwellings of men and making the streets hum, flashing out into the meadows for a moment, mining in through the damp earth, burrowing on in darkness and heavy air, bursting out again into the sunny day so bright and wide; away with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle, through the fields, through the woods, through the corn, through the hay, through the chalk, through the mould, through the clay, through the rock, among objects close at hand and almost in the grasp, ever flying from the traveller, and a deceitful distance ever moving slowly with him; like as in the track of the remorseless monster, Death!

There is a great deal more of this exclamatory prose: perhaps four times as much again as the passage above cited. It is clear that Dickens himself watched the railway train—a new thing when he wrote—with the most intense delight. It is also clear that he gives us not the faintest impression of the Romance of the Railway. An enumeration of the component parts of the engine would be equally effective. Yet the runaway train at the end of the *Débâcle* shows how tremendous can be the impression conveyed by a skilful artist (and Zola could be a consummate artist when he chose) in prose, with no more interesting subject than an express train.

Dickens was very fond of passages like this, and they passed in his day for fine writing. There is the passage describing Mr. Carker's return to England after his ridiculous elopement with Mrs. Dombey, a passage in which he commences twenty-eight out of thirty-two consecutive (and unfinished) sentences with the word "Of." There is, also, the famous passage in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, describing a ship at sea, which used to be set as an example

of English prose in boys' books of education, and which was surely as tiresome a piece of writing as one would care to encounter. In all these cases there are the elements of good writing: an intense interest in his subject and fluency of language. Art alone is lacking. Alike in sentiment and in rhapsody, "what not to say" is what Dickens never learnt. Indeed there was very little temptation to subject himself to the painful process of discipline which every writer must undergo if he would achieve success in style. The public would buy any sentence that Dickens chose to sign; why then should he not write as fast as his pen would travel? He was as great a sinner, in this respect, as Lytton himself; only, being exclusively a man of letters, he put more soul into his work than Lytton, and much of it lives. Even in *Dombey and Son* we have Captain Cuttle, whose "Stand by!" after the lapse of fifty years is still a household word. We have "Joey B." who may or may not be a caricature, but who is so exceedingly funny that people will not let him die. These are for all the world; there remain in the second rank of the characters of *Dombey and Son* a few more whom Dickens-lovers remember fondly, though the world has forgotten them. One of these is Paul the child, who has vitality, and whose affection for his sister survived in the distressing duet, *What are the Wild Waves Saying?* We were liable to be treated to this melancholy performance in out-of-the-way drawing-rooms as recently as twenty years ago. But by now even Dickens-lovers have agreed to love Paul for his relations with people like Mrs. Pipchin; with anybody, in fact, except his tedious sister. Another is Cousin Feenix, who is overlooked when it is too confidently said that Dickens could not draw a gentleman. Cousin Feenix is amusing and well-bred. He is also interesting because

it is really impossible to say whether Dickens intended us to laugh at him or not. There is that touch of greatness about Dickens's treatment of his many characters; we do not see Charles Dickens for ever at their elbows pulling the wires to make his puppets move—each has its individuality.

"Dombey," says Cousin Feenix, "upon my soul, I am very much shocked to see you on such a melancholy occasion. My poor aunt! She was a devilish lively woman."

Mr. Dombey replies: "Very much so."

"And made up," says Cousin Feenix, "really young, you know, considering. I am sure, on the day of your marriage, I thought she was good for another twenty years. In point of fact, I said so to a man at Brooks'—little Billy Joper—you know him, no doubt, man with a glass in his eye?"

Mr. Dombey bows a negative. "In reference to the obsequies," he hints, "whether there is any suggestion—"

"Well, upon my life," says Cousin Feenix, striking his chin, which he has just enough of hand below his wristband to do; "I really don't know. There's a mausoleum down at my place, in the park, but I'm afraid it's in bad repair, and, in point of fact, in a devil of a state. But for being a little out of elbows, I should have had it put to rights; but I believe the people come and make picnic parties there inside the iron railings."

Mr. Dombey is clear that this won't do.

"There's an uncommon good church in the village," says Cousin Feenix, thoughtfully; "pure specimen of the early Anglo-Norman style, and admirably well sketched by Lady Jane Finchbury—woman with tight stays—but they've spoilt it with whitewash. I understand, and it's a long journey."

"Perhaps Brighton itself?" Mr. Dombey suggests.

"Upon my honor, Dombey, I don't think we could do better," says Cousin Feenix. "It's on the spot, you see, and a very cheerful place."

Then there are Toots, and Susan Nipper, and Dr. Blimber, and last of all

Cleopatra. "Those darling bygone times, Mr. Carker," says Cleopatra, "with their delicious fortresses, and their dear old dungeons, and their delightful places of torture, and their romantic vengeance, and their picturesque assaults and sieges, and everything that makes life truly charming! How dreadfully we have degenerated!" In fact when we recall Mrs. Skewton's "There is no What's-his-name but Thingummy, and What-you-may-call-it is his prophet," we are almost tempted to place her in the first rank of Dickens's creation among the immortals.

Oliver Twist contains six immortals, if not seven: Fagin, Bumble, Charley Bates, the Artful Dodger, Bill Sikes, and Nancy, and *Oliver Twist* himself. The melodrama is wandering and the sentiment dreary as ever. The book as a whole, however, is intensely interesting as showing us what a dirty dangerous city London was sixty-five years ago. There are still a few Dickens-like bits in the nearer suburbs that Dickens-lovers visit, and compare with the scenes of *Oliver Twist*; but as a city the London of to-day is hardly recognizable as the London of 1838. Even more remarkable than the transformation of the scenery has been the transformation of the burglar. Bill Sikes is a very different person from the highly respectable Peace. He had a ruffianly expression, wore a fur cap² of the most compromising appearance, carried a wicked-looking bludgeon, and was accompanied by a fierce and faithful dog. The "mob," of whose presence we are conscious in the early novels of Lytton, must have been both more numerous and more ruffianly than any crowd of to-day; otherwise no able cracksman would have ventured abroad in this conspicuous garb. After Peace came Raffles; and although Peace actually existed,

while Sikes and Raffles are but creations of genius, yet all three are equally present in our minds as types. If the type changed (shall we say improved?) in the forty years between Sikes and Peace, how much further has the profession advanced when we recognize Raffles as the typical burglar of to-day? Mr. Hornung's hero had rooms in the Albany, played for the Zingari, dined out a great deal, and did his burgling in the most gentlemanly manner.

The remorse of Bill after the murder of Nancy furnished many startling passages to the book, and is really thrilling to read even to-day. The question whether remorse is inevitably as deep and uncontrollable as Dickens painted it has often been raised. A common opinion is that there are many undetected murderers living, and that a man who will commit murder is not likely to feel much distress when he thinks of his victim. We have perhaps to remember the low and brutal type of Sikes, and the extreme difficulty of a criminal leaving the country in those days. Few things reveal the vitality of this creation as clearly as the anxiety with which we discuss, even to-day, the probability of Sikes being haunted with Nancy's dying eyes.

Fagin is as real as Shylock. How long he will remain real is a fair question. There is one remarkable difference between the two: Fagin is a rascal through and through, whereas Shylock behaved very well while receiving disgusting insults, and is really the nearest approach to a gentleman in the play.

We may note, as significant, that of these seven six are men, and even Nancy is only remembered as the girl whom Bill Sikes murdered. Bumble is perhaps even better remembered than Sikes or Fagin. "Bumble" and "Bumbledom" stand for everything

² Actually a hat in the book; but he is nowadays portrayed in a cap.

that is pompous and petty and retrogressive, and his famous remark that "the law is a ass" is one of those phrases that we all repeat without considering their origin—they are part of our language. Again, we note the comparatively feeble vitality of Dickens's female characters; how far below Bumble is Mrs. Corney! *Oliver Twist* is remarkable for containing six or seven characters of first-rate vitality, while the rest are shadows: perhaps Noah Claypole may be allowed into the second rank. Inevitably we think of *Thérèse Raquin* and of *La Bête Humaine*. In considering the remorse of Bill Sikes and the probability of the burglar allowing his superstitions to bring him to a fearful end, we cannot but feel that the psychology of the subject is as yet hardly touched. One might begin by postulating that highly strung natures would be more likely than the brutal types to suffer. That seems reasonable; but then Bill Sikes was the lowest type of ruffian imaginable; and his remorse was hideous. Perhaps the rejoinder would be that these low types are often dominated by superstitions which do the work of disordered nerves in finer natures. Most people content themselves with saying, firmly, "Of course murderers suffer remorse;" the conclusion being hardly distinguishable from the premiss that they ought to do so. But the premiss is unsound. Observation tells us that nothing but the death-penalty restrains men from committing murder. The figures for Italy and England, which I was at pains to compare for the year 1887, tell their own tale. In Italy (where the death penalty is not inflicted) the number of murders in one year was 2,805; in England and Wales 152. The idea of murder clearly becomes less and less terrible in proportion as the crime is more frequently committed. In England, where a murderer is hanged,

there can be no opportunities of discovering whether he might not, if released, lead a prosperous and happy life. In Italy, where so many convicted murderers emerge on society after paying a penalty, not always severe, and must, therefore, be quite a considerable body of men who are in the position to affirm (as they probably do) that after all remorse is not a very terrible thing to face, and is quite worth facing at the price of removing a detested being from the face of the earth.

For the purposes of the novel, remorse in all its phases is invaluable. The concluding scene of *Thérèse Raquin* is terrific; the end of Bill Sikes hardly less so. Nevertheless there must be impressive possibilities in the character of a man who murders without remorse. R. L. Stevenson pierced to the heart of the mystery when he drew the character of Huish, and made him say to the vacillating Captain: "You want to kill people, you do; but you want to do it in kid gloves. Well, it ain't to be done that way. Murder ain't safe, it ain't easy, it ain't genteel, and it takes a man to do it." Yes; "it takes a man to do it;" one with nerves of steel; and not necessarily a low type. That which De Quincey touched with inimitable grace, "Murder as a Fine Art," yet awaits the ample treatment of a great artist. John Silver is good; great even; but greater work remains to be done. Dickens could not have done it. He lacked the necessary patience; and, to do him justice, he loved to make his work teach a moral. Not that the work, when done, will not be a superb moral study; but it certainly will not be a study in the obviously didactic manner which Dickens preferred, and of which he was, perhaps, only capable.

Something very near to work of this kind was done when R. L. Stevenson produced *The Wrecker*. "Mine is a

beastly story," said Carthew, "you will wonder that I can sleep." Yet he could sleep for all he was a murderer; and could lead a quiet life without taking to drink or opium. He painted, "rather well;" and consoled himself in many harmless ways. No doubt he was sorry for his crime; but he did not deem it necessary to drink himself to death, or to give himself up to justice when there was really a great deal to be said for him, although nothing that would have availed him at the Central Criminal Court. He remained capable of strong friendship, and he was a kindly if somewhat saddened companion. Hence, when we remember the abominable wretch to whose murder he was an accessory after the fact, we arrive at the startling conclusion that the world was actually the better for the presence of a murderer and the absence of his victim.

The narrative of *Oliver Twist* is of no consequence; the only interesting passages occur when groups of rascals come together to plan some villany. There is, really, a story in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Although Dickens published it as a study in selfishness, one would never divine the fact from the way the story runs. Nor is the story any more interesting when we learn what is the moral that it is intended to enforce. But that does not matter, for it is an almost perfect story from beginning to end. There are, probably, fewer *longueurs* in *Martin Chuzzlewit* than in Dickens's other works. He succeeds even with the girl Ruth Pinch; and as for the immortals they are many. Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig and the imaginary Mrs. Harris are part of our language. Who does not remember "The Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company Limited," with its capital of "the figure two and as many oughts after it as the printer can get into the same line"? Who can ever forget our

Mark Tapley? We say instinctively "our" Mark Tapley; for he belongs to all of us with his courage, his cheerfulness, and his simplicity. Above all, who can forget Pecksniff, the Tartuffe of England, a creation as great as Molière's?

If we need evidence that the inspiration of Dickens's work was love of his kind, we cannot do better than consider his relations with the citizens of the United States. Surely no people on the face of the earth are more sensitive, more touchy even, on the point of their national honor, than citizens of the United States of North America. The more stolid Briton accepts with meekness remarks that would instantly rouse the ire of his cousin over the water. There are many explanations of this, some favorable, some unfavorable. The late Edmund J. Phelps, who knew us as well as any of his compatriots, did not find it so easy to diagnose us. At the time of the first great navy scare of our generation he remarked: "You English are the most extraordinary nation. People may say to you that you are in the most critical position, that your navy is wholly inadequate to your needs, and that your great Empire may collapse any day at a touch; and you listen with all courtesy and then say, 'Yes, I know it's very bad; but I've got a luncheon engagement, and must be off now; we'll talk about that later.'" There is, in this, a touch of Drake over his game of bowls, with the Armada in the offing, and also a touch of the too boisterous Harold before the battle of Hastings.

Let any one out of his own experience recall the two or three occasions on which he may have ventured remarks of one-tenth of this pungency to a citizen of the United States: was the citizen content to listen? or did he not deem it a point of honor to put us in our place on the spot; by way of vin-

dicating the honor of his country? "We are the intellect and virtue of the airth, the cream of human natur', and the flower of moral force. Our backs is easy ris. We must be cracked up, or they rise, and we snaris. We shows our teeth, I tell you, fierce. You'd better crack us up, you had," so says Mr. Hannibal Chollop. Mr. Chollop, Mr. Scadder, Elijah Pogram, in how many more characters did not Dickens fearlessly lash the conceit and ignorance of the citizens of the great Republic as he knew them? And yet they loved him. They forgave him all; they worshipped his genius, and endured from him more than they would have endured from any other critic in the world. How can we explain this except upon the hypothesis that the sheer loveliness of the man overcame all resentment and all acrimony?

In the United States, as in England, it was the lowly, or the moderately well-placed people who attracted his attention. The great Southern aristocracy might not have existed, so far as Dickens was concerned. When it is lightly said that Dickens could not draw a gentleman—or at least did not draw gentlemen—it is true that what the French used to call "*le hig-lif*" was a closed book to him. He had an eye for the essential qualities of a gentleman, but it would almost appear that he had a mission to prove that these qualities were exclusively, or at least more frequently, found among the lowly than among those who are conventionally termed "gentlemen." Sir Leicester Dedlock is hardly less of a caricature than Sir Mulberry Hawk, and hardly less of a shadow than the Coodles and Doodles of the imaginary Cabinet. That does not mean that these people are not very amusing studies, but it would appear that Dickens intended them to be more than that, for in the fuller study of Eugène

Wrayburn, who may fairly be claimed as one of Dickens's "gentlemen," we find that his career ends happily and satisfactorily by marriage with Lizzie Hexham. Now Eugène Wrayburn was a barrister of good family, and Lizzie was a girl literally out of the gutter. We are clearly to understand that these artificial distinctions are of no consequence, and that the essential lady and gentleman can mock at them. This is so lamentably the contrary of human experience, that nothing but misery can await the Wrayburns in their married life; each would be forever torturing the other, and Wrayburn would be socially ruined. As a social teacher (and many people took him seriously as one) Dickens could have done nothing but harm. That pernicious line, "A man's a man for a' that," which has debauched the minds of three generations of Britons, may be said to have been the unwritten text on which, when he decided to sermonize, he preached eloquently. Dickens was not at his best in the pulpit, and his text calls for more casuistry than he commanded if anything is to be made of it. In the sense in which "A man's a man for a' that" is true, it is not important; in so far as it aspires to be important, it is horribly misleading. "A tree's a tree for a' that" is an equally sound position; yet if the fleets of England had been built of timber selected upon democratic principles, our admirals would have had some wonderful adventures.

Dickens himself was ready enough to mock (and quite rightly) at the besotted habit of regarding important work merely as so much opportunity for providing employment for incapable people who happen to be "in the swim." "Then there is my Lord Boodle, of considerable reputation with his party, who has known what office is, and who tells Sir Leicester Dedlock with much gravity, after dinner, that

he really does not see to what the present age is tending. A debate is not what a debate used to be; the House is not what the House used to be; even the Cabinet is not what it formerly was. He perceives with astonishment that, supposing the present Government to be overthrown, the limited choice of the Crown in the formation of a new Ministry would lie between Lord Coodle and Sir Thomas Doodle, supposing it to be impossible for the Duke of Foodle to act with Goodle, which may be assumed to be the case in consequence of the breach arising out of that affair with Hoodle. Then, giving the Home Department and the Leadership of the House of Commons to Joodle, the Exchequer to Koodle, the Colonies to Loodle, and the Foreign Office to Moodle, what are you going to do with Noodle? You can't offer him the Presidency of the Council; that is reserved for Poodle. You can't put him in the Woods and Forests; that is hardly good enough for Quoodle. What follows? That the country is shipwrecked, lost and gone to pieces (as is made manifest in the patriotism of Sir Leicester Dedlock) because you can't provide for Noodle!

"On the other hand, the Right Honorable William Buffy, M.P., contends across the table with some one else, that the shipwreck of the country—about which there is no doubt; it is only the manner of it that is in question—is attributable to Cuffy. If you had done with Cuffy what you ought to have done when he first came into Parliament, and had prevented him from going over to Duffy, you would have got him into an alliance with Fuffy, you would have had with you the weight attaching as a smart debater to Guffy, you would have brought to bear upon the elections the wealth of Huffy, you would have got in for three counties Juffy, Kuffy and Luffy, and you would have strengthened your ad-

ministration by the official knowledge and the business habits of Muffy. All this, instead of being as you now are, depending on the mere caprice of Puffy."

This is very funny, and probably hardly an exaggeration, and might, perhaps, apply to other days than the days of Sir Leicester Dedlock. It is in *Bleak House* that we find the famous Chancery case of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce, which ended by the whole estate disappearing in costs. It is in *Bleak House* that we encounter Chadband, the twin-brother of Stiggins of *Pickwick*. In close connection with Sir Leicester Dedlock, and investigating the murder of Mr. Tulkinghorn, is the incomparable Bucket. Probably, however, the memory of Bucket, the burly and well-fed detective, has been destroyed by the intenser and nearer presence of the lean gentleman, the ascetic and scientific Mr. Holmes. In *Bleak House* we find a very tiresome personage, Mr. Laurence Boythorn, whose noisy manners have had so unfortunate an influence on only too many imitators. Mr. Laurence Boythorn was supposed to be a portrait of Walter Savage Landor, just as Mr. Harold Skimpole was supposed to be a portrait of Leigh Hunt. In *Bleak House* we are much concerned with Poor Jo, who was always "a movin' on." Jo and Little Em'ly (in *David Copperfield*) are perhaps the most vital of Dickens's sentimental and pathetic creations.

It was intelligible that Dickens should take up the case against the ruinous and heartbreaking delays of the Courts of Chancery, and his work was most skillfully done. Whether or no he produced any effect is hard to say. What is not so easily intelligible is his famous case of "spontaneous combustion." What could it have mattered to Dickens (one reflects) whether spontaneous combustion was a possible phenomenon or not? Perhaps some

contemporary controversy (now forgotten) gave him the cue. However that may be, he made quite a point of upholding the possibility of a death which most medical men agree in wholly disbelieving.

The Lord Chancellor of the Court, true to his title in the last act, has died the death of all Lord Chancellors of all courts, and of all authorities in all places under all names soever, where false pretences are made, and where injustice is done. Call the death by any name your Highness will, attribute it to whom you will, or say it might have been prevented how you will, it is the same death eternally—inborn, inbred, engendered in the corrupted humors of the vicious body itself, and that only—Spontaneous Combustion, and none other of all the deaths that can be died.

As in everything else that he undertook, he "took up" spontaneous combustion with an energy and a plenitude of conviction that is, in itself, refreshing in our more languid days. The detail is truly Zolaesque, and the catastrophe tragically loathsome; it transcends in horror even the galvanized corpse of Edgar Poe's tale. What with spontaneous combustion and Chancery procedure, one would suppose that Dickens had found enough to occupy his attention through the course of one novel. But, in addition, there is the case of Tom All Alone's; the denunciation of rotting tenements and overcrowded cemeteries. Both of these reforms profited, in all probability, by his championship. Not that Mr. Dickens would have been quoted as a sanitary expert or a great authority on municipal organization, so much as that his large public—composed of the solid voting middle-class (negligible to-day, all-powerful sixty years ago)—adopted his ideas. For them, when Dickens spoke, it was as though a prophet spoke. He did not exactly dogmatize, but the persuasiveness of his humanity,

his energy, and his boundless popularity, produced much the same effect as (and perhaps a greater effect than) the "Thus saith the Lord" of the great Hebrew reformers.

Unlike *Oliver Twist*, *Bleak House* contains but one immortal—Chadband—and a number of characters in the second flight whom Dickens-lovers remember with delight, but who have, in all probability, passed away from the memory of the present generation, if indeed the present generation reads *Bleak House*. But whether it reads *Bleak House* or not, it cannot help knowing the name of Chadband. It is not only in the case of types of character that the work of Dickens has attained what for the present we must call "immortality." There are institutions and phrases that we cite while ignoring, very often, their origin. The "Don't presume to dictate" of Mr. Alfred Jingle, and the use of words "in a Pickwickian sense," are examples of phrases that have passed into the language. "The Circumlocution Office" is an example of an institution that we all know. How vivid are the types: the flippant, the pompous, the merely insolent, and all, all, incompetent!

Take the pompous type. "May I inquire," says the unhappy victim, "how I can obtain official information as to the real state of the case?"

"It is competent," said Mr. Barnacle, "to any member of the—Public," mentioning that obscure body with reluctance as his natural enemy, "to memorialize the Circumlocution Department. Such formalities as are required to be observed in so doing, may be known on application to the proper branch of that Department."

"Which is the proper branch?"

"I must refer you," said Mr. Barnacle, ringing the bell, "to the Department itself for a formal answer to that inquiry."

The miserable Clennam returns to

the Department and encounters Tite Barnacle junior: "I want to know," he begins.

"Look here! Upon my soul you mustn't come into the place saying you want to know, you know," remonstrated Barnacle junior.

"I want to know," said Arthur Clennam, . . . "the precise nature of the claim of the Crown against a prisoner for debt named Dorrit."

"I say, look here! You really are going it at a great pace, you know. Egad, you haven't got an appointment," said Barnacle junior, as if the thing were growing serious.

After other agreeable experiences of "how not to do it"—the art of the Department—the applicant arrives at a Barnacle, "on the more sprightly side of the family," who says: "Oh! you had better not bother yourself about it, I think"! but on being pressed, indicates the not very hopeful form of procedure to be adopted by the Public. "Arthur Clennam looked very doubtful indeed. 'But I am obliged to you at any rate,' said he, 'for your politeness.' 'Not at all,' replied this engaging young Barnacle. 'Try the thing, and see how you like it. It will be in your power to give it up at any time, if you don't like it. You had better take a lot of forms away with you. Give him a lot of forms!'"

Little Dorrit has contributed less to the language than most of Dickens's novels. The "Circumlocution Office" stands; and many people still quote "There's milestones on the Dover Road," that very funny ejaculation of "Mr. F's Aunt;" but the rest of the book is probably forgotten.

As a rule the dialogue in Dickens's novels is not very remarkable. There is one exception, constantly overlooked, in *Barnaby Rudge*. This novel, if remembered at all, is perhaps remembered as the book in which the Lord George Gordon riots are introduced.

This part of the work is well done: as well depicted with pen and ink as Loutherbourn might have depicted it on canvas. Dolly Varden has vitality; and numerous agreeable fashions have been named after her. In the second flight comes Sim Tappertit, and Dickens-lovers cherish endless choice memories of the "Maypole" and the raven. But all alike overlook the really masterly portrait of Sir John Chester. This is the more striking because of the contrasted portrait of Haredale in the same book. In these two men Dickens has exemplified the principles that receive his approbation. Haredale, we are constantly told, is honest, though poor; with rough and forbidding manners, but kind-hearted. He dresses badly. Sir John Chester is elegantly built, carefully dressed, impeccable as to his exterior; but we are given to understand that he is a whited sepulchre. All this is in line with Dickens's ideals—the ideal of essential honesty, with carelessness as to appearances; in short, that "a man's a man for a' that."

To elaborate the figure of Sir John Chester must have cost Charles Dickens a great deal of trouble, and the result is probably not by any means that which he anticipated. For Chester stands out brilliant and charming, while the portrait of Haredale, hardly distinct, is unimpressive. We have a confused impression of violent language and brutal gestures, and we have the author's assurance that Haredale is a very respectable man; but that is all. In the dialogues between Chester and his two sons, Hugh and Edward, between Chester and Sim Tappertit, in short, in every scene where he appears, Chester is the striking figure, the dominant figure, the attractive figure. He is made to do a number of shady things, such as intercepting letters; but the amazing result of Mr. Dickens's work is that, far from repro-

bating these lapses, we gladly forget them for the sake of being in such agreeable company, and even take pleasure in the acquaintanceship of such a polished person by way of contrast with the clumsy savages who surround him. If honesty and essential worth can be so extremely silly and boorish as the virtuous characters of *Barnaby Rudge*, well, we shrink from the conclusion, but we cannot help shrugging our shoulders.

The best judges have agreed that the two most vivid works of Charles Dickens are the *Pickwick Papers* and *David Copperfield*. *Pickwick* was published sixty-seven years ago, and is not only read with delight to-day, but has furnished countless figures and phrases which are part of our language. The whole of the *Pickwick Club*, all the characters in the trial of Bardell v. *Pickwick*, Mrs. Leo Hunter, Count Smorltork, Mr. Stiggins, the Wellers—father and son, Bob Sawyer and Benjamin Allen, and the Fat Boy. There are few people who do not know all these people better than they know their living neighbors. Nevertheless the world to which they belonged has wholly passed away. This makes their survival the more striking; and is evidence, surely, of Dickens's passion of love of his kind. Nothing else and nothing less could have breathed vitality into such a collection of oddities.

David Copperfield is generally accepted as the autobiography of Charles Dickens. The "immortals" are Uriah Heep, Mr. Micawber, and Mr. Brooks of Sheffield. Betsy Trotwood is successful; but, as is nearly always the case, the sentimental part of the book is not only heavily touched but unconvincing. Dickens-lovers enjoy the at-

mosphere of *David Copperfield* intensely. We love to set each other questions in examination form, such as "amid pillows for how many did David fall asleep in the Golden Cross Hotel?" Our affection for the book is the answering echo of the love which inspired it. We dwell in the Dickens scenery, and amid Dickens characters and Dickens memories, not critically, as we might in recalling the work of more academic people, but in scenes where we are at home and may take our ease, sure of our welcome. Rightly did M. Claretie refuse Mr. Dickens academic rank. But though that was fair and true, it is hardly final. There have been many academicians, but there is only one Charles Dickens, and when will there be another?

We may say of his work, as a whole, what Tourguéneff said of *Le Nabab*, that it may be described as being in some parts very great, while much of it is hackwork. If there is something in Dickens that we would prefer to forget, there is at least as much that we could not forget if we would. He is often a caricaturist, but at least as often he is far above all caricaturists. His place is not with the greatest artists. He does not live with the Veroneses and the Titians, but he is far apart from the Caraccisti. He is hardly Rembrandt, but we cannot leave him with the Jan Steens and the Ostades. He is not academic, he remained to the last untrained, undrilled, recognizing no models, consciously or unconsciously; one would even say that he despised them. As a result he often created, and he often drivelled. He cheers us beyond any writer that ever lived; and he bores us worse than the daily newspaper. He stands alone: Charles Dickens.

Walter Frewen Lord.

LINES WRITTEN IN DEPRESSION.

When suns for weeks have seldom shone,
 And rain and fog pervade the sky,
 And Fiscal Policy alone
 Is dry,

How often I'm inclined to bless
 (On seas statistical afloat)
 Their happy lot who don't possess
 A vote!

By problems hard they ne'er are racked
 Nor any difficulty find
 In making up (stupendous act!)
 Their mind: '

Nor need they wade through miles of type,
 Where politicians by the score
 With one another's statements "wipe
 The floor"!

But I, who know what ills await
 The British Householder who makes
 (When dealing with an Empire's fate)
 Mistakes,

Behold, oppressed by daily care,
 Arise before my mental view
 The dire results of whatsoe'er
 I do:

I see that vast Imperial Whole
 Resolved to its constituent parts,
 While mere Americans control
 Its marts,

I see great Joseph bid me note
 I rent that Empire limb from limb,
 Because I did not go and vote
 For him:

Or, should I seek for *his* applause,
 I seem to stand a crowd amid
 All vainly asking Bread—because
 I *did*!

O happy days! before I heard
From statesmen on the daily stump
The meaning of that fateful word
To Dump—

Or realized the reasons clear
Which ought to make consumers weep
When wares originally dear
Are cheap;

Why this to none advantage brings,
Or those that sell, or those that buy
(Save to such negligible things
As I);

Why England 'neath Protection's reign
Will show her foes a firmer front:
Why 'tis indubitably plain
She won't:

Why persons twain are wholly free
Conclusions opposite to frame,
Although their premises may be
The same!

A time there was when no one strayed
In spheres of independent thought;
Each voted as his party said
He ought,—

When what or whom he voted for
He did not care a single fig,
But simply was a Tory, or
A Whig.

I've often heard (perhaps it's true)
How casting old traditions loose
We're going generally to
The Deuce:

But O! from this I clearly see
We really stand on Ruin's brink—
When British Householders, like me,
Must *think!*

A. D. Godley.

THE POLITICAL POETRY OF MR. WILLIAM WATSON.

There is one modern habit which is more of a sign of decadence than the habit of taking drugs, the habit of asking for definitions, and the yet more craven habit of giving them. Human language is a thing totally unfitted for this exact treatment. It is nothing but a kind of wild music, certain hoarse cries and bizarre ejaculations being approximately indicative of certain dark but definite realities in existence. To ask for a definition of the word "liberty," or the word "nationality," is but a step removed from asking for a definition of the bark of a dog. Language being not a modern science, but a rugged primeval art, like playing on stringed instruments, it is impossible that any word can have a definition, since the striking of the one note means something, and the striking of any other number of notes must seem something quite different. A man might say, for instance, that "unhampered political or social individuality" was a good equivalent for the word "liberty." But it would not be an equivalent in the least. And the proof of this is simply in the fact that "unhampered political or social individuality" would not make a man start as to the blast of a bugle. When a civilization begins to ask that all its words, its ancient and basic words, should be repeated and explained, it is growing deaf and old and bad-tempered; it has lost its philosophical ear for music. The arrows of language are blunted that once went straight to the heart. Our own language is becoming a foreign tongue to us, so that we have to look it up as if it were French or Hebrew in a metaphysical dictionary. And the calm, hard-headed rationalist who asks what is meant by a nation, is on that high road of insanity which

ends in asking what is meant by a horse.

It is this instinctive knowledge that language and consequently human intercourse and human pronouncement cannot be absolutely correct and clear which has made the human race, with its quaint and almost elvish wisdom, perceive the enormous importance of mysteries, of dim temples, and priestly veils. Secret scriptures, impenetrable pontiffs, prayers in a dark tongue, rings of swords round the sanctuary, all this has been man's device for keeping from the heathen hands of logic and reason the immemorial ark of common-sense. Men knew that nothing fares worse under analysis than reality itself, than all the things which are the substance of our daily life—charity, practicality, patriotism, good manners. Religion has most sagaciously avoided the scientific method and given men for their comfort two or three of the most splendid, the most living, the most powerful and practical things upon earth—words. And this jealousy, this fear lest reason should ruin sanity, producing, as I have said, many of the militant bigotries of religion, has produced, equally excusably, many of the bigotries of patriotism. Just as people felt about the peculiar experiences of their souls, so they felt about the peculiar color and spiritual independence of their native land. They felt that these things were so natural and obvious and yet so incredible; they felt that they were so solid and eternal, and yet so fragile and so easily knocked to pieces with a question. And just as the old religions, while basically humane, yet hated the profane in their sanctuaries, so the old-fashioned England, while essentially good-tempered, hated a Frenchman

within her borders. It was not hostility, but a great unuttered fear that something intangible and invaluable was being corrupted or diluted, a drop of water or of gall had fallen into the ancient wine.

This explains the peculiar, and to us, as it salutes us across the centuries, the unmeaning terror with which a certain type of nationalists have always regarded the change and even the expansion of their country. It explains how the Roman poets, even at the moment of the Roman Imperial triumph, sang monotonously of the fall of Rome. A man must always be furious against those who have stolen his goods; but he must be doubly furious when he cannot describe the goods that have been stolen. To have one's sanctities destroyed violently is terrible; to have them destroyed gently is unforgivable. Suppose that a nation regards itself as the green island. If the color it must wear be England's cruel red, it has a definite enemy to oppose. But suppose that through a splendid sunset of peacock changes the green grew blue, and yet more blue, on its way to violet, the thing would justify a bloody revolution. This is what is lost by the subtle change which turns a nation into an empire.

The English historic character, for instance, is a thing which it would be almost impossible to give in any number of definitions. Yet we can give it in an instance. Mr. William Watson is, politically, a typical Englishman. This is not a mere matter of phrase, nor is it a mere compliment. Mr. Watson undoubtedly claims a national attitude for himself; but the question is much deeper than that. His new volume of poems on the late war is called "For England." In the preface he speaks with a dignity both of words and meaning somewhat incongruous with its subject of that charge of anti-patriot-

ism which it is very difficult to believe that any educated man on either side ever took seriously. The charge had literally no meaning at all. It is wearisome to have to point out that if a man thought the war bad for his country his opposition to it must of necessity be in proportion to his patriotism. The doctrine of the united nation is simply a piece of mental confusion. It means that at the precise moment when your country is in most danger you are to become suddenly frivolous and take any opinion you may find lying about the street. But though Mr. Watson need scarcely have taken any particular notice of an accusation which has become little more than a joke, his remarks about it are worth quoting, because they further establish this incidental fact, that he claims to be a national poet and not a cosmopolitan poet—if such a thing there could be.

"Especially," he says, "is it odious to one who has prided himself on being peculiarly English in his sympathies and sentiments and who comes of many generations of such Englishmen as fought indomitably for faith and commonweal, such Englishmen as lived the beautiful ancient life of our pastoral highlands, in the lee of the northern hills, and by the flowing of Swale and Ure. The same claim is made, of course, in the well-known lines, also included in this book, "On Being Styled 'Pro-Boer'":

Friend, call me what you will: no jot
care I,
I that shall stand for England till I
die,
England! The England that rejoiced
to see
Hellas unbound; Italy one and free.
The England that had tears for Po-
land's doom,
And in her heart for all the world
made room,
The England from whose side I have
not swerved,

The immortal England that I, too,
have served.

Accounting her all living lands above,
In Justice and in Mercy and in Love.

I am as one disembodied, triumphant,
dead,

to write also

I do not quote these passages in order to raise the political issue. The question of which tendency is statesmanship and national poetry is actually the best for the Commonwealth, I am going, as far as possible, to avoid altogether. I am going to speak of what Mr. Watson's attitude is, not of what it ought to be. And I wish to state first, as a mere matter of patent fact, like the fact that Shelley's attitude is very Republican, or that Blake's attitude is very mystical, that Mr. William Watson's attitude is very English.

I am not, I repeat, concerned in this article to maintain that it is a good thing to be very English or a good thing to be Mr. William Watson. Personally, I think both lots enviable. But there is this about nationality, as about the smell of a flower or the tone of a voice, that the people who love a nation, and the people who hate it, necessarily agree about it. For instance, there are some capable people who rank Walt Whitman with Martin Tupper: there are other capable people who rank him almost with the Messiah. But they would agree on one thing: he is an American Tupper; he is a very American Messiah. Volumes could not explain the peculiar Yankee flavor: the chaotic compound of a mellow barbarism with a kind of crude culture, the gigantic limbs in the ill-fitting clothes of philosophy; the elemental priggishness which makes it possible for the man who has obviously heard the morning stars sing together, to play with machines and American inventions like a child with clockwork toys, makes it possible for the Titan who wrote the divine and tremendous line

Long live materialism. Hurrah for
positive science.

All that we can say is that the particular blend of coarseness and civilization can be felt also in Mark Twain. It is America. If you love it, you love America; if you hate it, you hate America. If you hate Mr. Watson's political temper, you hate England.

For let us put it to a similar test. The genius of Mr. Watson can be, and for our purposes may usefully be, considered from the standpoint of a foreigner who really disliked this country, its tone, its customs, its religious sentiment. He could find everything in Mr. Watson that he dislikes most. We can imagine some Parisian decadent smelling from this book what would be to him the very mist and mud of the island of the Puritans. Here he would find the English pomposity, which he would call hypocrisy; absurdly, for it springs from a simple character. Here, again, he would find that most English of all English traits, our incomparable vagueness, that vagueness which makes us shrink from great doctrines, but fall in love with great words; which makes us dislike articles of religion, but yet remain religious; which makes us doubt about the Rights of Man, and yet thrill at the name of Liberty. Last, but by no means least, he would find here that element too loosely classed as Puritanism, which so enrages much of Continental civilization—that ingrained ethical turn of mind which finds moralizing a feast of pleasure. Too few have noticed that scandal-mongering is the most popular kind of conversation simply because the most amusing subject in the world is morality. But this joy in moral estimates

is very English, and our imaginary foreigner would be infuriated with it. He would read, for instance, that splendid passage in Mr. Watson's "Apologia," in which the poet, taunted with his classicism, turns dramatically on the decadents:—

For though of faulty and of erring
walk,
I have not suffered aught of frail in me
To stain my song; I have not paid the
world
The evil and the insolent courtesy
Of offering it my baseness as a gift.

But he would not feel the thrill that an Englishman feels at that burst of ethical scorn. He would say, "Oh, I know what that means. It means not bringing a blush to the cheek of the young person. It means no convincing passions, no biting facts, no stirring of the terrible underworld of life: no fierce and graceful nudities, no strange colors, no fantastic forms—or, in a word, as far as I am concerned, no art." And then with what relief he would find himself reading some other English writer, who had none of these vices of pomposity or vagueness, or a perpetual ethical test. And he would find such an un-English English writer. He would find a man of superlative genius writing in our language, in whose work there would be no lack of biting facts, of fierce nudities, of strange colors, of the underworld. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, our one Continental writer, would be a godsend indeed to our Continental critic. Mr. Kipling's splendid realism and picturesqueness would appear original in any country. But they would not appear one half so original in France as in England. When Mr. Kipling startles us it is simply because we are English. All his methods have long been employed in French literature, though it must be said scarcely ever with more talent and effect. His slang poems are an old de-

vice to the great French decadents who wrote verses in the argot of the criminal quarter. His vivid pictures of physical sensations are part of the first lesson of the Zolaist. His quaint and fascinating insistence on smell is already palling on the erotic Parisian aesthete. His sharp, cruel short stories are as good as Maupassant's. His Orientalism is perfectly French. One change any one must feel in passing from Watson to him. It is passing from a cool climate to a hot one. In one of his admirable tales, Kipling uses the phrase, "sultry stories." He means smoking-room stories; but without any reference to this meaning, we may say that his stories are all sultry.

I am not, of course, comparing the merits of these writers, either literary or political. I am merely pointing out differences that are matters of impartial fact. And in order to avoid the appearance of special sympathy with Mr. Watson, I have chosen the standpoint of a man who disliked his spirit and his art. Now let us suppose the contrary case—that of a man, either English or foreign, whom the whole air and smell of England exalted like a great wine; a man who knew, as we know, that her pomposity is only an old and innocent dignity, that her vagueness is only an ingrained reverence and liberality, that her Puritanism is a concern for the things that matter. He would move easily in the landscapes of these poems. Every poet has a landscape at the back of his soul. Mr. Watson's is a Northern and English landscape—a landscape of great uplands and huge pale dawns. It is so as surely as Mr. Kipling's is an alien landscape, with a stretch of dry places, palms, and a floor of fire. And this the lover of England would feel at once in Watson. He would feel in the misty hills the vague practicality, the vague reverence, the vague and exuberant generos-

ity of England. He would feel the peculiar English virtues, such as magnanimity and geniality. Mr. Watson is perfectly right, wild as the patriotic claim may seem, when he puts England

All lands above,
In Justice and in Mercy and in Love.

Justice is perhaps an exaggeration: the English are not logical enough to be just. But England is certainly (when foreign "Imperialists" let her alone) the most merciful of nations. The Majuba policy may or may not be the most wise, but certainly it was the most English. No one at all acquainted with popular French fiction can fail to remember an element in it which we find unnatural, the element of revenge. How easily a kindly and ordinary man, when wronged in his capacity of husband, becomes a fiend, a torturer. This element is not English, but the gust of foreign fiction has had a secondary effect in attracting into our politics the conception of "*la revanche*." The great quality of easiness and forgiveness we had of nature; but Mr. Kipling and his school with their tropical tendency, seem bent on infecting our statesmanship with the Southern ethic of the knife.

It is not probable in the nature of things that Mr. Watson will ever be a popular poet. Two reasons chiefly hinder it, and I have no doubt I have laid myself open to the charge of paradox by mentioning the more obvious of them: he is locally and traditionally English. A purely national poet must be neglected at a certain stage of over-civilization, for when men have become very luxurious, novelty is the last and only luxury. Hence the enormous inundation of French, Russian, American, Anglo-Indian influence on England and England's books. The second cause of his necessary isolation is that he is fundamentally democratic. I know

that the word will be misunderstood. With music-hall refrains ringing in our ears, with torrents of books about the brutality and ignorance of the East End flooding the market, with every half-penny paper peppered with slang, and every public speech filled with appeals to the common-sense of working men, it seems ridiculous to point to the most lonely, the most polished, the most academic and elaborate of modern men of genius and call him democratic. But he is democratic. He does not appeal to the lower classes, which is appealing to an oligarchy.

Democracy must always be severe, without either desire or dread of paradox, we may go even further. Democracy must always be unpopular. It is a religion, and the essence of a religion is that it constrains. Like every other religion, it asks men to do what they cannot do; to think steadily about the important things. Like every other religion, it asks men to consider the dark, fugitive, erratic realities, to ignore the gigantic, glaring and overpowering trivialities. It rests upon the fact that the things which men have in common, such as a soul and a stomach, such as the love of children or the fear of death, are to infinity more important than the things in which they differ, such as a landed estate or an ear for music, the capacity to found an empire or to make a bow. And it has, like any other religion, to deal with the immense primary difficulty that the unimportant things are by far the most graphic and arresting, that millions see how a man founds an empire, and only a few how he faces death, and that a man may make several thousand bows in a year and go on improving in them, while in the art of being born he is only allowed one somewhat private experiment. In politics, in philosophy, in everything. It is sufficiently obvious that the things that are seen are temporal, but the

things that are not seen are eternal. And the thing which is most undiscoverable in all human affairs, the thing which is most elusive, most secret, most hopelessly sealed from our sight is, and always must be, the thing which is most common to us all. Every little variety we have we gossip and boast of eagerly; it is upon uniformity that we preserve the silence of terrified conspirators. There are only two things that are absolutely common to all of us, more common than bread or sunlight, death and birth. And it is considered morbid to talk about the one and indecent to talk about the other. It is the nature of man to talk, so to speak, largely and eagerly about every new feather he sticks in his hair, but to conceal like a deformity the fact that he has a head.

This is the secret of the permanent austerity of the democratic idea, of its eternal failure and its eternal recurrence, of the fact that it can never be popular and can never be killed. It withers into nothingness in the light of a naked spirituality those special badges and uniforms which we all love so much, since they mark us out as kings or schoolmasters, or gentlemen or philanthropists. It declares with a brutal benignity that all men are brothers just at the very moment that every one feels himself to be the good grandfather of every one else. To our human nature it commonly seems quite a pitiful exchange to cease from being poets or vestrymen, and to be put off with being the images of the everlasting. That is the secret, as I say, of the austerity of republicanism, of its continual historic association with the stoical philosophy, of its continual defeat at the hands of heated mobs. It strikes men down from the high places of their human fads and callings, and lays them all level upon a dull plane of the divine.

Now this stern and absolute character in the republican sentiment must of necessity have its effect in literary form. Thence arose that august and somewhat rigid school of eloquence and poetry which has been associated with republicanism almost from the first twilight of the pagan era. So far as one broad distinction may be said to run like a chasm from end to end of literary history, it is this, that the literary weapon of popular government has been classic literature; the literary weapon of judges and pontiffs and the great princes of the earth has always been frivolity. One might almost say that their literary weapon had always been slang. If we want exhilarating vulgarity (and we often do want it), we go to some good Conservative, such as Aristophanes or Mr. Anstey. If we want a gay and gross picture of the real turbulence of the real rabble of the seventeenth century, say in England, we go to some cavalier like Dekker or Wycherley. To John Milton, the republican, we go for something quite different. We go to the republican not for a comedy about men but for an epic about man.

Of this great tradition of the union of a democratic policy with a classical style the great living representative in England is Mr. William Watson. And he stands alone. A violent reaction towards realism in literature has in our time gone hand in hand with a violent reaction towards Toryism in politics: it may seem strange to connect the vivisections of Zola with the admirable public speeches of Lord Salisbury, but they have this profound kinship, that they both make utter sport of all human dignity. In Mr. Watson's political poems may be found what can be found nowhere else in modern England—the old and authentic voice of the England of Milton and Wordsworth. Nothing is more striking than this parallelism between Mr. Watson's

diction and his moral policy. He loves lines such as

Kept whole and virginal her liberties.

He loves words of gray and silver; cool words, words with a stern smell of the sea. He loves the idea of the maidenhood of nations; vague and mountainous ideas like liberty, and a kind of sorrowful justice.

The Fortnightly Review.

But the fierce mountain stream of liberty

Not edicts and not hosts can long restrain,

For this is of the heights and of the deeps.

That is the Miltonic and the Wordsworthian England. It may be we are listening to the last of the ancient poets of England.

G. K. Chesterton.

MILADY.

(Being an extract from the memoirs of Count Luca della Riva—knight of the Order of the Annunciation—member of the Venetian parliament during the revolution, 1848-49.)

It was in the early spring of 1851 that Prince Mario d'Ivrea brought his young English wife home with him to Venice. I received a hastily scrawled note from him early one morning informing me of their arrival and telling me to: "Hurry up and be the first to welcome Edith to her new home."

I had been the recipient, at frequent intervals during the past winter, of letters from Mario, bearing the postmarks of various country towns and villages in England, where he had been visiting friends—letters full of a lover's, and an Italian lover's enthusiasm for the eyes, the hair, the white skin, the exquisitely modulated voice of Lady Edith Albanley, daughter of the Earl of Stanes. I had read these letters, which had never contained less than two dozen "exclamatory notes" with considerable amusement, slightly tempered with a young man's natural regret that a friend should renounce the delights of bachelorhood, and with a certain anxiety as to the possible consequences of bringing an English girl

to Venice in those troublous times, when the workmen were still occupied repairing the damage done to our palaces by Austrian cannon, and the white-coated Austrian soldiers were still seeking, arresting and putting in prison, without even a pretence of judicial proceedings, any poor wretch, whose ill-chance made him incur the suspicion of desiring the liberty of his country.

Well! Mario and his wife would be safe enough, I reasoned, as I read his note, provided they kept on good terms with the Austrian officials; for he had interest at the court of Vienna, and, besides, he came of a great race, the greatest in Venice after the Dandolos, and it would be dangerous policy to molest him; even Metternich had admitted as much.

I was in a somewhat similar position, owing to the amount of my income; I was too rich for it to be convenient to banish me, I was worth a king's ransom to them annually in taxes, and their officials were not above accepting a bribe when I wished for a free hand to help my poor countrymen in their difficulties; otherwise, I flatter myself, Mario and I would have shared the fate of the forty pa-

trioti who were exiled after the siege of '49, for Mario had fought like a hero for his country, and the Austrians knew it only too well. Nor were they ignorant of the fact that during those terrible months in which we had fought so desperately for the republic nearly all the arms and ammunition had been supplied at my expense.

I have since been asked, not without malice, how it was that we elected to remain in Venice during those days, when so many better men were pining under foreign skies; Manin in Paris, Varè at Lausanne, Comello in Poland, and the others—God knows where? The reason was not far to seek; we were needed, both of us, in Venice, heaven knows how much we were needed, Mario with his influence and I with my money (and never, I swear, was money put to better uses). Who else could have kept the Austrian officials in check and shielded the unhappy Venetians from their revengeful malice? But I am wandering from my story.

On receiving Mario's note, I had ordered my gondola to be ready by ten o'clock, and had sent a servant to buy a large bunch of roses to offer to the newly-arrived princess. It was a lovely morning, and as I was rowed down the Grand Canal towards the Palazzo d'Ivrea I thought that Mario's wife could hardly have arrived in Venice at a better season. A light breeze from the south broke the blue waters of the broader canals into dancing wavelets that seemed to catch and to reflect the bright spring sunshine as they leaped and splashed against the many-colored walls and steps; flowers showed brightly against the open windows; the pigeons, the swallows and the gulls all circled together high up against the light azure of the sky. Even the white coats of the Austrian soldiers, as they flashed past in gon-

dolas or strolled about on the bridges and open squares, served to give an added brilliancy to an already brilliant scene.

I lay back in the gondola, smoking a cigarette, with the large bunch of roses I had ordered by my side, when, as we came round a bend of the canal and in sight of Mario's palace, I saw that there were two figures on the steps that led down to the water; one I recognized, even at that distance, as being Mario himself, and the other—it was a woman's figure dressed in white—I guessed to be Mario's wife.

The gondola swept round the curve, and Mario, recognizing the blue and white liveries of my gondoliers, came down the steps to the water's edge and waved his hand to me. His wife stood on the steps above him, shading her eyes with her hand, the sunlight gleaming in her hair, that was the color of burnished gold; she had stuck a little bunch of scarlet leaves into the belt of her white dress, and she held a larger bunch in one hand. Never shall I forget the picture they made, she and Mario, as they stood waiting for me in the morning sunlight, he tall and dark, his bronzed face smiling welcome, and his princess in her white dress with her crimson leaves, and golden aureole of fair hair.

So I was presented to Milady (that was the name we all gave her from the first) and bade her welcome to Venice, and for the next few days rowed about in a gondola showing her the beauties of her new home. Though the memory of past disasters, and some vague foreboding of great events yet to come, gave our amusements a rather grim background of anxiety, the season was a brilliant one in Venice, and Milady, who had an English girl's enthusiastic capacity for enjoying herself, went to balls, theatres and receptions, managing even to inspire Mario and myself, much as we hated such forms of entertain-

ment, with some of her overflowing spirits. So we followed meekly in her wake, and astonished and scandalized all our friends in Venice by appearing even at a dance given by the Austrian Governor, in whose house neither of us had ever deigned to set foot before.

But, as Milady said, "What did it matter if he *was* an Austrian?" The floor in his rooms was perfect for dancing, and his aides-de-camp waltzed to perfection. Neither Mario nor I were dancing men, so to these gentlemen fell the entire task of entertaining Milady; one of them especially, a rather handsome young Hungarian, with large dark eyes and strangely pale aquiline features, seemed to find the task a particularly agreeable one, so much so that his attentions grew almost too marked before the end of the dance, and Milady came up to Mario, who was leaning against a door talking to me in a desultory fashion, and asked to be taken home.

On the day immediately following the Governor's ball, the first cloud appeared on the horizon. About seven o'clock in the evening a servant brought me a hurried note, asking me to come at once to Mario's house, as he had urgent need of my advice and help. Surprised and anxious, for I knew by experience that Mario had a way of getting into trouble with the foreign authorities, I proceeded on foot to the Palazzo d'Ivrea and was shown into a room on the first floor where I found Mario and his wife waiting for me.

The trouble, as Mario explained it, did not seem very serious. It appeared that, for reasons best known to themselves, the Austrian police had decided to arrest a little shopkeeper (a boot-maker, I think he was) and his two assistants on the charge of holding seditious meetings in a room at the back of their shop, meetings at which a lot

of abuse was aimed at the heads of the Emperor, of Metternich and of Radetzky, but which, for all the harm (from the Austrian point of view) that was likely to result, might never have been held at all. The three men having been warned by some friend among the police of their intended arrest, had taken refuge in the Palazzo d'Ivrea, and had begged Mario to protect them. This was annoying, certainly, but it did not seem to me that the matter was a serious one; even if the men were given up to the police they would probably only suffer a short term of imprisonment, or be fined, and the fine might be paid for them. I said as much to Mario, but he was not satisfied.

"I cannot give them up to the police," he said, "because when they arrived I promised to do my best for them, and of course when the police come tomorrow I cannot give my word of honor that they are not here, which would be the only way to prevent the house being searched."

"But why not let the police come and search for the men if they wish? You could surely find some cellar or dungeon in this old palace where they would not be found, and, as I said, even if they are found, you can easily arrange with the authorities that their sentence should be a light one."

"I would rather the police did not make a search through my house at present." Mario spoke gravely, but I could not understand his objection.

"They searched the house times out of number in the days after the siege; you used not to mind, I remember."

"Still, I repeat, I have a particular reason why they should not do so at present."

"Well," I exclaimed, "if you are going to be mysterious I am afraid I cannot help you much. What is your reason? Is the house stacked with arms or ammunition?"

"No, it is not that; I cannot tell you why."

I shrugged my shoulders irritably. "Why not get the men to leave the place?" I asked; "is the house watched?" He nodded assent.

Suddenly Milady turned to me and said: "If they could pass out unobserved could they not be taken to a place of safety?"

"Certainly," I answered, "they might go to my yacht, it is lying off the Lido; once on board, the captain could easily take them out to sea and land them somewhere on the coast further south; I could furnish them with money if necessary."

Milady turned to her husband and said irrelevantly: "There is a ball at the Dandolo's to-night, you know!"

Mario stared at her in astonishment. "What has that got to do with it?" he asked.

"Only this; that if the men could be hidden in my gondola, I could start from here as if I were going to the Dandolo's ball; the spies who are watching the house would only see the Princess in an opera-cloak, starting out for the evening, they would never think of following me, and I could take the men, as Luca suggests, to his yacht at the Lido."

Mario looked down at her admiringly and passed his hand caressingly over her fair hair. "There is something in that, little girl," he said, "that is not a bad idea at all! What do you think of it, Luca?"

"I think it would be a dangerous piece of work, and I don't think your precious shoemaker and his assistants are worth it!" I answered.

"You don't know all the circumstances," said Mario. "But the idea is a good one, I will go and see about getting the men into the gondola. You will stay to dinner, won't you, Luca?" I nodded carelessly and he left the room.

Milady looked at me; she was sitting by the fire, the light of the flame playing on her hair. "You don't approve, Luca?" she said.

"No, Milady, I don't approve."

"But Mario is right; we cannot have the police in the house just at present."

I shrugged my shoulders. "I will write an order for the captain of the yacht," I said, crossing over to a writing-table at the other end of the room.

Milady remained by the fire, watching the flames with thoughtful eyes.

Mario came back, saying that all was arranged, and we went in to dinner. It was not a cheerful meal, though Milady and Mario made labored efforts to appear at their ease. I was anxious and worried, and took no trouble to hide the fact. When dinner was over Milady went upstairs to dress for the part she was going to play, while Mario and I waited in the smoking-room.

"You're a fool, Mario, to let her go," I said bluntly, as soon as we were alone.

"It cannot be helped," he answered. "I must be able to give my word to-morrow, when the police come, that they are not in the house."

Milady soon came downstairs again. She had put on a white ball dress, embroidered with gold lilies. She wore a heavy fur opera cloak on her shoulders, and there were diamonds in her hair; she was pale. We all went down to the hall and out to the steps together; it was a very fine night, the gondola lay at the foot of the steps rocking a little on the waves.

"I thought it best to leave it uncovered," said Mario, "it looks more innocent so."

"Where are the men?" asked Milady in a whisper.

"They are already inside," was the answer, "lying down, two under the seat and one with a rug thrown over him in the prow."

Milady shook hands with me, nodded gaily to Mario, and went down the steps to the gondola; a servant had spread a carpet for her feet, the light from the open door behind us shone on the golden lilies of her dress and flashed on the diamonds in her hair. She was very beautiful.

On the other side of the canal a covered gondola, seemingly empty, was moored to a little landing-stage. I noticed that Mario was watching it anxiously, and asked him if the spies were there? He nodded assent. Suddenly from round the corner of the palazzo there shot out into the canal a third gondola, rowed by sailors wearing the Austrian uniform. It was uncovered, and in it was seated an officer in the uniform of the Hungarian Hussars. We all gazed at it anxiously, hoping that it would pass on, but to our dismay it came swiftly up to the steps, and the hussar, who carried a large bunch of flowers in his hand, sprang out and offered them, bowing, to Milady. He was the Governor's aide-de-camp, the handsome young Hungarian whose attentions to Milady the night before had been the cause of our leaving the ball.

"Madame is going to the Palazzo Dandolo?" he asked in French, and Milady answered that she was.

"Alone?"

"Yes, the Prince did not enjoy going out to balls."

The hussar bowed to Mario and to me.

"Since Madame was going alone, and he also was on his way to the Palazzo Dandolo, might he not beg the hospitality of her gondola?"

Here was a dilemma! Mario and I waited anxiously for Milady's answer; we had not moved from the top of the steps; we were too much surprised and flustered by this new complication to know what to do or to say. But Milady

seemed quite calm and self-possessed.

"Certainly she would take the lieutenant to the Dandolos if he wished; she would be delighted to have his company!"

The hussar bowed once more to Mario and me, and we bowed gravely in return; for my life I could not have found anything to say. Then Milady entered her gondola, and the hussar, having told his men to proceed to the Palazzo Dandolo, followed and sat down beside her.

They moved off into the middle of the canal and soon swept out of sight. The covered gondola opposite, that was apparently empty, remained immovable as before.

All that night Mario and I walked up and down the smoking-room and fumed and fretted in a very agony of suspense. Now and then one of us would go out to a balcony over the canal and look towards the Lido, without quite knowing what we expected or hoped to see.

What would happen? What had happened? Had the Hungarian (Saidowich was his name) noticed the hidden men when he entered the gondola? There was just a remote possibility of his not doing so. And if he had, would he betray them and Milady to the police? It seemed hardly likely, and yet—

And Milady, how would she act? The fact that it was partly his fault did not lessen Mario's anxiety; he raved and stormed till I thought he would have gone mad. Once he sent to the Palazzo Dandolo to ask the Count privately if Milady were there. The answer came back that she was not. Then he sent again to ask if Saidowich was there (a message which might have somewhat damaged Milady's reputation if Dandolo had been a fool, which luckily he was not), but Saidowich was not there, and had not

been all the evening. Once a manservant came into the room and whispered some message into Mario's ear, and he left the room, saying that he had to go upstairs to see his father, who was paralyzed and living in a big sunny room near the top of the house and saw nobody but his doctors and most intimate friends. Mario's father had been a great politician in his day, but in that year, 1851, he was already nearing death. Mario came down looking calmer, a fact which surprised me at the time, but I said nothing.

At last, about four o'clock, when the sky was just beginning to look gray over the roofs, we heard the call of the gondoliers below, and before we could get downstairs Milady had entered the house and was standing in the hall. She was very pale, almost haggard, and took Mario's arm without a word; we all walked in silence to the smoking-room, where Milady threw herself with a sigh into an arm-chair.

"It is all right," she said at last, "the men have escaped."

"Confound the men," said Mario, "and you."

"Oh! I'm all right too, I suppose; but oh, Mario, what a night I have passed!"

"What's become of the Hungarian?" asked Mario.

"I don't know," said Milady.

"You don't know? But didn't he come with you?"

"Oh yes, he came; he noticed the men at the bottom of the boat, of course; they kept moving about."

"And what did he say?"

"He said that I could not get out of Venice with them, as the town is surrounded by a cordon of police, who examine every boat and gondola that goes out. It is a new order of the Governor's, it seems."

Mario and I stared blankly at each other; we had forgotten that new order.

"And then?"

"Oh! and then he offered to take me past the cordon; he said that they would not stop us if they saw his uniform, they would think it was all right."

"The deuce! That was kind and disinterested."

There was almost a sneer in Milady's voice as she replied: "I forgot to say that he named a price."

"The infernal scoundrel!"

"Oh, it's all right! You need not be alarmed," there was no mistaking the sneer now; "on our way back from the yacht, about half way across the lagoon, we were stopped by one of the military gondolas with an officer in it bearing orders for the Graf von Saldo-wich to proceed immediately to the Governor's palace; he changed into the other boat then and there, and I came home."

We all sat silent a minute or two. Taken by itself the story was an exceedingly lame one; had any other woman but Milady told it to me I would have frankly disbelieved it, but Milady—well, Milady could not lie, I knew that much; she might leave part of the truth untold—I suspected she was doing so even then—but, after all, if things had gone wrong it seemed to me that Mario could blame no one but himself. We were still sitting, staring moodily in front of us, when the sight of Milady's ball dress made me start; there was nothing strange about it, but it reminded me of something.

"Hallo, Mario," I said. "Do you remember that you're giving a ball to-night?"

"Giving a ball?" repeated Mario blankly.

"Yes, to-day is the sixth; you've invited half Venice, if I remember rightly, and young Dandolo is to lead the cotillon."

"Good heavens—I had clean forgotten! We must put it off."

"You have no earthly excuse for putting it off," said I.

"Oh no, don't put it off," said Milady. "It would look as if something were wrong."

I walked home that night, or rather that morning, for the sun was shining when I left the Palazzo d'Ivrea, in excellent spirits. In my opinion Mario had not behaved quite as he should have done in the affair of the three men's escape, and it amused me to think of his having to stand half the evening at the top of the staircase assuring elderly dowagers that it was so kind of them to have come!

As I walked over the bridge that crosses the Grand Canal close to the Palazzo d'Ivrea, I noticed, rather to my surprise, that the covered gondola, from which Mario had said that the police spies were watching the front of his house, had disappeared. If Mario's suspicion had been well founded, the house was being watched no longer, in other words the police knew that the birds had flown. The incident, as I said, surprised me, but I thought that after all it was merely a sign that the whole affair had blown over. As it happened, however, I was wrong; the affair had not blown over; far from it.

When I arrived once more that evening at Mario's house, I realized with considerable amusement that the ball promised to be a great success. The whole façade of the Palazzo had been illuminated with blue lamps, a broad striped awning had been placed over the carpeted steps, up to which a long row of gondolas was continually moving, bringing the guests, who passed in to the hall and up the staircase (both decorated with flowers) among a double row of lackeys in white and silver liveries.

At the top of the stairs, as I had expected, were Mario and Milady, she in a splendid gown of black velvet, with a triple row of pearls round her neck.

and Mario wearing the star and ribbon of a great order, and pretty successfully hiding his boredom as he shook hands and smiled, and told people, whose name he could not have remembered to save his life, that he was charmed to see them and hoped they were in good health.

I gravely shook hands like the rest, and told Mario that I was delighted to see him looking so well, at which he stared at me for a second in astonishment and then told me under his breath to go to the devil, which was rude.

In the ball-room there was the usual crowd of pretty girls, and chaperons, and Austrian officers in uniform, and young Venetians who looked as if they had taken three hours each to dress and were satisfied with the result. At the *buffet* a considerable number of heated individuals were consuming sandwiches and *paté de-foie-gras* and drinking champagne, the latter of a brand that Mario, who had an excellent cellar, would have no more dreamt of touching himself than he would of wasting his really good wines on people who did not know the difference between hock and Normandy cider.

I looked about for Saidowich, but he was not there, nor was the Governor, which was odd, for that poor man was blessed with three rather plain marriageable daughters, and used generally to be the first to arrive at and the last to leave any entertainment to which he was invited. I was still wondering at his absence, when an old French countess, who had come to Venice with introductions to Milady, pounced upon me and made me take her off to the *buffet*, where she kept me fully half an hour.

When we got back to the ball-room, a quadrille was in progress. Mario was dancing it with the Countess Dan-dolo, with an air of imperfect resignation; as we entered the room, however,

a servant hurriedly crossed the floor, and whispered something in his ear; I saw his face grow blank, and then, noticing me in the doorway, he beckoned to me to follow him, and, leaving his astonished and offended partner in the lurch, strode out of the room and down the stairs.

I followed as quickly as I could, and as we came out on to the staircase I saw in the hall below a little group of Austrian officers apparently waiting. "Who is it?" I asked Mario as we ran down the steps, "the Governor?"

"Heaven help us, Luca," he answered, turning towards me, "it's Radetzky!"

"Radetzky!" I cried, in such amazement that I stumbled and had to catch hold of the broad marble banister. "In Venice?"

"Yes; let us hope for the best!"

We had reached the bottom of the steps, and Mario, holding himself straight as a dart, walked proudly towards a long table at the end of the hall, where, in the light of a large oil lamp and surrounded by his officers, sat the man whose name in that year 1851 was synonymous from the Adriatic to the Tyrrhenian sea and from the Alps to Naples with all that was most cruel and most pitiless in the hated foreign rule, with wholesale massacres of half armed, maddened peasants, with terrible reprisals on hapless towns which had weakly attempted rebellion against the Austrian yoke, with treachery, with savage repression and sinister memories of down-trodden provinces, "pacified" by fire and sword.

He it was who, obliged to fly from Milan during the "five days' revolution" in 1848, and defeated by Charles Albert of Piedmont at Goito and Pastrengo so that he had to retire into the quadrilateral of Verona, had in '49 beaten the Piedmontese back over the Lombard frontier, retaken Milan, and

during the amnesty laid siege to Venice, and obliged the revolutionary republic to capitulate after twenty-four days of merciless bombardment. He it was, who had beaten Charles Albert again, when the amnesty was over, and had been the cause of his abdication; and even then the Lombard and Venetian provinces were being "pacified," by his methods and Brescia, a few days before, had felt the weight of his hand.

There he sat, a little, wizened old man in a green coat with a marshal's hat lying on the table beside him, and his long, curved sword, that seemed much too big for him, between his knees. We had thought him far away in Vienna or in Milan, and now he was back. "Well!" as Mario said, "God help us!"

These things I thought of as I stood in the hall watching him as he talked to Mario, while the guests, astonished, offended and alarmed (for the news of his coming had run like wild-fire through the crowded rooms upstairs) trooped down the stairs to their gondolas, glancing nervously as they passed at the strange group by the table, but not pausing a minute to say good-bye to their host.

Soon they were all gone, and Milady came down the stairs and walked across the hall to her husband's side. I do not know what Radetzky had been saying to Mario, but when he saw Milady he rose and bowed to her, and then sank back into his chair; he was a very old man.

"And so this is the lady," he said smiling gently, "who helps our rebels to escape from justice, with the aid of her kind friends?" here he glanced at me. "Well, well! It is an agreeable pose for a woman to take an interest in politics, and a very harmless one, all told; do not fear, princess, we shall not quarrel over a pair of bootmaker's assistants, the Austrian empire will not fall if one more or less of such

wretches fail to receive their deserts." The voice was suave and courteous.

Milady answered smiling, "Your Excellency is most kind——"

"If we have done wrong," interrupted Mario, "we are ready to pay the penalty."

Radetzky still smiled; he never lost his temper, but he was not less cruel because he kept himself well in hand.

"Oh! *mon cher Prince*, it is not for you or your charming Princess, or even for our dear friend Della Riva," and he bowed gravely to me, "to talk of paying the penalty of your little indiscretions; *you* are above the law; others perhaps," and here the gentle voice became hard and rasping, "others less privileged may suffer, and will suffer," he glanced meaningly at Milady, "but you," with a courteous wave of his gloved hand, "or such as you, never, if I can help it."

"Who do you mean by others?" asked Mario.

"No one, my dear Prince, whose welfare you have at heart. Indeed, I do not know why I should tell you—it cannot matter to you in the least; I was merely thinking, when I spoke, of an aide-de-camp of the Governor's, a foolish young hussar who committed a breach of discipline and will have of course to pay the price; Saldowich is his name—you may have met him sometimes during the winter."

"Was the breach of discipline a grave one?"

"The gravest; he was court-martialled this evening on the charge of high treason; is it not sad?"

"And the sentence?"

"He will be shot to-morrow morning at sunrise."

For a minute none of us spoke; I glanced at Milady, she was leaning, white and terrified, against the marble balustrade of the stairs; I half expected her to ask forgiveness for the man who was to die for her sake (we all

understood what Radetzky had meant by a "breach of discipline"), but she was silent—perhaps too horrified to speak, perhaps realizing how little hope there could ever be of Radetzky showing mercy.

Mario spoke at last: "The penalty is a heavy one!"

"Oh, my friend, Saldowich is a soldier, and a soldier in a great army; were he a brigand or an officer in some rebel corps his treachery might be pardoned, but as it is——" he looked up at Mario, still smiling kindly; Mario had been the captain of a volunteer battalion during the siege.

Milady was crying, with her bare arms folded on the marble balustrade, and her head bent down on them. Radetzky did not ask the reason for her tears, he only glanced at her and smiled. Suddenly there came from the floor above the sound of a door opening and closing, and then a footstep on the stairs. We all glanced up, and as we did so there came down the stairs a little man in a black suit, wearing a pair of heavy gold spectacles through which there looked two kindly, twinkling gray eyes. It was a quiet, homely face, and seemed strangely familiar, though I could not remember ever having seen it before. Then a muttered word from one of the Austrian officers made me start and stare and rub my eyes, half doubting my own senses, and then stare again in an amazement too great for words.

What could this man be doing in Venice, in Mario's house, and, oh! sublime irony of fate! in the same room with Radetzky? For this little man in his black suit, whose large forehead and gold spectacles and general look of moony good-nature used to remind Englishmen whom he met of Dickens's Mr Pickwick, this man was destined, by the grace of God, to give Italy her liberty and her place among the nations. Camillo Benso, Count Cavour,

was then in his forty-first year, and minister of marine, agriculture, commerce and finance to His Majesty Victor Emanuel of Savoy, King of Piedmont and Sardinia. He stepped down to where Milady stood with her drooping head on her arms, and, laying his hand on the soft masses of fair hair, he asked gently:

"What is wrong, dear lady; can I help you?"

But Milady could not answer, she only took his hand in hers and held it so, still weeping; the sudden horror that had been brought home to her by the Austrian's suave words had left her for the moment incapable of thought or of speech. Cavour's eyes glanced round the room and lighted on the group at the table. "Ah! Radetzky!" he said quietly, "is that you?"

Radetzky's astonishment was immense, but he was not a man to lose his wits. "At your service, Monsieur le Comte," he said, "and I must ask you to pardon my indiscretion and to tell me, as Governor-general of these provinces, how it is that you are here?"

The old man's voice was no longer suave, he had it less under control—which, indeed, was not to be wondered at, for if the great minister's presence in Mario's house appeared almost miraculous to me, it must have seemed doubly so to him. To have entered Venice or Lombardy Cavour should have presented a passport countersigned by the Austrian ambassador at Turin; if he had done so Radetzky would certainly have been informed of the fact, and if, on the contrary, he had entered under a false name or had eluded the vigilance of the frontier officials he now risked arrest and imprisonment by showing himself.

The explanation was really very simple. Cavour had come to Venice to see Mario's father, whose friend he was, and for whom he entertained a deep and

lasting affection despite the difference of age that existed between them. Mario's father had, in fact, helped the great statesman not a little in his career. Hearing that his old friend was nearing his end, and desiring to see him once more, Cavour had obtained through Count Apponyi, the Austrian ambassador at Turin, a special order from the government at Vienna to allow this visit, an order which, for several reasons, and especially to obviate the danger of his presence in Venice becoming generally known (a very real danger it would have been to the Austrian government in those days) had been made out simply to "bearer," and contained instructions to all officials concerned to render the journey of the "said bearer" through the Italian provinces of the Austrian empire as easy and as secret as possible.

Cavour had obtained this permission to visit his old friend with some difficulty, for he was not a *persona grata* at the Austrian Court, and one of the conditions under which it had been accorded him was that he should hold no communication, when in Venice, with any Italians outside the household of the Prince d'Ivrea. All these facts, however, I learned afterwards, and I could only guess at the time that all was well from the fact that Radetzky on reading the passport that the Italian minister drew forth from his pocket, made no further comment on his presence in Mario's house.

The scene which followed was an interesting one. I do not know whether Cavour had met Radetzky before; probably he had, but certainly they never met under stranger circumstances. Watching them as they stood thus, the old bent soldier with his wrinkled, brown face, holding his long curved sword in his shaking hands, and the quiet, mild-mannered minister, it was easy to forget their personalities and their official rank, and to see repre-

sented in them the two great forces which, since the days of the French Revolution, had never ceased to struggle for supremacy in Europe.

On one hand the "old régime," manfully fighting to stem the current that it knew must overwhelm it in the end, striving to bar the way of the world's progress, to guide the destinies of states, not for the good of the people but according to the whims of absolute monarchs, ignoring every claim of justice and of freedom and appealing, in order to justify the vileness of the means they used, to the majesty of tradition, to divine right, and to the sacredness of compacts signed and sealed in the name of the most Holy Alliance. On the other hand liberty of conscience, speech and print, freedom from foreign oppression and the heavy yoke of priesthood, a policy seeking the welfare of the people, not merely that of a dynasty, and a place for each nation among its fellows on the stage of the world's history. These are but words, and in our days of peace and prosperity they seem to convey little meaning, yet men had died and were dying in that year 1851 for the principles that such words expressed, men who rejoiced even in death that, since the victory of such principles was only to be bought at the price of blood, theirs should be the lot to suffer that others might enjoy.

While Radetzky and his officers were examining the passport Mario whispered to Cavour the story of the escape of the men and the consequent disgrace and sentence of the young hussar; perhaps the Italian minister, quick reasoner that he was, realized even then how Mario had decided to risk his wife's safety rather than allow the police to search his house while it sheltered so great an enemy of Austria.

At any rate, as soon as Radetzky handed back the passport with a curt

"It is well," he asked him if the sentence of the unfortunate Saidowich could not be condoned.

"I do not wish to interfere in any way with the administration of justice," he said, "nor do I ask that this officer should be pardoned as a special favor to myself, but if there is any service I can render, any price I can pay, as minister of Piedmont, in exchange for his pardon, I am willing to pay this price, provided that in doing so I am not obliged to act in opposition to my country's interests."

"Do you intend to make a diplomatic question of it?" asked Radetzky.

"If you prefer that the transaction should be a private one, I have no objection."

Radetzky smiled. "You would make your country pay a price," he observed. "to prevent a traitorous Austrian officer from getting his deserts—and two personal friends of your own suffering from sentimental twinges of conscience in consequence."

"Excuse me, I would make my country pay a price in order that one who helped the cause which I serve should not suffer for his act, and in order that two personal friends of my own should have cause to be grateful to the government of which I am part, and to the King, my master, whose subjects they may yet become."

"And what guarantee shall I have that the price will be paid?"

"The written promise of a minister of Piedmont."

Radetzky sat deep in thought, while we waited for the answer that was to decide Saidowich's fate; at last it came; the old man stood up, and said curtly: "I accept your offer, Monsieur le Comte; the Graf von Saidowich shall be pardoned, and will continue his career as if nothing had happened."

"And the price?"

"And the price—if you do not mind, I would prefer the price to remain a

secret between myself and your government."

"Certainly; shall we go and talk in here?" Cavour led the way into a room that opened out of the hall, and which had been used that evening as a cloak-room; there were two long tables across it, and the floor was all littered with cardboard labels with numbers printed on them; a lamp stood on one of the tables, and as the two statesmen talked we could see them quite plainly, for they had not closed the door.

I crossed over to Milady. "It will be all right now, princess," I said, "he will obtain the pardon."

"Oh! Luca," she answered, "if he could!"

Cavour came out once to get some writing materials, and then went back. They were a long time talking and writing; the Austrian *aides-de-camp* strolled up and down, and stole covert glances at Milady; I thought, with some amusement, that if they knew anything of Saidowich's story they would probably fight shy of her in future; Mario had gone to the door, and was staring out on the Grand Canal. At last the two men came back into the hall; Radetzky held a paper in his hand; he walked straight up to Milady.

"Your friend the Graf von Saidowich," he said, "will leave Venice tomorrow; the order for his departure and consequent separation from yourself will, I assure you, be all the punishment that we will inflict on him for his little indiscretion. I have only to advise you to let politics alone in future, even though it should fall to others to pay the price of your mistakes!" He bowed and turned on his heel. Then, including Cavour, Mario and myself in a general salute, walked out to his gondola followed by his suite.

We heard the voices of Mario's servants on the steps outside calling the gondoliers, then the low splash of oars

in the water. The servants came in and closed the doors.

Cavour was looking up into Milady's pale face—she was taller than he by two inches—and his gray eyes twinkled behind his spectacles: "And now, dear princess," he said, "I, too, have a little request to make!"

"You, count?" said Milady. "Oh, what can I do for you? If only you would tell me a way of showing my gratitude!"

"I shall be delighted to do so, my dear lady; the splendid entertainment that you were so kind as to offer to your friends to-night brought a little confusion in its train, did it not? I am ashamed to confess the fact, but I am just a little hungry; you see, the servants forgot to bring me any dinner, and I—"

"You haven't had any dinner? Oh! I am so sorry, what an awful mistake! but let us all go to supper—I am sure there are heaps left—everybody fled when they heard that Radetzky was in the house!"

"Then all I can say, my dear lady, is that he has earned my gratitude!"

And we all went in to supper.

So ends my story. Like Milady's account of the three men's escape, I am bound to confess, on reading it over, that it ends rather lamely, but then, I have noticed, many true stories do. I never knew, nor did Mario, what the price was that Cavour paid for Saidowich's pardon. Who knows what Radetzky could have wanted, what the Italian minister could have given? Both the principal actors of that scene in the hall of Mario's house died before Venice was ceded to the House of Savoy, and became a part of United Italy, and Mario and I never saw either of them again. Saidowich I met once, many years afterwards, in Rome; he had married, and left the army for the diplomatic service. He was introduced to me at a dinner-party; I do not think

he remembered ever having met me I did not remind him. Some memories
 before, and as he was with his wife, are like sleeping dogs, it is best to let
 and therefore any question concerning them lie.
 old times might have been indiscreet,

Daniele B. Varé.

Temple Bar.

TO THE BALLIOL MEN STILL IN AFRICA.

Years ago when I was at Balliol,
 Balliol men—and I was one—
 Swam together in winter rivers,
 Wrestled together under the sun,
 And still in the heart of us, Balliol, Balliol,
 Loved already, but hardly known,
 Welded us each of us into the others:
 Called a levy and chose her own.

Here is a House that armors a man
 With the eyes of a boy and the heart of a ranger,
 And a laughing way in the teeth of the world
 And a holy hunger and thirst for danger:
 Balliol made me, Balliol fed me.
 Whatever I had she gave me again;
 And the best of Balliol loved and led me.
 God be with you, Balliol men.

I have said it before, and I say it again,
 There was treason done and a false word spoken,
 And England under the dregs of men,
 And bribes about and a treaty broken:
 But angry, lonely, hating it still,
 I have wished to be there in spite of the wrong.
 My heart was heavy for Cumnor Hill
 And the hammer of galloping all day long.

Galloping outward into the weather,
 Hands a-ready and battle in all:
 Words together and wine together
 And song together in Balliol Hall.
 Rare and single! Noble and few! . . .
 Oh! they have wasted you over the sea!
 The only brothers ever I knew,
 The men that laughed and quarrelled with me.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Balliol made me, Balliol fed me.
 Whatever I had she gave me again;
 And the best of Balliol loved and led me.
 God be with you, Balliol men.

Hilaire Belloc.

The Speaker.

AN OLD WORLD GOVERNESS.

The modern woman, like the modern man and the modern child, is undergoing much transformation; and it would be an interesting task to distinguish and sum up the influences which, during the nineteenth century, have brought about results obvious to everybody. Whether we call these results collectively "emancipation" or "higher education," some of us are apt to think of them with an undue complacency, and almost as if no woman had been highly educated before our own day. Here, as in so many other matters, we need occasionally to brace and correct our judgments by contact with the eighteenth century. We often assert or imply that in that age woman was sunk in barbarism, a plaything and a slave, condemned to move in a round of intellectual, domestic and social pettiness. We ought sometimes to remind ourselves that in England alone the eighteenth century abounded in women of the most complete intellectual emancipation, of the most admirable intellectual equipment and attainment. Nor was it without specimens of that type to which so much pathos belongs, the woman who is at once prominent and lonely, mentally gifted and physically feeble, neglected and famous. It is to such a woman that the reader's attention is now called.

In the second half of the seventeenth century a rather notable family named Elstob lived in the county of Durham, where they had been settled, in an honorable position, for generations. Ralph Elstob, who was born in 1647, and died in 1688, availed himself of the proximity of Newcastle-on-Tyne, adopted a mercantile life, and married a merchant's daughter of that place. He belonged to the Merchant Adventurers, and was sheriff of Newcastle in 1686.

A brother, named Charles, was in holy orders, and Prebendary of Canterbury in 1685.

Ralph and Jane Elstob had two children: the elder, a son, named William, born in 1673; the younger, a daughter, Elizabeth, born in 1683. Ralph's death in 1688 was followed in about three years by that of his wife. Thus, when Elizabeth Elstob was five and William fifteen, the Newcastle home was completely and finally broken up. Between the young people and the wide world stood the clerical uncle, Dr. Charles Elstob, the Prebendary of Canterbury, who fortunately had a wife who was able to inspire affection and gratitude. Under his guardianship William and Elizabeth were placed. The lad's career was a more pressing problem than the future of the girl. Every educational advantage was given to William Elstob. From Eton he went, probably as a sizar, to St. Catharine's Hall, Cambridge; and afterwards, ostensibly for climatic reasons, migrated to Oxford, becoming first a commoner of Queen's, and afterwards, in 1696, a Fellow of University, in the palmy days of Charlett's reign as Master. He remained in residence until 1702, when he was presented by the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury to the united parishes of St. Swithin and St. Mary Bothaw in London.

Meanwhile, we are to fancy little Elizabeth growing up, under her uncle and aunt's care, at Canterbury, into a more and more undeniable endowment of good looks, and an equally undeniable outfit of talent. Her mother had recognized in her a marked aptitude for learning, and had done all she could to minister to it. But at eight years old the cleverest child is not capable of much specific education; and it fell

to Prebendary Elstob to deal somehow with the girl's opening and aspiring mind. His method and its results were of a kind of which the world has had other specimens. Elizabeth's tastes were for scholarship; and, in Dr. Elstob's opinion, scholarship was a masculine monopoly. She had a great gift for languages; and her uncle held that "one tongue was enough for a woman." She was sent to a boarding school in the town, and allowed, as a great favor, to learn French. But against Latin her uncle was inflexible, and so an inevitable rebellion broke out. To enter at the golden gate of scholarship Elizabeth Elstob had made up her mind; and, if she was not allowed to learn Latin openly, she would learn it secretly. She accordingly raked together vocabularies and such other materials as she could get at, and did her best, unhelped and forbidden.

Elizabeth's best could not, in the circumstances, amount to much, but her spirit was indomitable. In her difficulties she turned from her uncle to her brother, who, she knew, was by this time immersed in a warm atmosphere of culture and sympathy at Oxford. On the authority of her future friend, George Ballard, we learn that she wrote a long letter to her brother in French, in which she told him of "her inclination and affection to learning; what an inexpressible affliction it was to her to be retarded from the Muses. . . . and that nothing in this world could be a greater pleasure and satisfaction than to have a free liberty of proceeding in the course of her entirely beloved studies." William lost no time in making a practical response to this appeal. He asserted his brotherly authority; went to Canterbury; and took Elizabeth back with him to Oxford. This seems to have been in 1698, when she was fifteen. From

that time she was her brother's regular companion, first at Oxford and then in London, until his death in 1715.

At Oxford the brother and sister lodged in St. Aldate's, then called Fish Street, just opposite Christ Church. Their intellectual life was chiefly shaped by an influence of curious interest in the history of scholarship. Those were the days when men began to study Anglo-Saxon. At all events, if the actual foundations of the study had been laid earlier,¹ it was in 1689 that the publication of Hickes's *Anglo-Saxon Grammar*, written in Latin, brought about its eminence. A succession of able men was attracted to Anglo-Saxon, and in due time an Anglo-Saxon chair was founded at Oxford. The nonjuring Hickes was the leader of this special cult, and his *Thesaurus*, published 1703-1705, was its most stately literary monument. Hickes was a near relative of the Elstobs, and his study became theirs also. William pursued it with enthusiasm and excellent results, both at Oxford and in London; and in his labors he had the fullest sympathy and co-operation from Elizabeth. She has told us how the passion of the "Septentrional learning" awoke within her. One of her brother's works was the publication of King Alfred's English version of Orosius. Elizabeth says:—"I was very desirous to understand it, and having gained the alphabet, I found it so easy, and in it so much of the grounds of our present language, and of a more particular agreement with some words which I had heard when very young in the North, as drew me to be more inquisitive after books written in that language." Soon after, she made a transcription of the Athanasian Creed, which was so good that Dr. Hickes allowed it to appear in Wotton's *Conspectus of the Thesaurus* published in 1708. The young authoress claimed the great man's favor as

¹ By Jocelyn, Archbishop Parker's secretary, and by Thomas Marshall, the Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford.

a gain, not only for her, but also for the cause of female education.

During her residence with her brother in London, from 1702 until his death in 1715, Elizabeth Elstob continued to lay the foundations of her reputation. She seems to have made her first modest venture into print in 1708, when she published the translation of an *Essay on Glory* by Mademoiselle de Scudéry, the heroic romance-writer, who helped to amuse the world before the birth of the modern novel. This was the fruit of Elizabeth's early study of French at Canterbury, and it was dedicated to her aunt. It bears on the title-page that it was "done into English by a person of the same sex as the author." But she had already done more important work than this. "She had transcribed all the hymns from an ancient MS. belonging to the church at Sarum." This transcript was openly associated with her name.*

In the following year (1709) we get glimpses of our scholar through the Yorkshire antiquary, Ralph Thoresby. "Visited Parson Elstob," Thoresby writes in his Diary, under date January 22nd, 1709, "... and his ingenious sister Eliza. . . . She . . . is going to oblige the world with some Saxon tracts, and particularly a correct edition of the Psalms. She draws and paints curiously; they both wrote Saxon mottoes in my album."

One of the "Saxon tracts," we must suppose, was the annotated edition of the *Homily of S. Gregory*, with which "the Saxon Nymph," as she was beginning to be called, challenged the learned world in that year. It is a modest but beautifully printed and got up octavo volume, with the following title-page:—

"An English-Saxon Homily on the birthday of S. Gregory, anciently used in the English-Saxon Church, giving

an account of the Conversion of the English from Paganism to Christianity, translated into modern English, with notes, by Eliz. Elstob." The text and translation are in parallel columns, and the notes are abundant.

The chief interest of this work for the general reader lies in the preface, which opens with a most spirited *apologia*, sounding the right of woman to the higher learning with the voice of a trumpet. "First,"—so rings out the challenge—"I know it will be said, What has a woman to do with learning? This I have known urged by some Men, with an envy unbecoming that greatness of Soul which is said to dignify their Sex. For if Women may be said to have souls, and that their Souls are their better part. . . . furthermore, if good Learning be one of the Soul's greatest Improvements, we must retort the Question: Where is the Fault in Women seeking after Learning? Why are they not to be valued for acquiring to themselves the noblest Ornaments? What hurt can this be to themselves? What Disadvantage to others? But there are two things usually opposed against Women's Learning: That it makes them impertinent, and neglect their household Affairs. Where this happens, it is a Fault. But it is not the Fault of Learning which rather polishes and reforms our Nature, and teaches us that Method and Regularity, which disposes us to Greater Readiness and Dexterity in all kinds of Business. I do not observe it so frequently objected against Women's Diversions that they take them off from Household Affairs. . . . I am more surprised, and even ashamed, to find any of the Ladies even more violent than they in carrying on the same Charge; who, despairing to arrive at any eminent or laudable degree of Knowledge, seem totally to

* It had the following title: "Cantica, Hymnos Symbola Fidel et Preces et Psalterii pervetusto

Codice Manuscripte in ecclesia Sarisburiensi conservato Elisabetha Elstobia descripsit anno 1708."

abandon themselves to Ignorance, contenting themselves to sit down in darkness, as if they either had not Reason, or it were not capable, by being rightly cultivated, of bringing them into the Light. But these Persons have in themselves an answer to all their Cavils against Learning, and their Punishment: viz., the Punishment of their Ignorance."

Was the case for the higher education of women ever more vigorously or convincingly put?

Elizabeth Elstob abandoned the edition of the Psalms of which Thoresby wrote. Space forbids more than a passing reference to another essay in Anglo-Saxon scholarship, which was less abortive, but of which the success was quite incommensurate with the importance. This was an edition of those Homilies of Aelfric the Grammarian, which are one of the most noteworthy monuments of Old-English literature. They were to be treated as she had already treated the *Homily of S. Gregory*. We hear of the progress of the work from herself, from Thoresby, and from Hickes. Hickes had the highest opinion of her "incredible industry," and the value of her notes. In the early spring of 1713 she was at Oxford, and Hickes besought for her the help of Thomas Hearne, the Sub-Librarian of the Bodleian. Hearne, in spite of the genuineness of his scholarship, was blinded by prejudice; he had already denounced the *Homily of S. Gregory* as "a Farrago of Vanity," and more than hinted that the authoress's name on the title-page summed up her share in the volume. When "Mrs. Elstob" came to Oxford he contented himself with coldly wishing her good success, and greater encouragement than he had met with. The difficulty was to get such a work published. Elizabeth showed no lack of energy. She wrote twice to Lord Oxford, the Prime Minister, asking for Royal help to-

wards the undertaking; and in June, 1714, the help was granted. Printing was begun at the Oxford University Press. The work was to be a splendid folio, and five or more of the Homilies were actually printed off. But support proved inadequate, and the enterprise had to be given up. Only one or two copies of what was printed exist, of which one is fortunately in the British Museum.

One other work of distinct mark belonging to this strenuous period attained completion. In 1715—the last year, alas! of Elizabeth Elstob's happy sheltered life in London—there issued from the press a thin quarto volume, entitled:—*The Rudiments of Grammar for the English-Saxon Tongue, First given in English, with an Apology for the Study of Northern Antiquities. Being very useful towards the understanding our ancient English Poets and other Writers. By Elizabeth Elstob.* Our fair Saxon, then, has produced the first Anglo-Saxon grammar in English! Of its place in the temple of scholarship it is for scholars to speak; but any reader can feel the force, as undeniable as that of wind or hailstones, of the Apology by way of preface. In all that Elizabeth Elstob wrote, there is an evident self-respect which obliges her to recognize the singularity of her intellectual position, but which never degenerates into conceited self-consciousness. The preface is in the form of a letter to Hickes. The authoress, in this undertaking, felt herself a champion, not, this time, of the right of woman to the higher learning, but of Anglo-Saxon as a noble and vital element of the English tongue. Her object was "to show the polite Men of our Age that the Language of their Forefathers is neither so barren nor barbarous as they affirm with equal Ignorance and Boldness." The more she thought of this ignorance and boldness, the fiercer and more forcible she became. "These Gentlemen's ill Treat-

ment of our Mother Tongue has led me into a stile not so agreeable to the Mildness of our Sex, or the usual manner of my Behaviour." Love of Saxon and fidelity to it were for this scholar a phase of patriotism.

Nothing could be more vigorous than Elizabeth's attitude and controversial method. What she chiefly fights for is the virtue of monosyllables in English. They were a special bequest of the Anglo-Saxons; and it was the fashion for critics to despise the gift. With the ruck of the despisers of short words Elizabeth will have little to do. She leaves "these Pedagogues to huff and swagger in the height of all their Arrogance." But the fortunes of war had given her a great antagonist. In May, 1712, Swift had published his *Proposal for Correcting, Improving and Ascertaining the English Tongue*, one of the most interesting indications of the literary sensitiveness of the age. Swift found in the current style "a perpetual disposition to shorten words," which he regarded as "a tendency to lapse into the barbarity of those northern nations from whom we are descended." He half seriously proposed that it should be counteracted by giving "the women" a kind of commission to refine and fix the language, it being, in his opinion, the tendency of feminine speech to suppress consonants, while it was from the suppression of vowels that the language was suffering. "More than once," Swift wrote, "when some of both sexes were in company, I have persuaded two or three of each . . . to write down a number of letters joined together. . . . and upon reading this gibberish we have found that which the men had wrote . . . to sound like high Dutch; and the other, by the women, like Italian, abounding in vowels and liquids." And he concluded:—"I cannot help thinking that since they (the ladies) have been left out of all meet-

ings, except parties at play or where worse designs were carried on, our conversation has much degenerated."

Elizabeth Elstob liked neither Swift's theory nor his pleasantry; and she did not shirk an encounter with the great man in her preface. "I cannot but think it great Pity," she wrote, "that in our Considerations for Refinement of the English Tongue, so little regard is had to Antiquity. . . . This indeed is allow'd by an ingenious Person, who hath lately made some Proposals. . . . I never could find myself shock'd with the Harshness of those Languages, which grates so much in the Ears of those that never heard them. I never perceiv'd in the Consonants any Hardness but such as was necessary to afford Strength, like the Bones in a human Body, which yield it Firmness and Support. So that the worst that can be said on this occasion of our Forefathers is, that they Spoke as they Fought, like Men. The Author of the Proposal may think this but an ill Return for the soft things he has said of the Ladies; but I think it Gratitude at least to make the Return, by doing justice to the Gentlemen. I will not contradict the Relation of the ingenious Experiment of his Vocal Ladies, tho' I could give him some Instances to the contrary. . . . Perhaps that Gentleman may be told that I have a Northern Correspondence and a Northern Ear, probably not so fine as he may think his own to be, yet a little musical."

For the moment, Swift had met his match. Turning from him the preface proceeds to offer a brilliant defence of the monosyllable and Anglo-Saxon element in English poetry, showing wide reading, fine taste, and excellent dialectic skill.

The *Grammar* was dedicated to the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, the friend of learning and the learned. A personal introduction

took place about the same time; and Elizabeth Elstob, now thirty-two, might have seemed in a fair way to both fame and happiness. But now William Elstob died; and his death brought to his sister a lot of poverty, loneliness and struggle in uncongenial fields of labor, a lot which she had to endure for more than twenty years, until she was well on in her fifties, with old age close at hand.

Of those years there are few memoirs, but such as exist are poignantly significant. There seems no reason to doubt that Elizabeth made her quarters in London for some years, though where, or in what surroundings, there is nothing to show. Abstruse scholarly enterprises were out of the question; for her daily bread she had, for a time at least, to depend on the kindness of another. The benefactor was Smalridge, Bishop of Bristol and Dean of Christ Church, whom Addison styled "the most candid and agreeable of all Bishops." Year after year the gifted woman, with all her capacities and potentialities, had to wait and hope for assistance and encouragement that never came, suffering, we may be sure, in addition to the stings of poverty, the painful glow of hurt pride. At last she made up her mind—what choice had she?—to keep some kind of school. She fixed upon Evesham as a promising field, and went thither accordingly. At this point an incident occurred which seemed to show that the Fates needed her no more. She put her manuscripts and books in the hands of a friend for greater safety. To her surprise and grief she heard soon after that the trustee of the precious property had gone to the West Indies; and neither of her nor of the manuscripts and books did Elizabeth Elstob ever hear again. Well might she write in 1748:—"It is at least thirty years since this happened to me. . . . It has made me very unhappy ever

since, which, if my Friends were sensible of, I must believe they would avoid all occasions of bringing it to my remembrance."

After some further waiting and want, she set up a day school at Evesham. Each pupil at first paid her one groat a week; so we must hope that her pupils were many. For a long time she toiled on with this rate of emolument, "not without designs," as she afterwards wrote, which, however, were "unhappily hindered by a necessity of getting my bread, which, with much difficulty, labor and ill-health, I have endeavored to do for many years, with very indifferent success."

Early in the thirties things began to look a little better. A stickfast stone cannot help gathering moss; and Mistress Elstob began to make acquaintances and friends. Even in 1735 she was able to say that she had met with a great deal of friendship and generosity at Evesham. It was in some respects a lucky neighborhood for her. At Chipping Campden lived George Ballard, who, being the son of a monthly nurse, and himself no higher in the social scale than the rank of a ladies' tailor, was yet an intellectual enthusiast and an Anglo-Saxon scholar, and who gravitated, at the mature age of forty-four, to Oxford, and a bedelship there. A *rapprochement* between Elizabeth Elstob and such a man was natural and easy. At first they exchanged letters, and then a meeting was negotiated with some difficulty. Ballard invited Mrs. Elstob to Campden. But she replied: "The confinement of a school is such that were I to be absent from it one week I should be as long getting a school again as I was before." It would be better for Ballard to come and see her. "You will see a poor little contemptible old maid, generally vapor'd up to the ears, but very chearfull when she meets with an agreeable conversation."

Again, at Stanton, in Gloucestershire, lived a schoolmaster of French extraction, named Capon or Chapone, whose wife, *née* Sarah Kirkham, was a woman of individuality and influence, so that to be a *protégé* of Mrs. Chapone's was no small matter. Not far off was the home of Bernard Granville, the brother of Lord Lansdowne, the father of the delightfully epistolary Mary Granville, who became first Mrs. Pendarves, and then Mrs. Patrick Delany. Mrs. Pendarves and Sarah Chapone ("Sally Kirkham") were great friends.

These three, Ballard, Mrs. Chapone, and Mrs. Pendarves, laid their heads and hearts together to help the poor schoolmistress immured at Evesham. Various more or less promising things were tried without success. One thing was certain, namely, that Mrs. Elstob could undertake nothing additional to her school work. "I must acquaint you," she wrote to Ballard, "that I have no time to do anything till six at night, and am then frequently so fatigued that I am obliged to lie down for an hour or two to rest my self and recover my spirits." The headship of a Charity School was promising, but Mrs. Elstob lost it through delay in correspondence. With reference to this opening she wrote to Ballard on March 7th, 1736, a letter from which we must quote:—"There are some things to be taught in such a School which I cannot pretend to; I mean the two Accomplishments of a good Housewife, Spinning and Knitting. Not that I wd be thought to be above doing any Commendable Work proper for my Sex, for I have continually in my thoughts the Glorious Character of a Virtuous Woman. 'She seeketh Wool and Flax and worketh willing with her hand.' And as an instance of the truth of this, the Gown I had on when you gave me the Favour of a Visit, was part of it my own spinning, and I wear no Stockings

but what I knitt myself. Yet I do not think myself proficient enough in these Arts to become a teacher of them." Ballard had objected to the humble station of a Charity School. "As to your objection on the Meanness of the Scholars, I assure you, Sr, I should think it as glorious an Employment to instruct those Poor Children as to teach the Children of the Greatest Monarch." She expected the negotiations to fall through. "I am so inured to disappointments that I expect nothing else, and I receive these with as much easiness as others do their greatest prosperity. . . I often compare myself to poor John Tucker, whose life I read when a girl in Winstanley's *Lives of the Poets*, which affected me so much that I cannot forget it yet. He is there describ'd to have been an Honest, Industrious poor Man, but notwithstanding his indefatigable industry, as the Author writes, no Butter would stick on his Bread."

Bad health was now added to poverty. Mrs. Elstob's eyesight was failing; her memory was bad; her handwriting became conspicuously tremulous. "I assure you, Sr," she wrote to her faithful correspondent at Campden, "these long winter Evenings to me are very melancholy ones, for when my School is done, my little ones leave me incapable of either reading, writing, or thinking, for their noise is not out of my head till I fall asleep, which is often too late." In 1737 she had "a Fever," which laid her aside from work for some time. In spite of everything she maintained a habit of steady cheerfulness.

At a date as to which the evidence is uncertain, Mrs. Chapone wrote a circular letter to her friends, calling attention to so "crying a need for help," and this letter was brought to the notice of Queen Caroline. The Queen was much touched, and at once gave substantial help, the exact amount of

which is doubtful.³ Whatever it may have been, the Queen's death in 1737 dried up this particular source of benefit. Happily, another soon appeared. One of Mrs. Pendarves' greatest friends was Lady Margaret Harley, granddaughter of the first Earl of Oxford, who married the Second Duke of Portland in 1734. In 1738 the Portlands had three children. They divided their time between their London house in Whitehall and the Duke's country seat of Bulstrode, on the southeastern slope of the Chilterns, about three miles from Beaconsfield, in Bucks. Here wealth and the charm of the Duchess made a home as delightful as it was sumptuous; here, Mrs. Pendarves was a frequent inmate, and her many letters from Bulstrode, as well as those of Mrs. Montagu, give a charming picture of the country life of the English aristocracy in the eighteenth century.

Young as her children were, the Duchess of Portland was looking out for a governess for them; and Elizabeth Elstob's Gloucestershire well-wishers were doing all they could to get the post for her. There were soon busy negotiations between the Granvilles and the Portlands; even Lord Oxford, the grandfather of the children, was keenly scrutinizing the qualifications of the future governess. She was expected to teach the principles of religion and virtue, to speak, read and understand English well, to cultivate the minds of the children (the eldest was not yet four), to keep them company in the house, and, when her health would permit, to take the air with them.

By Christmas, 1738, all was settled. Mrs. Elstob was to have £30 a year, reckoned from Christmas Day, though

she was not to join the family until the following summer. As things turned out, she was not with them until the end of November, 1739, when she entered on her duties at Whitehall. At Christmas she wrote to Ann Granville, Mrs. Pendarves' sister, of her inexpressible pleasure and satisfaction. "Should I presume or pretend to enumerate all her Grace's perfections you . . . might with good reason think me extremely impertinent. I will, therefore, only tell you that I am every day more and more charmed with her. . . . The children, by their sweet endearing temper, plainly declaring whose offspring they are; they are very fond of me, and even the little Marquis" (by and by to be twice Prime Minister, once, as head of the Coalition Ministry in 1783, and again 1807-1809), "desires his nurse to bring him to 'Tob,' as he calls me." A month later she writes in the same strain to Ballard:—"My charming little Ladies take up my time so entirely that I have not the least leisure to do anything; from the time they rise till they go to bed they are constantly with me, except when they are with her Grace, which is not long at a time. . . . I think myself the happiest creature in the World."

There is, no doubt, something ludicrous in the idea of a sedate lady, nearer sixty than fifty, and one of the most eminent scholars of her time, as playmate and companion of such infants. The children, indeed, seem to have been clever. "Lady Betty" (the eldest), she writes in 1740, ". . . loves her book and me entirely, nor is she ever more happy than when she is with me, and we study together, even by candlelight, like old folks." And we must think of Mrs. Elstob, from this time onward, less as the governess than as the friend

³ According to Mrs. Pendarves' version of the story, the Queen gave £100 to Mrs. Elstob, "and said she need never fear a necessitous old age whilst she lived, and that when she wanted more to ask for it, and she should have it." Ac-

cording to another account, the Queen first proposed to give an annuity of £20, and afterwards changed to a donation of £100, which she proposed to repeat at the end of every five years.

and inmate, the honored member of a circle remarkable for its suavity, virtue and intelligence. What Bulstrode was in those days all readers of Mrs. Delany know.

Elizabeth Elstob never left the household of the Portlands until she was carried to the grave in June, 1756. This concluding chapter of her life thus lasted more than sixteen years, years from which little can be gleaned except impressions of rather fluctuating content invaded by the growing weakness of age. On July 21st, 1748, she writes to Ballard of "illness in the head," which affected her memory. She suffered from "a contraction in the sinew" of her right hand, which made writing difficult and obliged her to give her "Sweet Ladys" the trouble of writing for her. Sometimes the demon of depression would assert his sway. On June 11th, 1750, she writes to Ballard:—"I am extremely ill, and can only add that I hate this ill-natured world and heartily rejoice to think I cannot continue long in it."

It was in this year that the typographer, Rowe Mores, made a pilgrimage to Bulstrode to see the wonderful northern lady "of an ancient family and genteel fortune," who had had her own types cut, at Lord Macclesfield's expense, for her Anglo-Saxon publications. Being an invalid, Mrs. Elstob received him in her bed-chamber; and, alas! Rowe Mores was ungallant enough to write afterwards of the lady in "her sleeping-room . . . surrounded with books and dirtiness, the usual appendages of folk of learning." The lady herself referred to the visit with more grace. "I was heartily grieved I was not able to show him the House nor prevail with him to drink anything."

The sense of the age's inappreciative-

ness of the cause for which she had worked so strenuously and brilliantly, recurs and makes her gloomy and bitter.

In January, 1752, she wrote to Ballard, who was preparing his book on Learned Ladies:—"This is not an age to hope for any Encouragement to Learning of any kind. . . . You can come into no company of Ladies or Gentlemen, when you shall not hear an open and vehement exclamation against Learned Women, and by those Women that read much themselves, to what purpose they know best. . . . The prospect I have of the next age is a melancholy one to me." The Bulstrode circle was in those years much occupied with *Clarissa*, *Sir Charles Grandison*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and other such literary new births; and Mrs. Elstob was probably too old and serious to think there could be any "purpose" in such reading.

However, in spite of illness and disappointment, we must not think of regret as the dominant note of the closing years. Mrs. Delany, who was with the Portlands in 1753, in November of that year reported that Mrs. Elstob was "surprisingly well," and "in better spirits than ever I saw her in my life." Her best happiness was in watching the development of her charges, and especially of Lord Titchfield, the well-behaved and promising lad of whom everybody was so fond, who was at Westminster, and getting ready for Oxford.⁴ The girls, too, of whom the favorite was the youngest, "the sweet Lady Margaret," satisfied the scholarly instincts of their governess.

The happy Bulstrode life flowed on, with its landscape-gardening outside, and the "shell-work" and "flower-work" indoors; there were the visits in the morning to the aviary and the lovely prize-bull; the long sessions in her Grace's dressing-room after dinner;

⁴ In the "Dictionary of National Biography" the third Duke of Portland is erroneously stated to have been educated at Eton.

the music and the cribbage, and the volume after volume of the admirable and improving Richardson. From all this Elizabeth Elstob was gradually shrinking away; her fingers grew feebler, her memory worse. The winter of 1754-5 was made darker by sickness. Smallpox laid hold of the Bentincks, and the house became a hospital. Mrs. Elstob managed to crawl downstairs, with the help of Lord Edward, to see her young ladies when they were recovering. The angel of death hovered long over the circle. The duchess lost her mother in December, 1755. In the spring of 1756, when they were all at Whitehall, one after another was struck down by scarlet fever. The calamities culminated in the seizure of the "sweet Lady Margaret," who was "blooded and blistered," but in vain. She died shortly afterwards.

This blow was too hard. On April 20th, 1756, Mrs. Delany had written with a touch of asperity, that Mrs. Elstob felt so much for herself that she did not seem to think others as bad as they really were. But on May 24th, she wrote:—"Mrs. Elstob is gradually drawing towards that happy repose which we may presume so good a woman may obtain." She had difficulty in recognizing her greatest friends; she would have neither doctor nor clergyman. A Roman Catholic cousin alarmed the duchess by the frequency of her visits; but we do not hear that she did anything worse than bring chocolate to the invalid. In a

few days more, on May 30th, Elizabeth Elstob passed away.

She was buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster. Seventy guineas in cash were found after her death. Mrs. Delany was very anxious that she should leave something to her first benefactress Sarah Chapone; but, for some reason, Elizabeth Elstob had ceased to care for her.

It would perhaps be unreasonable to argue from her unwillingness to see a clergyman, that she was indifferent to religious matters. In 1739, in the early days of Wesley's movement, she wrote about an enthusiast in the cause:—"It is surprising to see how indefatigable he is in endeavoring to gain proselytes. . . . Pray God if it be His good pleasure to put a stop to these miserable delusions, for the consequence, in my opinion, seems to be very terrible." Such words indicate conviction of a kind.

At fifty-two Elizabeth Elstob had described herself as "a poor little contemptible old maid." Her portrait may be found in initial letters, both in the *Homily of S. Gregory* and the *Anglo-Saxon Grammar*. It shows a face of sufficiently piquant attractiveness to give real significance to the conventional phrase, "The Fair Saxon." And even in these days of emancipation and specialized knowledge, we may surely, in taking leave of her, endorse George Ballard's words: "Her superior talent was so very extraordinary as to make her the envy of this and the admiration of future ages."

A DEDICATION.

O Love, in whose heart-murmured name
Is charm against life's endless wrong.
Since all the untuned world became
In you a song!

I bring not only all I wrought
Into the faltering words of speech,
I dedicate the song I sought
Yet could not reach,

Nay, all that passionately fired
My heart with hope for ever new
Of unattained, but deep-desired
Beauty, to you.

Laurence Binyon.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

It is a fact probably not realized by one politician out of ten that for the last sixty-eight years no Conservative has sat in the Chair in the House of Commons, and that since 1835 five speakers have been chosen without a contest. The last Conservative Speaker was Mr. Charles Manners Sutton, who was chosen to succeed Mr. Abbot in 1817 and occupied the Chair until 1835. At the general election in the spring of that year Sir Robert Peel was defeated by a majority of 112, and the Radicals, whether to annoy Peel, or because they really distrusted Mr. Manners Sutton's impartiality, carried Mr. Abercromby against him by only ten votes. Mr. Manners Sutton was raised to the peerage as Viscount Canterbury, and received the customary pension. Mr. Abercromby was the only Scotchman, the only member for a Scotch constituency, and the only Cabinet Minister (he had been Master of the Mint in the Grey and Melbourne Administra-

tions), ever elected to the Chair, which he filled for four years only, retiring in 1839 with the title of Lord Dunfermline. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre was chosen to succeed him, and sat till 1857, when he retired as Viscount Eversley. Palmerston invited Mr. John Evelyn Denison to stand and he was duly chosen and acted until 1872, when he retired as Viscount Ossington. Mr. Brand was Speaker from 1872 to 1884, when he became Viscount Hampden, and was succeeded by Mr. Peel, who resigned just before the general election in 1895, and took the title of Viscount Peel. The Radicals chose Mr. Gully, and after the election of 1895 the Conservative majority, with some hesitation, chose Mr. Gully, who was a third time chosen in 1900. Thus although the Conservatives have been in office for twenty-eight out of the last sixty-eight years, six successive Speakers have been chosen on the initiative of the Liberal party. It is certainly remarkable that no one of

these Speakers died whilst Speaker; and something more than remarkable that every one of the five took care to resign just before his party went out of power. The first three dates of resignation, 1839, 1857, and 1872, were all two years before the accession of Conservative Governments: the fourth, 1884, was a year before Lord Salisbury's first tenure of office, and the last, 1895, a few months before the triumphs of the Conservatives at the polls. The Speaker receives a salary of £5,000 a year, and occupies rent-free one of the most beautiful houses in London in Westminster Palace, for which fuel, light, and men-servants are provided at the public charge. During his office he takes precedence as the First Commoner in the Kingdom, and on his retirement he is rewarded by a Viscountcy and a pension of £4,000 a year. So good a thing as this was evidently designed by Providence for the Whigs, and five Speakers have taken good care that there should be no Tory interloper in that line. Considering the loyalty and even enthusiasm with which the Speaker was supported by the Conservatives during the ten trying years from 1885 to 1895, we must record our opinion that Lord Peel ought to have deferred his resignation until after the elections in 1895, when it is certain that the present Lord Ridley would have been chosen as his successor.

It will be seen from the above recital of facts that since 1835 it has always been the Conservative party which has been called upon to acquiesce in the continuance in office of Liberal Speakers, which the Tories generously did when they had majorities in 1841, in 1874, in 1886, and 1895. But we are by no means sure that, had the position been reversed, the Liberals and the Irish would have exercised a similar generosity towards Conservative Speakers. If, for instance,

a Tory had been in the Chair between 1886 and 1892, does any one believe that the Gladstonian majority after the election in the latter year would have acquiesced in his being called to the Chair? We rather doubt whether the Liberal Government in 1880 would have continued a Conservative Speaker. Thanks to the good sense and public spirit of the Conservatives, the custom of ignoring a Speaker's politics and not making his choice the occasion for a trial of party strength has now endured for more than half a century. The wholesome desire is to raise the office of Speaker to something like that of a judge. It is obvious that this arrangement requires the co-operation of the Speaker himself. It would be impossible to treat as a judge, and a non-partisan, a Speaker who should make violent speeches for or against Bills in Committee, when he was not in the Chair, or who should deliver party harangues from the platform. Since 1835 the Speaker has only once spoken in committee, Speaker Denison having assisted by a speech to defeat a clause in a budget Bill of which he disapproved. As the only occasion on which a Speaker is allowed to vote in the Chair is that of a tie, or equal number of Ayes and Noes, the constituency which he sits for is as good as disfranchised. A tie is not of such infrequent occurrence on small matters, but the only important occasion when the Speaker had to give a casting vote was the impeachment of Lord Melville in 1803 for malversation at the Admiralty. Speaker Abbot, after sitting silent for several minutes in evident agitation, gave his vote against Melville and the Government; and Pitt, moved to tears, crammed his little cocked hat over his eyes. Latterly the practice has grown up of the Speaker never addressing his constituents, or even publishing an election address at a dissolution. There was

considerable speculation as to what Speaker Peel's views on Home Rule were, and as he said never a word at the elections of 1886 and 1892 it remains to this day a matter of doubt, and gave rise to the dispute in 1895, when he retired to the House of Lords, whether Leamington was a Liberal-Unionist or Conservative seat. The practice of not issuing an address to the electors is, we think, unconstitutional, because as soon as Parliament is dissolved the Speaker is dissolved too, and ceases to exist. The Speaker is not like a Minister, who holds his office from the Crown, and continues to hold it, Parliament or no Parliament. The Speaker is chosen by the House of Commons at the beginning of each Parliament; he is its servant, and his office terminates with the body that appointed him. At a general election therefore Mr. Peel or Mr. Gully is a plain citizen, and no more than anybody else. Nor can we see why the Speaker of the dissolved Parliament should not be opposed in his constituency—Mr. Peel was opposed at Leamington in 1885—in which case he ought to let the voters know what his politics are. Since 1885, however, the doctrine of the judicial position of the Speaker has so far developed that there were no contests at Leamington and Carlisle in '86, '92, '95, and 1900. This seems to be pushing the doctrine too far, and we doubt whether it will continue.

The evolution of the non-partisan speaker has been slow. Arthur Onslow—whose family contributed three Speakers to the House—occupied the Chair for thirty-three years, from 1727 to 1761, a period of service which would be impossible under modern conditions. He was a century ahead of his contemporaries in his view of his own duties, for he was quite impartial and fearless, in days when neither Sovereigns nor Ministers were

very tolerant of either quality. It speaks volumes for Onslow's character that he should have been chosen to the Chair in five Parliaments. Sir Fletcher Norton, who was Speaker from 1770 to 1780, was an avowed partisan, and made frequent speeches in committee against the American War and the Royal Marriages Act, a course which led George III. to oppose his re-election in 1780, and put Cornwall in the Chair. Addington was the only Speaker who left the Chair to become Prime Minister; but when he was turned out in 1804 he represented to Pitt that it was indecorous that an ex-Speaker should sit on the benches as a private member, and he was made Lord Sidmouth. His successor Abbot got into great hot water by his partisanship and wagging tongue. In 1813 Abbot made a speech in committee against Grattan's Bill for Catholic Relief, which destroyed the measure, and was described by a contemporary as "violent, inflammatory, and injudicious." Not content with this triumph, the Speaker, in presenting the money bill at the bar of the Lords at the close of the session, made a long harangue, in which he exulted over the rejection of the Catholic bill. This was too much for the Opposition and in the following session Whitbread moved a formal vote of censure. For three or four hours the Speaker had to sit and hear his conduct denounced by Morpeth, Whitbread, Plunkett, and Tierney, the last of whom was impertinent enough to say, "I have no objection, sir, to your being an orator, but I have a strong objection to your being an historian." The speaker defended himself, and was defended, feebly enough, by Canning, the vote of censure being defeated by 168. Manners Sutton spoke three times in committee, twice against the relief of the Catholics, and once in 1834, as member for Cambridge University, against the admis-

sion of dissenters to the Universities. On each occasion Manners Sutton made a second reading speech, and the House went into committee pro forma to hear him. On each occasion the Speaker apologized for the trouble he was causing, and the irregularity which he knew was committed. These interventions, together with the charge, neither proved nor disproved, that he had helped Wellington and Peel to form the Administration of 1834, cost him the Chair. Lord John Russell opposed his re-election in 1835, on the ground that he was too much of a partisan, and carried Abercromby over his head. Speaker Denison spoke once, as we have said, in Committee of Ways and Means, but his three successors have followed the safer line of keeping silent. It cannot be denied that the practical disfranchisement of the Speaker's constituency is a hardship: conceivably, it might inflict ac-

tual injustice upon a community. Such a case has not yet arisen, and until it does, surely a disfranchised constituency is a less evil than a Speaker of the Abbot type. After Onslow's thirty-three years' service, from 1761 to the end of the eighteenth century the period of service was about ten years. From Speaker Abbot (1802) to Speaker Brand (1872) the average service was fifteen years, Manners Sutton actually sitting for eighteen years. But obstruction and modern hours have apparently made the twelve years as much as a man can stand. Speaker Brand served twelve, and Lord Peel eleven years. Mr. Gully has served eight years, and may we hope serve many more. But should he decide not to offer his services to the next Parliament, we trust he will, before the dissolution of the present one, give the Conservatives the choice of his successor.

The Saturday Review.

THE PALACE OF SLEEP.

Now let me rest awhile, or I shall weep;
The air is heavy, and my eyelids close.
This is the Palace of the God of Sleep,
This is the Court of peace and sweet repose.

Above the door there hangs a nodding rose;
The scattered petals hanging in a heap,
Make sweet the idle wind that o'er them blows:
Now let me rest awhile, or I shall weep.

Across the threshold I can scarcely creep,
At every step more potent slumber grows;
I hardly know which path I ought to keep;
The air is heavy and mine eyelids close.

Around the court a thousand popples doze,
Their subtle odors my dulled senses steep.
Forgotten be past pleasures and old woes!
This is the Palace of the God of Sleep.

The birds sing low: they softly pipe and cheep
Sweet notes that drowsy harmonies disclose;
Faint hints of dreams across my tired brain sweep—
This is the Court of peace and sweet repose.

Now let me rest indeed; for no man knows,
Save I, how calm shall be my slumber deep:
No thought distracting here can interpose,
None can disturb, nor prying eye can peep.
Now let me rest.

Maria S. Steuart.

Pall Mall Magazine.

THE NOVELS OF MR. HENRY JAMES.*

They have a novelist with pretensions to literature, who writes about the chase for the husband and the adventures of the rich Americans in our corrupt old Europe, where their primeval candor puts the Europeans to shame. *O'est proprement écrit*; but it's terribly pale. ("The Point of View.")

These words are imputed, by the ingenious "novelist with pretensions," in an early tale of his own, to an imaginary Frenchman travelling in the States. They give a true if a jaunty account of the theme to which Mr. Henry James devoted himself, with an almost constant affection, between 1876 and 1888. By that theme the larger public still know and define him; they seldom read without some perplexity the books which he has written from 1892 onwards, and wherein he has come to his own. "Roderick Hudson" and "Daisy Miller," "The American" and "The Portrait of a Lady"—we do not name them to slight them; we know them; they are domesticated pleasures of old standing; but, above all, they explain their successors, and in their light we

read the later, more enigmatical, sometimes murkier stories, which the critics either let off with general empty praise, or handle with suspicion like some strange fruit that might appear on a familiar tree. It is really the same fruit enriched by new graftings. "The adventures of the rich Americans in our corrupt old Europe" are revived, with a difference, in the masterpiece of last year, "The Wings of the Dove," which would thus justify, if need were, those earlier experiments. The author has travelled far; but he is the same man, the same puritan, half-escaped, who made "The Portrait of a Lady," the deepest work of his earlier life. He is not a cosmopolitan even yet; he never was one. He is better; he understands other countries, but does not adopt them; for his last heroine, the "Dove," is the soul of New England, his own country.

On the threshold of that earlier time, Mr. Henry James hung out several clues to the temper in which he wrote. The "Essays on French Poets, and Novelists" (1878) show a certain recoil

* "Roderick Hudson" (1876). "The American" (1877). "The Portrait of a Lady" (1881). "The Aspern Papers" (1888). "The Two Magics" (1898). "What Malaise Knew" (1898). "The

Sacred Fount" (1901). "The Wings of the Dove" (1902). "The Better Sort" (1903). "The Ambassadors" (in progress, 1903).

from the models, like Balzac or Flaubert, who were then still in the ascendant. He was hardly just to Balzac then, missing in him, perhaps, the still small voice, and preferring the fine and recondite class of artist, to which he himself belongs, before the hearty and assertive creators. There was much in Tourgénéff, on whom he wrote with zeal, to quicken the congenial talent of Mr. James; the sad reserve, the pessimism, the delicacy; and the interest in heartbreaking, ineffectual persons, like Dimitri Rudin or Roderick Hudson. We have no right to say that Mr. James was much affected by George Eliot; but he was writing during her full vogue, and shared with her in a certain atmosphere, perhaps at first familiar to him in his own land. The weight of distressed and severe scruple is felt in his early tales. Osmond, the egoist and alleged fine gentleman in "The Portrait of a Lady," who fetters and torments a generous wife, is of the race of Grandcourt in "Daniel Deronda." The wife, Isabel, instead of accepting the fierce offers of her American suitor, who is at least a man, goes back, though childless and untrammelled, to the conventional life of wifely duty and misery. It may be in keeping that she should do so, but the author seems to approve. And Mr. James loved, like the Russian, to close his scene in discord and failure. "The American," Newman, robbed of his French bride by the caste-rancor of her family, sees his revenge, but sees it is not worth while to take it, and finds at the last that his enemies had all the while counted on his good nature not to take it. This kind of ending, which baffles men at the last moment by some malign turn of fortune, was to become characteristic of Mr. James, for he is fond of the cruel slip between the cup and the lip.

Moreover, he stands with the writers

we have named by virtue of the emphasis he lays on women and of his keen feminine insight, if we may so call it, into men. Some of his young girls are painted in our memories beside Helena and Lisa. Often, while we see only the actions of the men, we are told the feelings of the women, or, at least, of the good ones. Several of the stories are narrated by a girl or spinster, or by some nondescript, rather felinely observant man of letters, who understands things that are hid from the virile. And there is nearly always passion. In the early books that of the men is intimated rather as it presents itself to the women, while that of the women seems more deeply felt. Such distinguishing marks continue into the later tales, transformed in coloring. But along with this special sort of analysis went the higher prevailing mood in the middle Victorian years—the mood of George Eliot, of Browning, and even, in his slighter fashion, of Tennyson. They and their aims were noble; and their nobleness informs their best work, while it cannot save the rest. Not on any time in our literature has the national stamp of moral vigor been so clearly printed. It was a century of preachers, and we are only now turning round to ask what, after all, they said. Their praise has been inscribed by Mr. James in words he wrote after the death of Browning:—

He played with the curious and the special; they never submerged him, and it was a sign of his robustness that he could play till the end. His voice sounds loudest, and also clearest, for the things that, as a race, we like best . . . the fascination of faith, the acceptance of life, the respect for its mysteries, the endurance of its charges, the vitality of the will, the validity of character, the beauty of action, the seriousness, above all, of great human passion.

Such, we may say, was the clear

charter of Mr. Henry James himself for the first fifteen years of his artistic life. He was too true a craftsman to let idealism jar his hand. He never, as some do, rushed in a black coat upon the stage amongst his own actors in order to harangue the house with what the age of Addison called "the Sentiments." But the idealizing spirit is there, and it finds somewhat simple expression. There is a conflict in nearly every story; and it is not merely waged between American and European, the latter usually preying on the wealth and simplicity of the former. We are almost led back to religious parlance in describing it. It is the conflict of complication and corruption with what is simple, single-hearted, and fresh. The world and the spirit are at odds; the intricate world, with its deeps of old energy, so much more telling and resourceful than its victim, full of swagger and color, and craft and will; and the spirit, in some frail or quaint, but brave embodiment, relying only on itself. "Lady Barbara" is a dumbly stubborn, almost malign, English girl of rank who carries back her New York husband in his own despite from his country to live among her aristocratic friends. Daisy Miller is deliberately exposed to fatal malaria by the little Italian suitor who has no hope of winning her. Isabel Osmond is married for her money and utilized. In "The Europeans" the theme is pleasingly varied: the dull-eyed Gertrude, alien in mind, follows her foreign cousin and husband away for ever from her charming, rectilinear home. But in most cases love and hope are defeated either by evil or by circumstance—by conspiracy, or the unfitness of the object, or prejudice. The struggle, therefore, lies rather between persons than within characters, and there is no perturbation of the sympathies. Indeed, there is a touch of emphasis about the adventures

and hard old women which makes them stand out in a rather suspicious brightness beside the quiet and lucid truth of the American portraits.

If Mr. Henry James had ceased to write about 1890, he might have been remembered for his choice of this fresh, distinct plot of ground, for his happy and varied cultivation of it. The flowers were a little "pale," but full of tender, clear color, unlike any others. There was humor; and the pages were full of a softly stinging wit. The English was that of the easy classical tradition, a little chequered, as befitted the scene, with the French and American tongues. It was careful; it flowed and did not stick; it did not first of all try to express embroiled feeling or imperceptible changes of temperature. In a few pieces, like "The Aspern Papers" (1888), the style might have seemed more tense, and the subject bizarre and a little ghostly. But few would have forecast this as the future field of the novelist. "The Princess Casamassima," with its wonderful opening scene of tragic rage, wandered into some extravagance. These were experiments; the account might seem to have been closed.

But the century wore out, and over our fiction there came the breath of a stranger temper, different from that of the gallant Victorian crusaders. It was natural that no writer of English should be quicker than Mr. James to feel any artistic current from the mainland that might tardily wash our shores. And, in fact, amongst his later books we find ourselves in presence of the much-talked-of "decadence," of the mood that speaks so variously in the "Master-Builder" and "Jude the Obscure," in "Pelléas and Mélisande" and "La-Bas." Many are the dialects, but we feel there is one fundamental idiom, which the literary historian must seek to state hereafter, just as he is now trying to state that of "realism"

or of the older romance. We are still in the "decadence," and can see little more than the confusions of the term. It might mean the decay of plastic power at large; but art is hardly at present suffering from that. It may mean a failure of largeness and nobleness in the treatment, a decline of spiritual energy; but no one can seriously ascribe such a failure to Maeterlinck or Sudermann, or, we may add, to Mr. Henry James. Lastly, "decadence" may imply a love of subjects which are aloof from the general lot of man, of dark and confused moral issues, of the study of problematic or twisted natures, in contrast with the daily and usual; in a word, it implies the temper of the specialist. Much literature now written has these marks; but then "decadence" is not the term to use; for there is only a fresh lease, a diversion, a different concentration of talent. Donne was not a decadent; he was a renewer and explorer. And so in the case of Mr. Henry James, the question is in what ways the new temper has come to tinge his expression, or to deepen and restate the relatively simple issues that once engrossed him.

During the last twelve years Mr. James has printed some fifty or sixty stories, of which seven or eight are long enough to be called books. They are not all equally significant; some of them tease the reader more than he deserves. But there is no monotony; the design is different and peculiar in each, deriving from some curious and cruel knot that has never been tied before. The rigid intellect is always at exercise, though at times upon matter all but impalpable. With all the surface intricacy that is produced by a web of fine threads intently complicated, the texture is firm as well as dense. Strength of passionate situation, always with a certain oddity, an intense curiosity for rare cases, is everywhere present. Sometimes the passion is

softened into the mood of high comedy, but it is never far away. "Lord Beaupré," a rich young heir, in order to stave off the pursuit of a fortune-hunting girl, gets his friendly cousin to consent to a mock engagement between them. The tensions and delicacies of the position all come out; the cousin is kept all the more by this very device, in pure modesty, from showing her real heart to Lord Beaupré. She accepts an American; Lord Beaupré falls to the fortune-hunter. The style adopted for this kind of tale (1893), light, fine, and sensitive, is not very different from that of 1876; the full change in the author's style has come during the last five or six years—the change to an instrument of registration, still more responsive; parenthetical, colloquial, elliptical, unpopular, full of new difficult music, that repays while it taxes the ear.

The stories of Mr. James are liable to raise an obscure discomfort in the English reader, resembling that caused by want of air. They are tales of the private life only; men of our race are not quite easy under that limitation. Across the page of Tourgénéiev, of Balzac, of George Eliot, of George Meredith, of Stendhal, there blows the wind of historic events and national aspirations. Reading them, we think of the liberation of the serfs, of 1848, of the Reform Bill, of Mazzini and Italy, of Waterloo, of the world's destinies. But for the characters of Mr. James no such things exist; there is a void, a darkness that can be felt, surrounding their particular lot. We have no right to complain of such an exclusion, though we want sometimes to open a window and hear the clamor of the bigger life. What is odder in an artist and thinker, the world of art and thought is hardly to be detected at all in these novels. Mr. James's painters and men of letters are merely ticketed as such; they never say anything to

show it, or get out of their personal affairs into the region that they are supposed to speak for. They are mostly illustrations of failure; they die before they have expressed themselves, they work for the profit of others—perhaps of publishers. We are told that they are really eminent, but the interest is, in fact, centred on some one by their side who admires them or suffers for them.

On the other hand, the able editors, small pressmen, journalizing ladies lunching in bun-shops, and reporting Americans, dance across the microscopic "field," and are lively creatures indeed; never yet so deftly captured by any collector for exhibition. Innocent or shady Bohemia, sinking down to penury and silence, or clambering up into the recognized classes; wealth that is just outside those classes, but wishes to enter them on the strength of having beauty to offer; the stable, placid, English orders themselves, in their country houses, on their lawns, with possibilities of woe and excruciation there also; the routes of travel, the great capitals, Venice, Paris, Rome, New York, serving as the background for these same persons on their voyages; and London, to which they all return; London, whose murmur is caught again and again, as a kind of tragic refrain to the curious chant; over all this world Mr. Henry James moves with practised step, knowing quickly where he wishes to arrive, and wasting no time on what he does not know. His essay on our great city, written some while since, gives us the stage on which many of his romances are unfolded. Lovers of the poetry of London and of the heavy London spring, with the fumes that rise from the earth into the brain amid a chorus of innumerable wheels and horsehoofs; those who feel her landscape, who hear the rhythm of her call to her children, offering them both the best and the

worst—such will know that her setting of dim noise and her canopy of softening mist, with the sense of infinite life—thrown back, though, and not intruding—just serve to relieve and enhance these peculiar dramas, so personal, so remote from the ordinary, and for that very reason possible nowhere but in the heart of the place where all things happen;

Chronicle at once
And burial-place of passions, and their
home
Imperial, their chief living residence.

The natural heart of London is the parks, with their "smuttied sheep" and grassy distances; and the parks often are the scene of drama. Here, in the northern alleys, with life moving breathlessly between them, Kate Croy and her lover, in "The Wings of the Dove," pace together full of hope and defiance, to exchange their vows:

Suddenly she said to him with extraordinary beauty: "I engage myself to you for ever."

The beauty was in everything, and he could have separated nothing—couldn't have thought of her face as distinct from the whole joy. Yet her face had a new light. "And I pledge you—I call God to witness!—every spark of my faith; I give you every drop of my life." That was all, for the moment, but it was enough, and it was almost as quiet as if it were nothing. They were in the open air, in an alley of the Gardens; the great space, which seemed to arch just then higher and spread wider for them, threw them back into deep concentration (p. 80).

The tide of actual life is beating there. But, on the other hand, the gift and scope of pure fantasy in this countryman and student of Hawthorne have hardly had proper recognition. Mr. Henry James has perfected a certain kind of preternatural story. The use of the uncanny for sharp and light satire is well shown in "The Private

Life." A distinguished writer is introduced, who is oddly common and second-rate in society, so that his friends wonder how his books are written. But there are really two persons: the other is the hidden familiar, genius or double, who writes the books and who plays hide-and-seek with his earthly companion in a style that even the observant can never quite bring home to either. Beside the man of letters, moreover, there is another personage—a man of the world—who is composed of nothing but infinite tact, a social leader who never says anything in particular, but always the right thing. But it is only in society that he has even a physical existence; when he is alone he goes out. He is virtually a hallucination on the part of other people. His wife has her suspicions of this rather perplexing attribute of nonentity, and tries to fend off inquiry. The supernatural is only a symbol here; we have all known such persons, or something like them. But in "Sir Edmund Orme" there is an actual ghost, haunting the woman who has wronged him during life, and threatening to repeat the same curse upon her daughter if she repeats her mother's fickleness. The daughter just escapes incurring both the blame and the curse.

Mr. James has put far more force into "The Turn of the Screw," one of the hideous stories of our language. Is any limitation placed on the choice of an artist by the mere measure of the pain he inflicts upon the nerves? If not, then the subject is admissible. It is a tale where sinister and spectral powers are shown spolling and daunting the innocence of the young. There might at first sight seem something wanton in the ruthless fancy—in the re-invasion of our life by the dead butler Peter Quint and his paramour; in the struggle with these visitants for the souls of the two young and beautiful children, a little boy and a little girl,

whom in life they have already influenced; in the doubt, raised and kept hanging, whether, after all, the two ghosts, who can choose to whom they will appear, are facts or delusions of the young governess who tells the story; and in the final defeat of hope by the boy's death just at the moment when he may perhaps be saved. But on reflection we see that all this is the work of a symbolist and a puritan. The ghosts play their part in the bodily sphere as terrifying *dramatis personæ*—neither substance nor shadow—but *there*, as Gorgon faces at the window; while, spiritually, they figure as the survival of the poison, which, living, they had sown in the breasts of the innocents. When this influence re-awakens, the earthly form of the sowers gathers visible shape, at once as symbol and as actual combatant. The full effect is won by Mr. James's gift, already adverted to, of speaking in the name of women. The whole visitation comes to us through its effect on the nerves, its stimulus to the courage, of the young English lady who desperately shelters the children unaided. The effect is heightened by the distrust with which others regard her story, and the aversion to her inspired by the ghosts in the children themselves.

Mr. Henry James is skilled in the feat of drawing children or very young persons, either prematurely oppressed by tragedy or otherwise abnormally alive. The more we think, the less we feel that he is attracted by the mere pathology of such cases. But he once more recalls Tourgénéff by his strained acuteness of hearing for the quickenings, the forebodings, and the half-aware discoveries of the tender mind, during its morning twilight, as the walls of life loom and close about it, in their oppressive tyranny, too soon. Like Tourgénéff, he conveys these things by the method of reticence, by omissions, pauses, economies, rests in the talk,

and speaking silences. There are, however, more ways than one of reticence in literature. In his "First Love" Tourgénéff illustrates one of them; it is the reticence, the silence of startled Nature herself retreating to her fastnesses in the mind of the boy.

Mr. James is possibly too prone to mystify by scattering restless hints and practising elaborate steps in order at once to hide and express what is brutally simple. In "What Maisie Knew" there is something too much of that. Maisie is a little girl who has to spend half the year with each of two parents, who justly detest each other and are equally at fault in the eye of the law. The question "what she knew," to which the answer soon appears to be "everything," is happily resolved into the question how she shall escape; and the solution for once is not mere discomfiture. In "The Awkward Age" there is just as much to "know"; and known it certainly is. We are glad this particular interest does not detain such an artist long, for it is not illimitable, though it gives curious chances to his gift. In the gay, clean-cut, sad little anecdote of "The Pupil," the effect is less sinister. A family, who just struggle to be presentable and flit impecuniously over Europe, find a tutor, a poor collegian, for their boy, who is charming, precocious, and delicate. They trade on the tutor's love for the boy in order to defer the question of salary. The child sees everything, and dies just as he is hoping to escape with his friend. There is the sting of real life in this, and it is much better as a short story; for the endless folds and doublings of analysis in some of the longer books demand a specially-trained attention, like a scientific pursuit, and fatigue it like a race in a labyrinth. Mr. James, we fear, loses more readers by this peculiarity than by anything.

In some of these sketches Mr. James

crosses the border between the serious comedy of manners and high tragedy. "The Beast in the Jungle," issued lately in the collection called "The Better Sort," might easily have been matter for some dramatic monologue of Browning. It contains, perhaps, the nearest thing in all his prose to a great and superb "bravura" passage. He tries rarely—too rarely—for such effects; language always responds to him when he does try. A man is haunted by the fear of some unnamed disaster, or unknown harm, leaping on him out of his own nature—out of the "jungle"; and he seeks the good and friendly offices of a woman to listen to him and comfort him. He is wrapped up in himself, and does not see until she is dead that she has loved him. Over her grave he finds it out, and he discovers also, in the face of a passing mourner—a stranger—what the tragic loss of love once enjoyed may really mean. He sees that the beast has leapt upon him indeed, in the form he least suspected. It is clear how the conception of tragic futility, which has been present to Mr. Henry James ever since his first sketches, remains, in a sense, the same; and with what an extraordinary transformation! Let us be thankful for the "decadence" that brings these gifts. And it has also to be said that the happier and more peaceful tones of poetry are not absent. "The Altar of the Dead," but for not being dramatic in form, is like a pensive play of M. Maeterlinck in its unencumbered impulse towards beauty. "The Great Good Place" is a kind of cloisteral dream-refuge for the tired artist from the clatter of London, a house of the fancy, whence all that jars or wearies or sterilizes is resolutely banished. The soft rhythm of the prose makes us wish for more of this kind, even to the loss of the stories of a few "trivial sphinxes" and adventures:—

The fragrance of flowers just wandered through the void, and the quiet recurrence of delicate plain fare in a high, clean refectory where the soundless, simple service was the triumph of art. That, as he analyzed, remained the constant explanation: all the sweetness and serenity were created, calculated things. He analyzed, however, but in a desultory way and with a positive delight in the residuum of mystery that made for the great artist in the background the innermost shrine of the idol of a temple; there were odd moments for it, mild meditations when, in the broad cloister of peace or some garden-nook where the air was light, a special glimpse of beauty and reminder of felicity, seemed, in passing, to hover and linger. ("The Better Sort.")

Again, in "The Sacred Fount" (1901), so full of faint, mazy figures that the superscription might have been "Come like shadows, so depart!" a single scene is left surely on the mind—a summer garden at evening, with a desolate feminine shape sitting in its useless perfume and silence.

Each of the larger novels published since 1895, "The Other House," "The Spoils of Poynton," and "The Awkward Age," would be worthy of studious review. It is curious how the passion for the scenery of the English country house and "grounds" recurs in them, as in the delightful "Covering End." But the fresh gifts, the motives, the newly-modulated style that they reveal are all more perfectly apparent in "The Wings of the Dove," the most remarkable book that Mr. James has written. It has been relatively little noticed amid the mart of dreadfully competent fiction. But, wherever it has penetrated, it is likely, after the manner of certain plays of Ibsen, to leave a long wake of disputation, partly over the question as to what actually happens in the story, and partly about the rights and wrongs of the solution. Hence a fuller analysis may be pardoned; for

the book resumes so much that went before in the author's production, and intensifies so sharply the changes in his temper, that to know "The Wings of the Dove" is to know much of Mr. Henry James. He has gone back to his old topic of the rich American in Europe; and the contending parties have, in a sense, the same symbolism as before. The world and the spirit are afresh in conflict on the trodden battle-ground. But the arts of war, offensive and defensive, have been transformed in the interval; there are forces in the air that were unknown to the Osmonds and Madame Merles of an earlier day. And—chief alteration of all—the sympathies are entangled with both sides. The puritan dualism, so to call it, of the older books is greatly blunted; and the artist, borne along by his own discoveries, comes to bend his intensest and finest light upon the arch-conspirator, who nearly supplants her intended victim in tragic and intellectual interest. Moreover, there is no sharp solution by the sword of justice, moral or poetical. It belongs, also, to the movement of our time—which, as Matthew Arnold well said, is a "lay" one—that nothing could be more wholly of this life, without hint or doctrine of a second world, than the tales of Mr. James. Very seldom, with a still questioning irony, something else seems to be indicated. The dove-like heroine dies, and the event is canvassed by a worldly old lady and the man who might have been her husband.

"Our dear dove, then, as Kate calls her, has folded her wonderful wings."
"Yes—folded them."

It rather racked him, but he tried to receive it as she intended, and she evidently took his formal assent for self-control. "Unless it's more true," she accordingly added, "that she has spread them the wider."

He again but formally assented, though, strangely enough, the words

fitted an image deep in his own consciousness. "Rather, yes—spread them the wider."

"For a flight, I trust, to some happiness greater—"

"Exactly. Greater," Densher broke in; but now with a look, he feared, that did, a little, warn her off (p. 538).

But this is to forestall the history itself, which tells of a fray unprecedented enough.

The world first! The tale opens in the back, shady regions—surely on the south side of the Thames—where Mr. George Glissing moves so easily, knowing them as a man might know his own house in the dark. The hard and gray tones lower the pulse of the spectator. Mr. Henry James, when he wishes, can visit the same scene; but it is with the fresh-edged perceptions of one coming from another society altogether, and not yet accustomed to the voices and smells and tints of this one. In a small room in "Chirk Street," Kate Croy awaits her impossible, jaunty father, who has done something which reticence cannot specify, but who is "all pink and silver," with "kind, safe eyes," and an inimitable manner, and "indescribable arts that quite turned the tables." Here Kate tastes "the faint, flat emanation of things, the failure of fortune and of honor." The interview is a triumph of acrid comedy; the talk of Croy fully bears out his inventory. This nameless parent (her mother has died of her troubles) stands aside from the story, but is necessary in order to explain Kate. He is that from which she flies; yet she has sprung from him. She flies, by instinct, upwards in society, on the wings of the hawk, not of the dove; no mere kite, but a predatory creature of a larger sweep, with nobilities, with weaknesses after all. She flies to the only life in which she can imagine herself—where there is room for her will, room for her beauty—chances for her

marriage, chances for winning money, and station, and love as well, and not merely one of these things without the rest.

When she leaves the house we know something of Kate; her exhalation of silent power, her disregard of all cost to herself in pursuit of her quest, her mysterious, undeniable nobleness of stamp, which we must reconcile as best we can with her later piracies and perversities. Already she has got away from her father and her weariful widowed sister, whom, by the way, she supports with her own inheritance. Her aunt in Lancaster Gate, Mrs. Lowder, the "Aunt Maud" of the story, has seen the value of Kate. She is a girl who might, and must, marry a "great man," and so satisfy the dowager affections and long-delayed ambitions of her aunt. Thus they would both escape from the amphibious society in which they move, into that region of the London world which is really "great." Fielding would have rejoiced in this view of "greatness." Their ambition, at bottom vulgar, is embraced by them with a religious gravity. The author himself almost seems to take it too seriously, at moments.

Kate, in her revulsion from Chirk Street, is ready enough for this programme, but for one obstacle. She loves a man who can never be great at all. He is merely a journalist of some parts, with a foreign education, Merton Densher, who from the standpoint of Mrs. Lowder is inadmissible. It would seem that Kate must either resign Densher or her expectations. She is weak; she cannot give up her expectations. But she is also strong; for she is prepared to play high, and to wait for an opportunity of winning both, should such present itself. It does present itself; there is the story, but there also is the tragedy. Meantime let her have her precarious, whole-

hearted, stolen happiness, walking pledged in Kensington Gardens.

The difficulties sharpen. Densher is visiting on terms of sufferance, which are dissected to the thinnest point, at the house in Lancaster Gate, where the hostess accepts him because she feels she can crush him at any time, and positively likes him all the while. A certain "Lord Mark" who is asserted rather than proved to be uncannily clever, but who is wanted for the conduct of the tragedy, is on the watch; and in any case Kate must tarry for the great man who is not yet forthcoming. At this point Densher is sent by his newspaper office to America to make articles. Kate's opportunity for high play is not ripe till his return. Unaware she waits the coming of the "Dove."

Milly Theale, strangely and richly left, the dying flower of an old wild family, carrying in herself, too, the seeds of an undefined malady, and, further, the memory of three calls paid to her in New York by a young Englishman, Densher—Milly Theale is found in Europe, whither she has restlessly fled with a lady escort, a simple, but not foolish, little New Englander, by profession a furnisher of novels. Fled, from what? and whither? From the fear and from the memory, which accompany her nevertheless. The method of reticence, of dumb actions and silences, is here followed worthily. The reader, as well as Milly's companion, Mrs. Stringham, are cunningly let into the secret, which is stoically kept. It comes out by degrees, on a wooded pass, in the little parlors of the inns; and before England is reached the charm is felt by the reader, who knows the pale face, coppery hair, and the radiation, strong, soft, and beneficent, of the lonely, wealthy woman, who "thinks," when congratulated, that she has *not* "really everything." To England they go; Mrs. Stringham remem-

bers an old friend, Mrs. Lowder, now high in the world; and with her the Americans are next found in company, without it being at first known that Densher is a common acquaintance.

The Dove has to face fresh waters, that welcome her, unsparing as they may prove later, more than graciously at first. The opening dinner-party is described, from the point of view of Milly, with Richardsonian prolixity; the dinner itself could hardly take longer. But this is Mr. Henry James's way of enhancing his illusion. The persons move, through a strange, turbid medium, towards a dramatic comprehension of one another. We hear slowly—but we do not wish the tale shorter—how the two girls, Kate Croy and Milly, become intimate; how they discover, without words, that both know and think of Densher; how Milly betrays her passion to the "onyx-eyed Aunt Maud"; how Densher returns, visits the National Gallery as a rendezvous with Kate, and is thus beheld by Milly as she sits there forlornly "counting the Americans." In one scene, which precedes this incident, the doom of Milly is foreshadowed. Milly is taken by Lord Mark, who is trying to wrap invisible nets round the heiress, to a great house, in order that she may be seen in his company. He brings her up to an old picture, "by Bronzino," of a fair, dead lady to whom she has a surprising chance likeness.

She found herself, for the first moment, looking at the mysterious portrait through tears. Perhaps it was her tears that made it just then so strange and fair—as wonderful as he had said: the face of a young woman, all magnificently drawn, down to the hands, and magnificently dressed; a face almost livid in hue, yet handsome in sadness and crowned with a mass of hair, rolled back and high, that must, before fading with time, have had a family resemblance to her own. The lady in question, at all events, with

her slightly Michaelangelesque squareness, her eyes of other days, her full lips, her long neck, her recorded jewels, her brocaded and wasted reds, was a very great personage, only unaccompanied by a joy. And she was dead, dead, dead. Milly recognized her exactly in words that had nothing to do with her. "I shall never be better than this" (p. 183).

This is but one of many passages that show how Mr. James has shared in the special impulse towards beauty which distinguishes the new generation. Such an American as Milly Theale becomes, by her rich ancestry, by her affinity of type to the master-painting, herself a member of an old world, no longer merely simple-minded and delightfully puritan, but with all kinds of complicated stirrings and concessions that might surprise her countrywomen. And the style of Mr. James gathers, itself, the dignity of an old master's as it rises to the expression of these deeper and more dramatic things. It has become more and more charged with beauty; it marches with slow, intricately measured paces, as in a dream; and, in this book, even the harsher incidents and cruelties of the story do not prove too much for the style. It would be idle to credit younger Belgian or Celtic symbolists with a definite influence in any direction upon Mr. James. This kind of enchantment is now in the air of literature; and Mr. Henry James, in the fullness of his powers, has returned spell for spell.

Soon Milly knows how she stands. A big, clear-witted physician, Sir Luke Strett, with his "fine, closed face," comes into her life. It is implied that she will die, or die the sooner, unless she has the happiness, the marriage that she needs. The doctor tells her, significantly, to "live"; and that she wishes to do. The scenes in his consulting-room form one of the many ac-

cessory perfections of the book. Soon Sir Luke sees that Densher is the man. Soon they all see, they all crowd round from different sides. Mrs. Lowder is willing he should be tempted away, so that Kate may be free for greatness. Kate herself has to act, and the critical episodes begin. Mr. James has tried hard to render probable the bold and ugly scheme which she devises on behalf of herself and her lover. May it be conjectured that, having first thought of this central motive, he proceeded to invent backwards explanatory antecedents for Kate Croy, which should leave her capable of a crime even against her own passion; that he made her, nevertheless, a woman of large build, of sympathy, full of heart and pieties of her own kind; and that when the moment came for unscrupulous action, behold, she was too good for the work? So Chaucer, when his authorities tell him that the time is due for Cressida to be false to Troilus, has himself spent too much kindness on her to believe it, and refers, somewhat shamefacedly, to the "books" to prove the fact. Kate goes wrong, but not in Cressida's way. At this point there is a change in the method of painting her, which serves to cover any violence in the transition. We are never again in her confidence as before, the curtain is dropped, and the story becomes a diary not of her feelings, but of the feelings of Densher. Thus any struggle in the mind of Kate is unknown. The second great difficulty of the author is to make Densher her accomplice, and to incline him to acquiesce in the false report that, while he is desperate for Kate, Kate is averse from him. On this footing of a person to be pitied he drifts, by delicate degrees, into the position of an intimate with Milly, whom she is ready to console.

The plan is virtually a kind of dubious, low insurance job; Mr. Henry James has never invented anything so

extraordinary. Densher, while privately pledged to Kate, is to "make up to a sick girl" who wishes to gain him, but who may die, after not too long an interval, leaving him well endowed and free to marry Kate. He is to pay certain premiums, for a term, in the way of simulated love; but he pays them on a "bad life"; when that life "determines" (these images are not used in the book) he is to receive the millions for which the policy has been taken out. The full position only comes home to him slowly; by the time he realizes it the action is ready for the most startling turn of all. Man, woman, and fate conspire at first for the success of the plot, and the scene shifts to Venice, which "plashed and chimed and called again" in sympathy, until cold and wicked weather, also in sympathy with events, set in. Every one is present. For their beauty and strange grace these Venetian chapters, let us prophesy frankly, may come to be thought a classic in their kind. For the Dove, as her frail body fades in her palace, begins, in ways unforeseen, to prevail, though she seems to be deceived, and for a while is deceived, with the hope of "living." It is on Densher that the strain works. He knows what manner of man he is, when Milly, "in all the candor of her smile, the lustre of her pearls, the value of her life, the essence of her wealth," looks across her own hall at himself and Kate as they are furtively discussing the consequences her death may bring to themselves. Densher is not easy in mind, and his next act makes the knot insoluble indeed.

He cannot go on with his part in the game without realities. There, in the palace of Milly, he tells Kate what encouragement she must give him. She has ruled his action thus far; it is now the turn of the male. He has a lodging, a little dim old place, on one of the canals. If she comes to him, he will

be immutably forced to go through with their programme. Kate sees, and blanches; but consents, and goes. This, by a deep but sound paradox, is the first sign that Densher is shaken by the influence of the Dove. For anything like this conception, and the way it is faced, we must go back to the freedoms of Jacobean tragedy.

The visit of Kate to the lodging is not narrated, though some inferior authors would have felt bound on theory to narrate it. Economy is in its place here. Tolstoi would have foreborne to tell it, but might, as in "*Anna Karénina*," instantly have informed us that there was an after-taste of sick humiliation. But there was not. Nothing is told us but the preliminary compact, and then the man's after-taste, in the lonely lodging, of glory and absorption. At this point we remember that psychology is in the blood of Mr. Henry James. The present, in such a case, is scientifically indescribable; it is an illusion, indeed it is *nil* if abstracted from its sequel; its life is in hopes and memories; their faintness, their vividness, renewed in rhythmical fashion, their sudden chasing away by a new, black train of associations. Densher is left alone in Venice to carry out his agreement, and another chapter follows of equal power, showing the heavy cruelty of the new situation for all parties.

The Dove, now dying, and waiting vainly for her hopes, acts upon Densher in another paradoxical but natural way. The pursuit of her, after what has passed, seems to him more than ever necessary, if he is not utterly to cheat Kate, but less than ever possible, the Dove being the noble person that she is. After a little the very possibility is denied him. "Susan Shepherd," Mrs. Stringham, who has followed everything silently, like some clairvoyant animal, comes to give him a last chance; she will accept anything,

that her friend's last ray of happiness may be made possible. Densher is kept back from going through with his bond by a host of little cords of conscience and distaste, and soon it is too late. He has a final, astonishing interview with the dying lady, in which she receives him with invincible style, in full dress, refusing "to smell of drugs, to taste of medicine." What passed no others know: the interview is only mentioned in a later conversation with Kate; and Kate is not the person to hear its details—does not wish to hear them. But we gather that Milly, while knowing much, and divining we know not how much more—knowing certainly, since a malicious, finally killing revelation by Lord Mark, that she had been lied to, and that Kate had really cared for Densher throughout—Milly *pardons*. This divine impression is left on Densher: her last words

Enforce attention, like deep harmony.

Thus Milly prevails. Having lost all, she regains everything—not practically, but in the sphere of love, soul, and devotion, in which she moves, and in which Densher must henceforth be said to live a kind of absolved existence. Even practically, as the sequel shows, she exerts a decisive influence.

For the memory of her is now fixed in Densher. His experience of power and craft, of passion secular and unshrinking, is overborne by an experience yet stronger. The waft of the Dove's wings as she fled has altered him. He has, in a sense, killed her; he would not have her; now she, and not Kate, is mistress of *him*. By the same token, he is false to Kate. Where, then, is there an issue?

Nothing so vulgar is suggested as that possession had cooled Densher towards Kate: that is not the point at all. But another power, "through creeks and inlets making," controls

him. He comes home to England, and the final act is played. All that went before is really nothing as compared with his present complication with Kate. And the last beneficent action of the Dove adds another coil to the tangle. He resumes, with a difference, his old wanderings with Kate; the change is best expressed in his phrase that they are "damned civil" to each other. Kate is strong still, strong to the last. Though Densher has not married Milly, she guesses that she has gained her end nevertheless—without, for that matter, having had to pay the expected price of seeing him Milly's husband for a time. So far she has guessed right. Milly has left him a great fortune. Her last letter comes, in which he would have seen, had he read it, the wonderful and gracious turn she would have given to her bequest. Kate burns the unopened letter, when he offers it to her, under the sway of a wholly new feeling, which is out of her usual reckoning altogether—jealousy of the dead. This is one of the many profundities of the tale. Kate could bear to see her lover marry Milly without love; but she cannot bear to see him in love with Milly dead. But she sees that the centres of his life have shifted; he is all with the dead, with the letter that is ashes. But he is still true in act to Kate. The business letter announcing the fortune comes from America; he sends this letter to her to "test" her; she is positive-minded, she does not understand the "test," and she reads it. Densher refuses to read it, and the final crisis comes. He pursues his last sad advantage with Kate. He will not touch the money for himself. There must be a kind of explation. Either she must marry him poor, as he was of old: or, he will make over the money to her; but in that case he will not marry her. Such at least seems to be the meaning of the

latter pages. Thus the spirit of the Dove penetrates material life, as the ether penetrates the most stubborn substances of the earth. The strong, consistent person is at the disadvantage; the half-baked man, who has a conscience, but had not nerve enough to carry the policy through, is, in his converted state, the dominant partner. In the last sentences of the book Kate challenges him with being in love with the dead. He makes no answer, but says:

"I'll marry you, mind you, in an hour."

"As we were?"

"As we were."

But she turned to the door, and her headshake was now the end.

"We shall never be again as we were!" (p. 576.)

So the tale ends. It is easy to ask the wrong question, to ask, What happens? Do they marry or does she take the money? Probably she marries Lord Mark. But it does not matter. What matters is that it is the end of two personalities, the final unsoldering of the alliance so exquisitely sealed in Kensington Gardens. The irruption of forces from another world has done this. Other questions, equally hard but more profitable, we are forced to ask. What has the Dove accomplished by her high generosity? Spoilt, if we look into the matter, what she wished to mend. She had made the bequest in order that the two might be free as they desired. But they have no use for freedom. With whom does the sympathy finally remain? With the man, who through his very weakness, his two-sidedness, has been in a sense regenerate? Or with the partner, proud, strong, and true to her strange self, who has given herself unflinchingly, and is now dispossessed of her

reward? Let us say that our sympathy is with her, as it would never have been had she simply succeeded.

We can put such questions without end. The book is not like a great tragedy of the older kind, which ends in some ennobling resolution of errors through death. It ends in a deep, resonant discord. But such a discord equally has its place in art, for it might actually close just such a passage of significant, tumultuous life. The conflict between the world and the spirit, with which we started, has ended drawn; the spirit has conquered in its own sphere; the world has been disconcerted and baffled. But Kate, the embodiment of the world, is not wholly eclipsed. She remains pathetic, dignified even after her failure, and above all strong. The last word is hers. The interest, almost the benediction of the author, goes with her. That marks, like much else, the long slow change in his way of facing life. The victims in his earlier novels were the clear-souled and innocent. Milly Theale is such a victim, certainly; but the sufferer, the protagonist, foiled by forces beyond her scope, yet holding firm, and remaining, in her own style, noble, is Kate, the daughter of Lionel Croy. Thus the interest and even the beauty begin to gather at last to the side of the will, craft, and energy that have failed in part and are now thrown back with little but themselves to live upon. In affairs and political theories the cult of these things is just now evident; and art also is touched by it—more legitimately. In this way, with his share in the specialist's temper, and his love for "strangeness in beauty," Mr. Henry James, aloof as he appears, is trebly representative—one of the finer voices that may be heard telling the future for what sort of things our time cared.

TRUTH FINDS GRASS OUTSIDE THY Paddock.

Pray God to keep thee from a narrow soul,
And its dear mate, a controversial mind;
Of all the things that melt, subdue, console,
Lo, these have tossed the heart upon the wind:
They feed on husks, and go content and fed,
And gather dust to make the living bread.

Frederick Langbridge.

POPE LEO XIII AND HIS SUCCESSOR.*

It is but seldom that the passing of an earthly potentate calls forth so nearly unanimous a tribute of respect and esteem as that paid to the late Pope Leo XIII by the public press of this country. With a few notable exceptions, the most authoritative of our English journals appear to have vied with each other in lavishing upon the late Pope what can only be described as a flood of eulogy; and assuredly the long annals of the papacy afford no previous example of a deceased pontiff being followed to the grave by a chorus of approval such as that amidst which Leo XIII was laid to rest in his temporary tomb in the Vatican Basilica.

In the preceding number of the Quarterly Review we endeavored briefly to summarize certain of the more salient features of the remarkable pontificate which has recently passed into the domain of history. We disclaimed any intention of criticizing Pope Leo XIII in his sacred office as supreme head of the Latin Church, confining ourselves, so far as possible, to a brief review of his political and diplomatic action. We

ventured, in the course of our survey of the policy of Leo XIII, to express the opinion that statecraft rather than statesmanship was the moving spirit of that policy.

The events immediately following the death of the late Pope do not appear to us to render necessary any modification of this view. The careful observer of public opinion will, we think, scarcely have failed to detect a certain note of exaggeration in the panegyrics on Leo XIII that appeared in the columns of most English organs at the time of his death. It is worthy of remark that the moderate journals, both Conservative and Liberal, of Catholic countries such as Austria, Spain, France, Italy, and Belgium, which might be supposed to be at least as well informed upon the political aspects of the late pontificate, by no means shared in the somewhat sentimental, and perhaps, in certain instances, not altogether genuine eulogies so freely lavished on the papal policy by their Protestant English colleagues.

We believe, now that the state of mental excitement into which the journalistic world was plunged by the

* For authorities see article on Pope Leo XIII in *The Eclectic Magazine*, October, 1903.

death of Pope Leo XIII has subsided, that few impartial observers will refuse to attach proper weight to the suggestive events which immediately followed that occurrence. It will be recollected that, so soon as it became apparent that nothing but a miracle could bring about the Pope's recovery, one hope was earnestly expressed in every country, Catholic as well as Protestant, namely, that the choice of the Sacred College, shortly to be assembled in Conclave, might fall upon a cardinal who should be a spiritual rather than a political pope. The nations, it is now obvious, had become not a little wearied of the ceaseless political intrigues which, for five-and-twenty years, had emanated from the acute and imperious mind of the head of the Roman Church; and, even among the most zealous adherents to the temporal pretensions of the Vatican, there were not wanting many who viewed with ever-growing distrust the insatiable political ambition of the deceased pontiff. It can hardly be doubted that, had it not been for a distrust which admiration for the marvellous intellectual powers of a nonagenarian Pope alone prevented from developing into openly expressed dissatisfaction, the vote of the majority in the Conclave would have been given to Cardinal Rampolla; and it may be safely assumed that the late Secretary of State was made the scapegoat for the political indiscretions of the master whom he had so long and so loyally served.

We believe that when the history of the first Conclave of the twentieth century comes to be examined from an impartial point of view, the figure of Cardinal Rampolla will stand out as the strongest and most dignified among the chief actors in the scene. For years the ex-Secretary of State had been content faithfully to execute the commands of Pope Leo XIII, fully aware that, whenever these commands

led to failure, he would be supposed by the outside world to have inspired them. We suspect that few ministers of state have borne the burden of their sovereign master's political errors more loyally or with more chivalrous devotion than Cardinal Rampolla del Tindaro. None of those who have been brought into contact with his Eminence will be likely to doubt that he possesses the ambitions which could scarcely be lacking in so brilliant and vigorous an individuality; and few, we venture to think, will refuse to admit that, when the highest of earthly dignities appeared to be within his grasp, he met defeat *en grand seigneur*, as only strong natures can meet it.

In the first portion of this article we commented upon Pope Leo XIII's policy towards Germany and France, and pointed to the fact that comparative success in the former country had been more than counterbalanced by complete failure in the latter. It has been repeatedly asserted that the friendly attitude suddenly assumed by Leo XIII towards the French Republic was the direct result of Cardinal Rampolla's influence; and it is worthy of note that the more the failure of that policy became apparent, the greater was the insistence in the Ultramontane press that the Cardinal-Secretary of State and not the Pope was the true author of it. It is possible, however, that, were Cardinal Rampolla at liberty to speak, he could point to other influences far more weighty than his own which determined Leo XIII to do all in his power to conciliate the government of the Republic. It may be remembered that the results immediately visible of Pope Leo XIII's abrupt overtures to French republicanism were the rapid multiplication of so-called religious congregations in France; the development of a carefully organized system of clerical journalism; and a corresponding absorption of

large sums of money which flowed from the pockets of the lower classes in the provinces into the coffers of the religious orders. Although the French government cannot be altogether absolved from the reproach of having in some instances sacrificed the true interests of religion and charity to the clamor of fanatical anti-clericalism, nevertheless its action as a whole has been but the inevitable and necessary consequence of the political, financial, and social abuses fostered by institutions which, in many cases, were religious in little more than name and outward profession. We believe that Leo XIII, in the course of his long pontificate, submitted to no influence in foreign policy save that of his own will; and we have the very best authority for suggesting that neither his Eminence Cardinal Rampolla nor any other individual was ever permitted to oppose his pleasure with impunity. That the late Pope allowed himself to be swayed by certain material considerations is a fact well known to all who had opportunities of studying his character; and we do not doubt that these influences, and not the supposed anti-Italian and anti-German sentiments of Cardinal Rampolla, were chiefly responsible for more than one of his political failures. We shall, however, have occasion to refer to this subject hereafter.

The policy adopted by Pope Leo XIII towards the Austro-Hungarian monarchy was one of the most tortuous ever embarked upon by a responsible statesman. It may briefly be described, at least so far as regards Hungary, as a Slavophil policy. It is not easy to see at a first glance why the Vatican should have gone out of its way to support the national movements of the various non-German races which are included in the heterogeneous Austrian Empire. In the first place, a

very large proportion of these races are outside the pale of the Roman communion; whereas the German element in the Empire is almost solid in its adherence to Roman Catholicism. Accordingly, it might have been supposed that the Vatican would have been loth to afford even partial support to any movement which might tend to weaken German, and therefore Catholic, supremacy in the Austro-Hungarian state.

Two motives seem to have dictated the apparently inconsistent policy of Pope Leo XIII. Our readers may recollect that, in the preceding portion of this review, we pointed out how, in one of his first encyclicals, Leo XIII turned towards the Eastern Churches, thus revealing an item of that mighty and far-reaching political programme which it was his dream to carry to a successful issue. Ever mindful of his scheme to reunite the two great Churches of the East and the West, and fearful of the influence possessed by the Orthodox Greek Church over the Slav races, there can be no doubt that Leo XIII hoped, by lending his countenance to Slav aspirations, to increase the influence of the Vatican, and to further his ideal of bringing the Eastern Churches under the spiritual domination of the papacy. We believe, however, that this was only a secondary motive for the Austro-Hungarian policy of Leo XIII. To understand the ultimate scope of this policy we must look beyond the Alps into Italy, and northward again to Berlin.

In furthering the revolutionary movements of the non-German elements in the Austrian Empire, Pope Leo XIII undoubtedly believed that he had found a weapon with which to assail the Triple Alliance and deal a heavy blow at United Italy. The entry of a Catholic Empire into alliance with the Italian monarchy has been, perhaps, the greatest disillusion which the

Vatican has been compelled to suffer since the wresting of Rome from the temporal jurisdiction of the Popes. It would appear that Pope Leo XIII was not averse from the experiment of indirectly fomenting the internal troubles and dissensions of Austria in order that the necessity of ensuring domestic peace might ultimately compel the Austro-Hungarian government to renounce its foreign obligations. Despite every effort, however, and notwithstanding the devotion of the Imperial House to the Holy See and to the Pope individually, the failure of Leo XIII to induce the Austrian government to withdraw from the Triple Alliance was conspicuous. Austrian statesmen had the good sense to recognize that however desirable it might prove to be in the next world to have lived on good terms with the Vatican, the friendship and support of Italy were of more immediate and tangible advantage, especially with the ever present danger of a conflagration in the Balkan provinces and possible misunderstandings with Russia in consequence.

The Slavophil policy of Pope Leo XIII has been particularly apparent in the kingdom of Hungary, a large percentage of the population of which is Protestant and a considerable proportion Jewish. The interference of the Vatican in Hungarian affairs began so early as the year 1886, when civil marriages and lay education were condemned in strong terms by the Pope. In 1893 appeared the encyclical "*Constanti Hungarorum*," in which these natural rights of a free people were again denounced. The attitude towards civil marriage and divorce adopted by the Roman Catholic clergy, acting under orders from the Vatican, had led to such frequent abuses of religious liberty, and such undesirable complications in the cases of "mixed" marriages, that the Wekerle ministry found itself compelled to introduce

Bills in the Parliament in order to impose some limit on the action of the Roman Catholic clergy and some check upon their intolerance. Leo XIII spared no effort to raise an organized obstruction to these Bills on the part of the Catholic deputies; and for some time a struggle raged, in the course of which the popularity of the Emperor-King was not a little diminished in the eyes of his Hungarian subjects by the assertions of the clerical party that his Majesty was strongly opposed to the action of the government. This struggle, strangely enough, appears to have passed almost unnoticed by the European Press. Nevertheless, the result was an absolute defeat for the Vatican. The majority of Hungarian Catholics showed themselves to be as independent as their Protestant fellow-subjects, and as little disposed to tolerate the interference of Rome with their civil and domestic liberties. The papal Nuncio, the present Cardinal Agliardi, made his position untenable by his indiscreet attitude towards the Hungarian government, and the Pope was compelled to recall him; while, so strong was the feeling against the action of the Vatican, that the minister for foreign affairs, Count Kalnoky, who was suspected of attempting to prevent the Nuncio's recall, was obliged to resign his portfolio.

The Hungarian situation is one of the many difficult problems which Leo XIII, in his passion for political aggrandizement, has left to his successor to solve or to abandon as insoluble. The *modus operandi* adopted by Leo XIII in his Hungarian policy was identical with that followed in Germany, France, Italy, and Belgium. Antisemitism and clericalism were encouraged to combine their forces for the formation of a compact popular party which should determine the balance of power in the national Parliament, and should in time become sufficiently in-

fluent to bring about the repeal of all laws tending to liberty in religious and educational matters.

Notwithstanding the crushing defeat sustained at the commencement of his Hungarian campaign, the tactics employed by the late Pope appear to have met with more success in Hungary than in the rest of the Austrian Empire. There is reason to believe that the Ultramontane party has made considerable progress since the days when Monsignor Agliardi was obliged to return to Rome. It appears, however, that this progress is scarcely likely to be durable, in view of the increasing strength of the Socialist groups and the indications of a return, under Count Banffy, to a policy of independence which the Socialist leaders would most probably feel it to be to the advantage of their party to support against a common enemy.

We look in vain for any tangible or lasting fruits of the policy adopted by Pope Leo XIII towards Austria-Hungary. If, as seems probable, the primary objects of that policy were to detach the empire-kingdom from the Triple Alliance, with a view to weakening the position of Italy, and to advance the prospects of reunion between the Latin and Greek communions on the terms of the Vatican, it must be admitted that such a policy has been barren of results. It has, it is true, afforded to thoughtful observers the anomalous spectacle of the head of the greatest conservative institution in the world deliberately lending his moral and social influence to encourage within a Catholic state revolutionary aspirations which, even if only partially realized, appear to tend infallibly towards the disintegration of that state and its collapse at no very distant period as one of the great European Powers.

Notwithstanding the panegyrics on the statesmanship of Pope Leo XIII

which have appeared since his decease, we venture to maintain the opinion we expressed in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, namely, that the policy of the late pontiff was almost invariably an opportunist policy; and that, while beyond question it succeeded in gaining for Vaticanism both prestige and a remarkable increase of local political influence, it is doubtful whether its victories were not in many instances obtained at a sacrifice of the true interests of Catholicism, and, we may add, of the internal peace and well-being of those countries to which it was applied.

In Austria the power of political ecclesiasticism has undoubtedly increased in a very large degree since the year 1878; but, unless we are to regard the abstention of the Emperor from returning in Rome the visit paid him by King Victor Emmanuel in Vienna as a spiritual victory for the Roman Church, we are unable to see what advantages Catholicism has gained from the fact. Nor does the Vatican appear to have realized more tangible profits. The Triple Alliance has been renewed; Italy, under her able and, if the term may be permitted, democratic young sovereign, is more prosperous than she has ever been since her unification; and there are no signs of any disposition on the part of the Orthodox churches to submit to the claims of papal supremacy, due acknowledgment of which could alone bring about the union dreamed of by Leo XIII.

In the meantime, if the Vatican has gained little or nothing by its opportunist policy, Austria suffers; as any state divided against itself must suffer. The struggle between Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism for supremacy in the Austrian Empire will have to be fought out. But, putting all spiritual considerations aside, it remains to be proved whether the late

head of the Roman Church was not playing somewhat recklessly with the peace of Europe in the near future, when, in order to punish the Austrian government for having joined the Triple Alliance, and possibly also through fear of the attraction which Orthodoxy might exercise over Catholic Slavs should the Vatican discourage their revolutionary movements, he embarked upon his Slavophil policy. There is probably no statesman in Europe who could say with any certainty what even the immediate future of the Austrian Empire may be. It must, however, be apparent to all impartial observers of European politics that the action of the Vatican during the pontificate of Leo XIII has been largely responsible for the ever-increasing weakness of the one great European Power which has retained its conservative principles and its Catholic traditions and allegiance intact. We are not prepared to say that Leo XIII could have suppressed the racial conflicts which threaten to disintegrate the Austro-Hungarian Empire; but we affirm without hesitation that discouragement on the part of the Catholic clergy would have kept these conflicts in check for many years.

The short-sighted policy of harassing Austria in every portion of her dominions during the past decade has, as all the world now knows, met with retaliation from the Imperial government in an unforeseen but none the less efficacious manner. Although no veto was formally declared by Austria against the election of Cardinal Rampolla to the papal throne, it was officially stated in the Conclave by Cardinal Puzyna that such an election would not be pleasing to the Austro-Hungarian government, and that it would be regarded by the Emperor as an unfriendly act. The unfortunate ex-Secretary of State had, as usual, to pay for the political blunders of his

sovereign. He contented himself with entering a dignified protest against the implied interference with the liberty of the Sacred College in its choice of a supreme pontiff, adding, we believe, with some cynicism, that he was proud to be the object of the interference in question. There can, we think, be but little doubt that, but for the profound personal regard which the Emperor Francis Joseph entertained for Leo XIII, the Austrian government would not have waited for the death of the Pope to administer to the Vatican a rebuff which would have been more severely felt than any other, and that the Emperor would have found himself obliged to visit Rome as the guest and ally of the King of Italy.

The attitude of the late Pope towards the kingdom of Italy has occupied the attention of many writers during the last few years. We confess that recent endeavors by authoritative English journals to represent this attitude as conciliatory have caused us some astonishment; but certainly not more so than they have caused in Italy itself. We are aware that conciliation is an elastic principle, which commits those who make themselves a party to it to as much or as little as circumstances may suggest. In the case of the differences existing between the Vatican and the Italian government, a very moderate quantity of official conciliation has for many years past suggested itself as being the most satisfactory basis for both parties to work upon, and will in all probability continue so to suggest itself for many years to come.

On the election of Cardinal Pecci to the vacant throne of Pius IX, many Italian politicians of moderate liberal tendencies hoped and believed that an era of reconciliation with the Vatican had dawned for their country. The Bishop of Perugia, while strenuously

defending the rights of the Vatican in his Umbrian diocese, had shown on more than one occasion that he was prepared to work together with Italian official authorities, among whom he possessed not a few personal friends; and, indeed, he owed his election to the chair of St. Peter in some measure to the fact that he was regarded by the less intransigent party in the Sacred College as a candidate who, as Pope, would safeguard the temporal interests of the Vatican and at the same time smooth away much of the bitter feeling hitherto existing between the ecclesiastical and the civil powers in Rome, and in Italy generally.

Among those who shared this belief in the new pontiff's conciliatory inclinations, certainly the most authoritative was the compiler of the famous Law of Guarantees, Ruggiero Bonghi. Catholic by conviction, Ruggiero Bonghi was, at the same time, devoted heart and soul to the cause of his country; and he and Signor de Cesare may be quoted as being indubitably the most brilliant and clear-minded writers on the vexed and complicated question of the relative rights of Church and State in Italy. A series of able articles from Signor Bonghi's pen dealing with this subject appeared in the "*Nuova Antologia*," commencing so long ago as 1870, and continuing at intervals up to 1895, the closing year of his life. Writing in the issue of the "*Nuova Antologia*" of March 15, 1878, a few days after the coronation of Pope Leo XIII, Signor Bonghi explained his reasons for believing that a period of peace and goodwill between Church and State may be about to begin under the successor of Pius IX. His observations on the subject, from the point of view of the modern Italian Catholic, are so trenchant in their argument, so concise and brilliant in their expression and language, that we prefer to give

the following pregnant paragraph in its original form:—

Quanto all' Italia (he writes) il mio desiderio è, per vero dire, uno solo. Il regno d' Italia non ha nessun bisogno per vivere che il Pontefice lo riconosca. Pretendere ch' egli lo faccia ed insieme rinunzi al vecchio diritto della sovranità sua con esplicita dichiarazione sarebbe vano, e ora e poi. E un diritto di cui il tempo sperderà la memoria, come il tempo l' aveva fatto. Basta che nell' animo del Pontefice entri una convinzione molto semplice e razionale: questa, cioè, che il Regno è una forma di Stato in cui la generalità del popolo italiano acconsente, e che ha tutti gli elementi, se non per durare eterna, almeno per durare quanto dura ogni cosa umana più stabile.

Se questa persuasione così naturale si fa strada, la conseguenza sarà una sola. I Cattolici, che finora per autorità del Pontefice sono rimasti fuori della vita politica italiana, e il clero vi prenderanno parte. I dissensi persisteranno; ma saranno dissensi tra cittadini persuasi di dovere e di volere vivere dentro uno Stato, non dissensi fra cittadini dei quali alcuni vogliono lo Stato che esiste, altri sono creduti pronti e disposti a dilacerarlo e a distruggerlo.

Signor Bonghi, in the same article from which the above extract is taken, proceeds to give his reasons why, in his opinion, much may be hoped for from the newly crowned pontiff who, as Bishop of Perugia, had shown symptoms of being animated by more friendly if not more patriotic feelings towards the new Italy than those entertained by Pius IX. It is instructive to note how, in his subsequent writings, Ruggiero Bonghi gradually loses his belief in the conciliatory tendencies of Leo XIII; how disillusion follows disillusion, until he is compelled sorrowfully to admit, in an article published not many months before his death, that the policy and attitude of Leo towards his

country had been one of ceaseless and bitter hostility.

We have seen it urged in more than one leading English journal that, in the course of the twenty-five years during which Leo XIII ruled in the Vatican, the *modus vivendi* between Church and State in Italy became greatly facilitated; and this more harmonious state of things has been attributed to the presumably liberal-minded and conciliatory disposition of Leo XIII himself. It is undoubtedly true that the so-called Roman question no longer divides the whole of Italy into hostile camps, as it did when Gioacchino Pecci ascended the pontifical throne. But a generation has passed away since the troops of United Italy entered Rome and the temporal power of the Popes fell. "Il tempo è galantuomo"; and time, not policy, has been the great conciliator between the Italian government and the Vatican, as Ruggiero Bonghi foresaw must be the case.

For all practical purposes the *status quo* between the civil and the ecclesiastical power possesses advantages which each is well aware that it could ill afford to dispense with. In the mind of the educated Italian citizen, Ultramontanism and anti-clericalism are terms which have lost their former significance. Civil dissensions there are, and must always be, in any nation which embraces provinces differing so widely in customs, dialects, and characteristics as do those of Italy. But, as Signor Bonghi aptly declares, "the Italian citizen is convinced that it is his duty and his pleasure to exist within a state"; and the determination of the vast majority is that the form of government of that state should be constitutional monarchy.

The limited space at our disposal

¹ The Law of Guarantees (1871) secured the Pope in the enjoyment of the rights and prerogatives of sovereignty, gave him free use of the Vatican and Lateran palaces, with special postal privileges and a large annual dotation, and

obliges us strictly to confine ourselves to discussing the political and social attitude of Pope Leo XIII towards the kingdom of Italy; and the reverse side of the picture can be but briefly touched upon in these pages. If any proof were wanting of the strict and honorable adherence of the Italian state and people to the obligations towards the Vatican undertaken by Italy in accordance with the Law of Guarantees,¹ the recent events which have occurred in Rome should supply it. The attitude of the government and of the Roman populace during the period immediately preceding and following the death of Leo XIII have commanded admiration and respect from the whole world. In the eyes of United Italy it was the head of Christendom who was lying on his death-bed, whose sovereign prerogatives she had undertaken to safeguard and protect, not the enemy within her gates who, during his long pontificate, had never ceased to attempt to weaken and humiliate her. And yet, three years previously, when the King of Italy fell at the hands of an assassin and the country was plunged into mourning, no word of sympathy was spoken by Leo XIII; no message of consolation came from the Vatican. Instead of an expression of Christian charity, or even of condemnation of the savage crime, there appeared the famous, or, we should rather say, infamous *communiqué* in the official column of the Vatican organ, "L'Osservatore Romano," and the heartless affront to the widowed Queen prohibiting any use of the prayer she had composed in the first hours of her sorrow—a prayer which had already received the official approbation of one of the most

guaranteed to him freedom in the exercise of his spiritual ministry, surrendering the right of nominating bishops. (See Bolton King, "History of Italian Unity," II, 380-81.)

saintly bishops of the Roman Church. We may turn, however, from such petty, though none the less significant, examples of the late Pope's sentiments towards Italy and the House of Savoy to his political action with regard to the Italian kingdom both within and beyond its frontiers.

From the very commencement of his pontificate, Leo XIII permitted no doubt to exist as to the attitude he intended to assume towards the Italian government. He never ceased to denounce that government as usurpatory; and each successive scheme for reconciliation between Church and State in Italy proceeding from liberal-minded ecclesiastics such as Fathers Tosti and Curci, Monsignor Bonomelli, the Bishop of Cremona, and others, was inexorably condemned by him. The famous formula of his predecessor, Pius IX, "*nè eletti, nè elettori*," which made it impossible for an Italian subject to be at the same time a useful citizen and a good Catholic from the Vatican's point of view, was upheld and emphasized by Pope Leo XIII. A letter addressed by him to Cardinal Nina, who was appointed Secretary of State immediately after the papal coronation, was practically a declaration of irreconcilable hostility towards United Italy, although couched in less violent language than that which had characterized similar utterances on the part of Pius IX. The party within the Church which had hailed the election of the Bishop of Perugia to the papal throne as that of a harbinger of internal peace and of conciliation with the monarchy, to the lasting advantage of both Church and State, was speedily reduced to silence by the first encyclical of the new pontiff, published on the Easter day following his enthronement. Moderate Italians of all shades of political opinion, who, Catholic at heart, yet dreamed of the realization of Cavour's "*libera chiesa in libero*

stato," found themselves face to face with an antagonist less noisy, perhaps, than Pius IX, but certainly not less uncompromising.

Every liberal measure for which Italy had been striving for thirty years before the election of Leo XIII to the papal throne was in turn condemned by the pontiff whom it has been the fashion to regard as conciliatory and liberal-minded in his policy; every theory considered by modern society to be beneficial to its progress and development was combated and denounced by him as contrary to the divine will. Liberty of worship, of thought, of education; freedom of the Press; the right of the people to elect their representatives in a national parliament—all these things were in their turn the object of condemnation.

Of all the hostile measures adopted by the late Pope against the Italian state, we believe that the only one which has had any directly injurious effect was the renewal and continuance of the prohibition of Catholics from voting at political elections. At the present moment the public mind in Italy is not a little exercised as to the possibilities of the "*Non Expedit*" being, if not altogether withdrawn, at least greatly modified. It is generally, and probably not untruly, believed that the action of the Vatican in forbidding Catholics to vote at Parliamentary elections was prompted by the desire to render impossible any assembly which should be completely representative of national political feeling, and thereby to create a position of ever-increasing embarrassment for each succeeding government, to whatever party this government might belong. We have no hesitation in saying that such was the primary aim of Pius IX and his advisers, who placed little credence in the observation of King Victor Emmanuel on entering Rome—"ci siamo, e ci resteremo." By degrees,

however an attitude assumed, it may reasonably be suspected, as a tentative measure, has become a very serious factor in the social life of the Italian state, and one which must occupy the attention of every thoughtful Italian, with whatever political or religious party his sympathies may be. We would suggest, moreover, that, indirectly, the position created by the continuance of the "Non Expedit" policy of the Vatican must compel the attention of political and social thinkers outside Italy, inasmuch as the days when Italy was merely a geographical expression are long gone by.

We have said that the "Non Expedit" was primarily intended to create difficulties and embarrassments for the Italian government. The gradual but sure consolidation of the new order of things in Italy, however, assuredly did not escape the observation of the acute successor to Pius IX; and, in the meantime, the natural march of events has widened the aspirations of clericalism, formerly only bent upon bringing about a return to the *status quo ante*—an illusion now shared by none save fanatics in Italy, and, strange to say, by certain influential members of the Roman Catholic communion in this country. The clerical party in Italy has gained not less, and probably more, from thirty years of settled and united government than its nominal opponents. It numbers in its ranks a considerable proportion both of the aristocracy and the upper *bourgeoisie*—men, in fact, who are as much interested as their anti-clerical neighbors in preventing any revolutionary programme from being brought into practical operation. It can scarcely be denied that were the official programme of the clerical party to be carried into effect in Italy nothing short of a revolution could be the result. As a matter of fact, that party may be said to live on the government which, on paper, it regards as the crea-

ture of free-thought, freemasonry, and all the freedoms dreaded by priests from the beginning of time. The sons of families belonging to the middle classes, and often the fathers themselves of those families, are, as a rule, employés in one capacity or another of the state, and depend upon the government for their daily bread.

It is unnecessary to advert to the attempts made at different times by the Italian government to find some mode of compromise with the Vatican without surrendering those rights which the will of the vast majority of the nation had confided to its care by the plebiscite of 1870. The proposed cession of the so-called Leonine city to the civil jurisdiction of the Pope, together with a strip of territory reaching to the sea-coast, has never, we believe, owing to the obvious difficulties and inconveniences its adoption would entail upon both governments, been seriously considered by either party. The clerical party, indeed, maintains an ambiguous reserve as to what terms would be accepted by the Vatican; and in that reserve lies much of its strength. It may be described as an unknown quantity remaining outside the active political orbit, the effects of whose sudden entry into the political life of the country could not be gauged with any accuracy.

It is obvious that, were the "Non Expedit" to be withdrawn, a clerical group would immediately be added to the number of those which have already done much to weaken each successive ministry, and have by no means contributed to the dignity of the Italian Chamber or to its popularity with the country. The means at the disposal of such a group, and, if we are to judge from the methods pursued by the clerical elements in other continental parliaments, the tactics it would probably pursue, would speedily raise it to be an important factor at Monte-

clitorio. It is scarcely conceivable that such a group should exist within the Italian Parliament and yet pretend to ignore the periodical denunciations on the part of the Pope of Italian institutions, and the claims of the papacy to a temporal jurisdiction which could not be satisfied without causing revolution and civil war, not in Rome alone, but throughout the Italian peninsula and Sicily. Any clerical group sent to Montecitorio by a clerical vote must infallibly become a revolutionary party—unless, indeed, the Vatican were to withdraw all claims to temporal jurisdiction over Rome; and such a party could not fail to be a source of embarrassment, not only to the Vatican, but also to itself.

It has often been pointed out that Leo XIII was guilty of inconsistency when he ordered the French Catholics to support the Republic as long as that form of government should be accepted by France; and his attitude towards the Italian monarchy has been quoted as a proof of this inconsistency. It is apt to be forgotten, however, that Leo XIII demanded of the French Catholics that they should support the civil power, whatever temporary form that power might, by the will of the majority, assume; and that they were urged to distinguish between the constitutional form of government and the leaders and parties by which that government was carried on. They were directed to be loyal to the constitution; but at the same time they were ordered so to unite and consolidate their political vote that it should be in their power to bring into office only men who should govern in accordance with Catholic spirit and tradition. That Pope Leo XIII maintained and upheld the "Non Expedit" in Italy, is, in our opinion, a proof of his political consistency. Had he withdrawn it he would have stultified his political action both in France and in Germany by creating

a revolutionary party within a Catholic state; he would have alienated from the clerical party in Italy the sympathies of a large proportion of its tacit supporters, the security of whose temporal affairs depends upon the internal peace and settled government of the country, and he would, moreover, have increased the dreaded influence of the Socialists by still further weakening the hands of the great constitutional parties in the Italian Parliament.

It is premature to attempt to foretell what may be the attitude adopted by Pope Pius X towards this complicated question. It was regarded by his immediate predecessor from a purely political point of view. It is possible that the present pontiff may look at it in a less mundane way, and in one more befitting his position as spiritual pastor of his Italian flock. We confess, however, that we are unable to believe that either Pius X or any succeeding Pope will find himself able finally to renounce all pretensions to temporal sovereignty while the conditions of society remain in their present state. A withdrawal of the "Non Expedit" in Italy would, in the opinion of many Italians belonging both to clerical and constitutional parties, with whom we have had the privilege of discussing the subject, be a grave political and social blunder, unless accompanied by a renunciation on the part of the Church of claims which it has taken long centuries to consolidate, and the abandonment of which can only be accomplished by the slow and sure progress of future years.

There is, however, as we have already hinted, another aspect to this question. While the political situation created by the forced abstention from the polls of all Italians possessing the franchise who place their theoretical duty to the Church before their practical duty to their country is of decided

advantage to the Vatican, the Italian government is, as Signor Bonghi affirms in his article from which we have already quoted, in too secure and logical a position to make its official recognition or non-recognition by the Vatican a matter of any great moment. Both Vatican and Quirinal, therefore, are not unwilling to allow matters to remain as they are. Notwithstanding the diatribes appearing in the journals of the respective governments, a mutual understanding exists on all matters of practical importance; and the communication between them is far more constant and, we may add, more amicable than is generally supposed to be the case.

We have yet, however, to consider the effect of ecclesiastical prohibition of Catholics from voting at the political elections on the nation at large; and it is to the Italian people we must look, and not to the rival governments seated in Rome, in order to realize the cynical indifference of Vaticanism towards any other consideration than political expediency. It was this motive that prompted the late Pope Leo XIII deliberately to refuse to some millions of Italian Catholics the right of voting at parliamentary elections. A new generation has been born and arrived at manhood during his long pontificate—a generation which, we may observe, is not anti-clerical, or anti-Christian, but frankly and good-humoredly indifferent to any form of dogmatic religion; and therefore, *per contra*, to any form of anti-clericalism or atheism. It can scarcely have escaped the observation of the Vatican that this spirit of indifference is rapidly spreading, even among the least educated classes in Italy; nor that in Italy, as in other continental countries, Catholicism as a spiritual force, is steadily losing its hold upon the masses.

There can be little doubt that, had the action of the Vatican not tend-

ed deliberately to exclude all Catholic influence from the parliamentary electorate, much of the indifferentism, so remarkable to any foreign observer who enjoys opportunities of being brought into contact with the middle and lower Italian classes, would not exist.

Pope Leo XIII has taught the modern Italian that, if he would be considered a "good" Catholic in the eyes of the Church, he must take no part in the forming of his country's future; and it may reasonably be supposed that, in reaffirming and maintaining the prohibition issued by Pius IX, he must have chosen to sacrifice the spiritual needs of his Italian children rather than weaken the political position secured to the Vatican by the "Non Expedit." It was frequently stated in the columns of clerical newspapers and reviews during the lifetime of the late Pope that he was only waiting for a favorable moment to withdraw the "Non Expedit," and to throw the whole weight of the Catholic vote into the arena of Italian politics. We imagine, however, that Leo XIII and his advisers were perfectly well aware that, beyond the introduction into the Italian Chamber of an unruly and possibly compromising group, little would be gained by such a step; while much might be lost by revealing to the world that the indifferentism to which we have alluded had considerably diminished the pretended strength of Catholicism as a political influence in the country.

There is, moreover, a financial side to the question which must not be lost sight of. The important part played by finance in the late pontificate will probably never be known save to a very few. It is, however, we believe, an open secret that intense dissatisfaction exists in certain official quarters with the whole financial condition of the Vatican, and with the way in

which vast sums have been squandered during recent years in unprofitable speculations, and in advancing capital to impoverished Roman nobles belonging to the Vatican party on securities possessing little value beyond that of the paper upon which they were inscribed. The difficulty, or rather the impossibility, of obtaining any trustworthy information as to the financial system pursued by the administrators of the papal treasury has been the subject of protest on the part of more than one prominent cardinal not belonging to the Curia. The heavy losses for which Monsignor Folchi was made the scapegoat some years ago, and the more recent disappearance of a large sum of money from safes in the papal apartment of which the Pope himself was said to keep the keys, created a feeling of distrust which has by no means subsided. It is evident that where princes of the Church are unable to obtain satisfactory information, the outside world can have little facility for forming anything but untrustworthy surmises. We believe, however, that Leo XIII was his own Chancellor of the Exchequer; and his severity towards Monsignor Folchi was considered by many of those in a position to judge, to be another instance of his readiness to allow others to suffer for his own mistakes.

It must be remembered that the legend of the "Prisoner of the Vatican" has been of great pecuniary value. Since the early Middle Ages no pontificate has witnessed so perpetual a flow of pilgrims bearing gifts in money and kind to the Vicar of Christ as that which has just closed. Nor can we wonder, in view of the grotesque misrepresentations of the position of the sovereign pontiff which perpetually appear in clerical journals, and which form the subject of moving discourses from the pulpits in country districts and in the poorer quarters of great

towns, that this should be the case. As the withdrawal of the "Non Expedit" would of necessity signify recognition on the part of the Vatican of the Italian constitution and of the national Parliament seated in the Italian capital, it is not easy to understand how the fiction of persecution and lack of independence could logically be maintained by the clerical party, should its numbers be allowed to go to the polls.

There can be little doubt that Pope Leo XIII, like many a lesser man, was keenly alive to the advantages accompanying the possession of money. If we are to believe those who were personally acquainted with its members, the generation of the Pecci family, of which Gioacchino Pecci was the last survivor, was not conspicuous for its liberality; and several instances might be recounted to show that Leo XIII was by no means addicted to acts of generosity, even towards those who might reasonably be supposed to have some claims upon his purse. There are many who believe Leo XIII to have been more influenced by pecuniary considerations, both in his French and in his Italian policy, than is generally supposed; and there can be no doubt that, while in France his policy chiefly aimed at cajoling the government into tolerating the political and commercial abuses practised by certain of the so-called religious congregations in return for Catholic support of the Republic, in Italy his ceaseless opposition to any open conciliation with the monarchy was not a little prompted by the consciousness that conciliation must infallibly lead to a grave diminution, if not a total cessation, of the contributions from all parts of the world in aid of the persecuted and imprisoned head of the Church.

We are not aware that there is anything in the political relations of the late Pope with the United Kingdom

calling for special attention in these pages, except his action in Ireland, and his decision, most unfortunately wrung from him against his better judgment, as to the validity of orders in the Anglican Church.

Towards Irish disaffection Leo XIII may be said to have assumed an attitude diametrically opposed to that which he displayed towards the Slav national movement in Austria-Hungary. His letters to the Irish bishops, at a period when matters in Ireland were drifting into a position in which serious collision with the government seemed to be inevitable, contained earnest exhortations to respect for, and co-operation with, the British authorities, and reiterated the firm belief of the writer in British equity and generosity. When these measures failed, Leo XIII despatched the late Cardinal, at that time Monsignore, Persico to Ireland, with instructions to examine the political and social situation and to report directly to the Pope the result of his examination.

Cardinal Persico's mission, as he often subsequently informed us, was a task by no means easy of fulfilment. The result of his report on the Irish Nationalist organizations was an unequivocal condemnation of the methods of violence and sedition by which those organizations sought at that period to attain their ends; and, as is well known, the Pope's disapproval and recommendations were alike received in a spirit anything but submissive or obedient by the agitators, both clerical and lay. It may be observed that there was no ground for a political *arrière pensée* in the mind of Leo XIII to influence his action in Ireland, such as those which undoubtedly influenced his policy towards the disaffected races in the Austrian Empire. The goodwill of the British government towards Catholicism might be acquired without risk of interfering with the

political aims of Vaticanism; and the Pope cherished hopes that official diplomatic relations with England might spring from this action.

Into the question of the papal decision as to the validity of Anglican orders, it hardly comes within the scope of this review to enter. We have been assured on very high authority that Pope Leo XIII was from the first disinclined to reopen the controversy on the subject, and still more so to pronounce a definite opinion upon a question which, though brought to his notice by the representatives of a party within the Anglican Church, had not been raised by any official or authoritative section of that communion. We have been further assured that Leo XIII was personally of the same favorable opinion as to the probable validity of the orders of the English Church as was held by one of the most learned and unprejudiced members of the commission appointed by him to inquire into the subject. Other counsels, however, prevailed in the end. The late Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster once more afforded a proof of his complete ignorance as to the character and sentiments of the vast majority of his compatriots by using all his influence to secure a decision of invalidity, under the impression that a general secession of beneficed clergy from the English Church would be the immediate result. The story of this fiasco is of too recent a date to need repetition here; but it must be confessed that seldom in the course of its history has the Vatican been misled into making so false a step as when it took official cognizance of a request emanating from an unofficial body of Anglican Churchmen. But, as we have already pointed out, Cardinal Vaughan and the English Roman Catholic bishops were alone responsible for this egregious blunder, which practically had no other result than to demon-

strate in an unmistakable manner the profound indifference of the immense majority of the English clergy and laity to the opinions of the Vatican on such subjects.

There are many other points in the world-embracing activity of Pope Leo XIII upon which inevitable restrictions of space forbid us to touch; and upon some of these, such as his attitude towards the so-called Americanism in the Catholic Church in the United States, we refrain from commenting, inasmuch as they belong to the spiritual rather than to the purely political category of his pontifical actions. Whether the ceaseless energy displayed by the late Pope in the field of European politics has been productive of any lasting benefit to the great spiritual body of which he was the head, or whether he has only succeeded in temporarily increasing the strength and influence of a political clericalism which has little enough of the spirit of Christ in its constitution, time alone can show. If we are to judge by the universal satisfaction expressed at the election of Cardinal Sarto to be his successor, we must conclude that the world was weary of the constant interference of the Vatican in its political affairs, and that the policy of Leo XIII was not regarded as successful even in professedly Catholic countries.

Before concluding our review of the remarkable pontificate of Pope Leo XIII, we would briefly glance at the heritage which he has left to his successor in St. Peter's chair.

In Italy the official situation between Church and State remains the same as it was in 1878, when Cardinal Pecci ascended the papal throne; nor is it likely that it will be modified to any material extent by Pope Pius X. Austria, by her action in the recent Conclave, has manifested in no ambiguous way her dissatisfaction with the policy

adopted by the late Pope within her dominions, and her fear lest it should be continued by his successor. It may be considered as unlikely that the anxiety recently displayed by the Emperor William to propitiate the Holy See has for its ultimate object any other than that which must be apparent to all who are conversant with the relative positions of the political parties in the Reichstag, and the necessities in which his Majesty finds himself placed with regard to them. That these necessities might at any time disappear, and the aspect of affairs change within the German Empire, is probably as well understood in the Vatican as it is in Berlin. In France Pius X has a tangled skein to unravel; and in Belgium the *volte-face* of Leo XIII from Socialism has lost to the Vatican much of its former influence. In Russia diplomatic relations with the Holy See were resumed during the latter years of the late pontificate at a sacrifice of local Roman Catholic interests which a Pope who is regarded as a pastor rather than as a politician might well hesitate to increase.

Pope Leo XIII has left the papacy officially at peace with every country save Italy; but it may be doubted whether this peace be durable. A large number of thinking Catholics of every nation have regarded with not a little uneasiness the materialization, if such a term be permissible, of Roman Catholicism under his guiding influence. The organization of a militant party and a militant press in every state, ever ready to take advantage of the internal and external embarrassments of that state in order to further the political and social aims of Vaticanism, cannot be said to be favorable to the peace and welfare of any country in which it prosecutes its labors. It is but necessary to glance at the internal conditions of France, of Germany, of Austria-Hungary, of Italy, in

order to learn an object-lesson from the action of a political party carrying on its campaign in the name of Catholicism. It is but necessary to subscribe to certain clerical journals widely circulated in those countries, in order to realize to what extent superstition has been employed as the handmaid to political and social agitation during the pontificate of Leo XIII. As we observed in the first portion of this review, the late Pope was acute enough indirectly to utilize some of the very elements of unrest in modern society which he condemned alike on religious and on social grounds. The liberty and license of the Press, to take but one example, formed the subject on more than one occasion of his denunciation; and yet no occupant of St. Peter's chair ever relied so much on the public Press as Leo XIII; nor, without his encouragement and support, more or less directly accorded, could politico-clerical journalism have attained such proportions or commanded such influence as has been the case in the last twenty-five years.

The vote of the Sacred College has fallen upon a cardinal who, to quote the expression of the eminent Italian writer on the position of the Vatican, Signore de Cesare, may be regarded in some sense as a possible "Papa di ripiego." That the Patriarch of Venice was chosen to be the successor to Leo XIII may reasonably be taken to denote that the personal influence of the late pontiff, admiration for his intellectual activity, and veneration for his age and character were insufficient to stifle, even in the Sacred College itself, a growing distrust of his political restlessness, or to allay fears lest the keys of St. Peter might again be delivered into the hands of a pope who should be more politician than pastor.

We do not believe the protest on the part of Austria against the possible election of Cardinal Rampolla to have

carried the weight with the Conclave which has been ascribed to it in some quarters. It must be remembered that the veto, or, as it is more officially termed, the *esclusiva*, was denounced both by Gregory XVI and by Pius IX as an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the Sacred College in exercising its highest and most responsible privilege; and that, moreover, any plausible motive for thus turning into a political farce the solemn pretensions of a Conclave was swept away when the power of electing a candidate to the papal throne was taken out of the hands of the Roman clergy and populace and confided solely to the Cardinalate. There can be little doubt that the Sacred College would not to-day tolerate the formal insistence, on the part of any of the three Powers which once exercised the right of veto, to revive a practice so derogatory to its dignity and supernatural claims. At the same time, it is more than probable that Cardinal Puzyna's inspired observation, at the moment when the voting of the Conclave appeared to be tending in favor of the minister who was generally regarded as responsible for much of the dead Pope's foreign policy, must have deepened the already strong conviction of the dangers which might result should that policy be continued.

We have seen it stated that Pope Pius X will be a "liberal" pope. Similar statements, we need hardly remind our readers, were also made concerning Pius IX and Leo XIII; and it is scarcely necessary to point out that such a combination is, and must be, impossible. It is conceivable, and even likely, that laments over the loss of territorial sovereignty and misleading assertions as to the position of the Holy See will be heard less frequently from Pius X than from his immediate predecessor. His present Holiness preserved a significant silence on the sub-

ject when replying to a telegram of congratulation recently sent to him by the German Catholic Congress, in which hopes were expressed that the temporal power might be restored to him. Pope Pius X may feel that silence on this question, while implying no consent towards the new order of things, is preferable to, and more dignified than, violent statements which are both untrue and illogical. But it must not be forgotten that, as Bishop of Mantua and as Patriarch of Venice, the present Pope showed, both in his pastorals and in his episcopal action, a sacerdotal intolerance of liberty of thought and conscience scarcely compatible with conciliatory or liberal tendencies. The "liberal" Catholic movement has been denounced by him in terms as unmeasured as any employed by Pope Leo XIII.

The first encyclicals of Pius X will be awaited with curiosity and anxiety by all those who have realized that in the last twenty-five years the influence of the Vatican has become a factor in European politics which cannot be ignored. The world at large may be in-

The Quarterly Review.

different as to whether the successor to Leo XIII prove himself to be reactionary or liberal in his attitude towards the struggle for spiritual and intellectual freedom which, notwithstanding all assertions to the contrary, is being carried on as keenly, though perhaps less openly, in the Roman communion as in other Christian bodies. Those, however, who have followed with any attention European social and political history during the last two decades will be deeply interested in observing the uses to which Pope Pius X will put the political legacy left him by his predecessor. There are many who believe that, at perhaps no very distant period, the militant clerical elements which Leo XIII succeeded in welding into a weapon for the defence of the material needs of the Church will be found to be weakening its spiritual influence, and to be a source of future danger and embarrassment in the fight waged by Roman Catholicism for supremacy over the mind and the conscience of mankind.

STUDIES IN LITERARY PSYCHOLOGY: THE SYNTAX OF DE QUINCEY.

It was in examining the writings of De Quincey, with no other view originally than the improvement of my own English, that I first came across certain facts which led me to the notion that there may be some necessary connection between the structure of a man's sentences and his more human characteristics, and that style, in so far as it is individual, is but a kind of gesture or gait, revealing, with the

faithfulness of an unconscious habit, the essential peculiarities of the writer's temperament and modes of life.

This notion came home to me only gradually; so that these notes, which end as a page of literary psychology, begin, in all simplicity of heart, as an exercise in syntax and rhetoric. I shall leave them as they came, jotted down in the course of reading; for whatever truth there is in them will in

this manner appear in its own plain way, not yet arranged to suit any theory.

The first thing that struck me during this analysis of De Quincey, was that there was something very individual, something decidedly queer, in his management of verbs. I began accordingly to count the verbs in his writings, adding to them adverbs and active participles, as against the nouns and adjectives; and, when I found a great preponderance of the latter kind, I did the like by two writers as dissimilar as possible from De Quincey—namely, De Foe and Stevenson, with the exactly opposite result. It seemed to me now that I had got two categories of style—the one in which the chief part was given to action, as in De Foe and Stevenson; and the other in which, so to speak, *mere being*, mere quality, was to the fore; and looking round, it seemed to me that style might be roughly divided into these two categories, with a third added, containing writers, like Landor, in whom the elements of verb and of noun are very equally represented. But having established this, I continued to work at De Quincey, and found that there were other and more subtle, or more important, peculiarities connected, apparently, with this one, and of these further peculiarities the following notes contain an analysis. The following is one of the finest passages in the *Opium Eater*, and, I should venture to add, in the whole of English prose:—

Let it suffice, at least on this occasion, to say, that a few fragments of bread from the breakfast-table of one individual (who supposed me to be ill, but did not know of my being in utter want), and these at uncertain intervals, constituted my whole support. During the former part of my sufferings in . . . I was homeless, and very seldom slept under a roof. To this constant exposure to the open air I ascribe it mainly that I did not sink

under my torments. Latterly, however, when colder and more inclement weather came on, and when, from the length of my sufferings, I had begun to sink into a more languishing condition, it was, no doubt, fortunate for me that the same person to whose breakfast-table I had access allowed me to sleep in a large unoccupied house, of which he was the tenant. Unoccupied, I call it, for there was no household or establishment in it; nor any furniture, except a table and a few chairs. But I found, on taking possession of my new quarters, that the house already contained one single inmate, a poor friendless child, apparently ten years old; but she seemed hunger-bitten, and sufferings of that sort often make children look older than they are. From this lorn child I learned that she had slept and lived there alone for some time before I came; and great was the joy the poor creature expressed when she found that I was, in future, to be her companion through the hours of darkness. The house was large; and, from the want of furniture, the noise of the rats made a prodigious echoing on the spacious staircase and hall; and amidst the real fleshly ills of cold, and, I fear, hunger, the forsaken child had found leisure to suffer still more (it appeared) from the self-created one of ghosts. I promised her protection against all ghosts whatsoever; but alas, I could offer her no other assistance. We lay upon the floor, with a bundle of cursed law papers for a pillow, but with no other covering than a sort of large horseman's cloak; afterwards, however, we discovered, in a garret, an old sofa-cover, a small piece of rug, and some fragments of other articles, which added a little to our warmth. The poor child crept close to me for warmth, and for security against her ghostly enemies. When I was not more than usually ill, I took her into my arms, so that, in general, she was tolerably warm, and often slept when I could not; for during the last two months of my sufferings, I slept much in daytime, etc.

In this page I have counted, of verbs.

adverbs and active participles, about fifty, as against a hundred and fifty nouns, pronouns, adjectives and adjectival participles. But the difference in quality is far greater than that of mere quantity. The verbs are for the most part verbs of existence or of mere explanation, and many are in reality only fragments of adjectival sentences, which, in other languages, might perhaps have been replaced by actual adjectives. Whatever they are—"was," "ascribe," "begun," "call it" (in the sense of naming), "found," "learned," etc., etc.—they serve only to bind the nouns and adjectives into logical sentences, but do not bring much sense of action into the passage. Most of them, moreover, might be replaced by equally indeterminate words without altering the total effect. Look on the contrary at this list of nouns and adjectives:—"Ill," "utter want," "uncertain interval," "whole support," "sufferings," "two months," "houseless," "London," "roof," "constant exposure," "colder and more inclement weather," "length of sufferings," "languishing condition," "fortunate person," "breakfast table," "large unoccupied house," "tenant," "household or establishment," "furniture," "table," "few chairs," "house," "single inmate," "poor friendless child," "ten years old," "hunger bitten," "sufferings," "children," "older," "child," "great joy," "poor creature," "house of darkness," "house," "large," "want of furniture," "rats," "noise," "staircase," "hall," "prodigious echoing," "spacious," "cold," "hunger," "forsaken child," "leisure," "ghosts," "protection," "floor," "bundle," "cursed law," "papers," "pillow," "covering," "horseman's cloak," "sofa-cover," "rug," "fragments," "articles," "warmth," "security," "ghostly enemies," "usually ill," "warmth."

Was ever such a catalogue of suggestions of gloom, terror and misery? The very reiteration, towards the end, of

the word "warmth," after the string of words like "unoccupied house," "ghosts," "floor," "bundle," "horseman's cloak," "fragments," is of the strangest negative effect, even without the sequel or accompaniment of "security," "ghostly enemies," "ill," "hunger," "sufferings." What a study in black and wretchedness, as Whistler would have put it!

But verbs are not merely unimportant in De Quincey; they are also mismanaged, for the indifference to action becomes positive incapacity. Look at this passage from the *Opium Eater*:—

Whatever is to become of poor Piranesi, you suppose, at least, that his labors must in some way terminate here. But raise your eyes, and behold a second flight of steps still higher, on which again Piranesi is perceived, but this time standing on the very brink of the abyss. Again elevate your eye, and a still more aerial flight of stairs is beheld; and again is poor Piranesi busy on his aspiring labors; and so on until the unfinished stairs and Piranesi both are lost in the upper gloom of the hall.

All through this passage there is confusion between the active verb and the passive, the two forms alternating quite without reason or connection. Now, as it happens, this accidentally coincides with the matter in hand, and heightens the impression of the whole thing being an opium-dream, almost a nightmare. But take a passage containing merely ordinary statements, and note the effect of this peculiarity—I should almost have said, this characteristic infirmity—of De Quincey's (*Opium Eater*.)

I replied that, as to the allegation of his enemies, as it seemed to be established upon such reputable testimony, seeing that the three parties concerned all agree in it, it did not become me to question it; but the defense set up I must demur to. He proceeded to discuss the matter, and to lay down his reasons;

but it seemed to me so impolitic to *pursue* an argument which *must* have presumed a man *mistaken* in a point belonging to his own profession, that I did not press him even when his course of argument *seemed* open to objection; not to *mention* that a man who *talks* nonsense, even though "with no view to profit," is not altogether the most agreeable partner in a dispute, whether as opponent or respondent. I *confess*, however, etc.

Here are twenty-eight verbs. Ask yourself what corresponding impression of movement, activity, they leave in you? But of these twenty-eight some are auxiliaries, employed as portions, often merely qualifying, of ideas. Ten are not merely of Latin origin, but distinctly abstract, savoring of law courts or metaphysics—"reply," "establish," "concern," "agree," "question," "demur," "proceed," "discuss," "presume," "press," "mention." With this spurious quality of the words denoting movement go certain other peculiarities of the passage. Let us examine its structure. To begin with, one half of the matter is presented for the first time in the form of a parenthesis, or at least in a very parenthetical form—"as to the allegation of his enemies," etc., the second half making its appearance also in a somewhat similar, indirect, referential, shambling sort of way, "as it seemed to be established," etc. After this we have a real parenthesis, and no doubt of it. "Seeing that, etc. . . . agree in it." This parenthesis contains, moreover, two involutions, or what seem involutions, "agree in," and (by elision) "concerned." Closing the parenthesis we get the other half of the subject, "it did not become me to question it," presented negatively and itself a negation (to *question*). Tacked on, like an afterthought, comes the third main item, again presented negatively, "but the defence set up [De Quincey sets up

the defence before having made his attack] I must demur to." Remark that the chief verb comes so late that we are kept in suspense as to which it may be; it might have been "agree with," and so on.

On re-reading this sentence, the suspicion arises that it may be a joke, and intended as a caricature of polite discussion. But if this be the case (which nothing else leads one to suppose), it is merely the caricature, by De Quincey, of De Quincey's own style.

Let us take instead the last paragraph of *Levana*:—

Lo! here is he, whom in childhood I dedicated to my altars. This is he that once I made my darling. Him I led astray, him I beguiled, and from heaven I stole away his young heart to mine. Through me did he become idolatrous; and through me it was, by languishing desires, that he worshipped the worm, and prayed to the wormy grave. Holy was the grave to him; lovely was its darkness; saintly its corruption. Him, this young idolator, I have seasoned for thee, dear gentle sister of Sighs! Do thou take him now to *thy* heart, and season him for our dreadful sister. And thou—turning to the *Mater Tenebrarum*, she said—"Wicked sister, that tempest and hatest, do thou take him from *her*. See that thy sceptre lie heavy on his head. Suffer not woman and her tenderness to sit near him in his darkness. Banish the frailties of hope, wither the relenting of love, scorch the fountain of tears, curse him as only thou canst curse. So shall he be accomplished in the furnace, so shall he see the things that ought not to be seen, sights that are abominable and secrets that are unutterable. So shall he read elder truths, sad truths, grand truths, fearful truths. So shall he rise again *before* he dies, and so shall our commission be accomplished which from God we had—to plague his heart until we had unfolded the capacities of his spirit.

A certain heavy jerkiness, very characteristic of De Quincey, seems in this

sentence to depend upon the needless reiteration of pronouns; and at the same time, the alternation, equally avoidable, of their cases, thus:—"Him," "him," "his," "he," "whom," "he," "him," "him," "his," "he," "he," "him," "him," "him," and "I," "my," "I," "my," "I," "I," "I," "mine," "me," "me," "I," "thee," "thou," "my," etc. In ten lines we are given twenty-six pronouns, without counting two *ours*. And the fine movement of this passage seems to begin when this crowd of pronouns, with their wearisome fluctuations, at last comes to an end: "Banish the frailties of hope," etc.

The lack of movement, the nervelessness of De Quincey's style is here manifest, not merely in that abuse of pronouns, and in the incapacity for dealing with the litter of small words—"to," "until," etc.—in the redundancy of auxiliaries, but very especially in this particular lazy and restless shifting which turns the same noun now into a nominative, now into an accusative, instead of keeping a steady course all through. One seems to feel the infirmity of will of the opium eater. In a still finer passage, the same indecision (bringing with it extreme parentheticalness and marring all rhythm and cadence) is shown in a perpetual changing about from the active to the passive form, and *vice-versâ*.

She it was that stood in Bethleh m on the night when Herod's sword swept the nurseries of innocents, and the little feet were stiffened for ever, which, heard at times as they tottered along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in Heaven.

Note in this sentence the mismanagement of adverbs and prepositions and articles—"in," "on," "when," "which," "that." Each of these produces a change in our sense of place, time, or person, a new adjustment like that of

pulling out a register on an organ; and where there is no real movement in the subject matter, we feel jerked about to no purpose. By this senseless shifting of case, turning from passive to active with reference to the same noun, the sword of Herod seems of a sudden to become the dominant subject of the sentence, while *she* in reality remains such. Then the little feet, first presented as accusative become the nominative of the tottering and the waking of pulses; then, having been the nominative in the active form, they become the accusative in the passive form of the "marking in heaven."

But, in the same way as this incapacity for action turns De Quincey's empty house experiences into what they should be, terrifying dreams, with dreamlike vagueness of *how*, *when* and *why*, and dreamlike vividness of *what*; so also the same peculiarity, with it De Quincey's redundancy and emphasis, unite in making the following into something of matchless grandeur. What a dream of sounds!

A music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation anthem, and which, like that, gave the feeling of a vast march, of infinite cavalcades, filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day, a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse and laboring in some dread extremity somewhere, I knew not where, somehow, I know not how, by some things, I know not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony—was conducting, was evolving like a great drama or piece of music. . . .

This passage belongs to his eulogy of Sir Thomas Browne, and it suggests to me that we shall usually find not merely a key to an author's peculiarities in his criticisms, favorable or the reverse, of others; but that we may probably find that his own work is ex-

cellent or poor according as he is just or absurd in his judgments: efficiency of perception coinciding with efficiency of expression, and *vice-versâ*. Listen to De Quincey in the presence of his far greater predecessor:—

Where—he asks—shall one hope to find music so Miltonic, an intonation of such solemn chords as are struck in the following opening bar of a passage in the *Urn Burial*. "Now, since these bones have rested quietly in the grave, under the drums and trappings of three conquests," etc. What a melodious ascent as of a prelude to some impassioned Requiem breaking from the pomps of earth and from the sanctities of the grave! . . . Time expanded, not by generations or centuries, but by vast periods of conquests and dynasties; by cycles of Pharaohs and Ptolemies, Antiochi and Arsacides! And these vast successions of time distinguished and figured by the uproars which revolve at their inauguration, by the drums and trappings rolling overhead upon the chambers of forgotten dead, the trepidation of time and mortality vexing, at secular intervals, the everlasting Sabbaths of the grave.

Note how De Quincey has developed the "drums and trappings" into a military requiem service, with its processions and its fugues; how he has used Browne's text as a theme for a great symphony of his own.

After this let us turn to De Quincey's eulogy of another of his idols, Burke, and see the alteration in his style, his judgment and his manners! These pages of his *Rhetoric* may be the more instructive that we shall have occasion to examine not only more of De Quincey's own writing, but a passage from Burke which he holds up for our admiration (*Rhetoric*, p. 57).

Fancy in your throats, ye miserable twaddlers! as if Edmund Burke were the man to play with his fancy, for the purpose of separable ornament. He was a man of fancy in no other sense

than as Lord Bacon was so and Jeremy Taylor, and as all large and discursive thinkers are and must be; that is to say, the fancy which he had in common with all mankind, and very probably in no eminent degree, in him was urged into unusual activity under the necessities of his capacious understanding. His great and peculiar distinction was that he viewed all objects of the understanding under more relations than other men, and under more complex relations. According to the multiplicity of those relations, a man is said to have a large understanding, according to their subtilty, a fine one, and in an angelic understanding all things would appear related to all. Now, to apprehend and detect more relations, or to perceive them more steadily, is a process absolutely impossible without the intervention of physical analogy. To say, therefore, that a man is a great thinker, or a fine thinker, is another expression for saying that he has a *schematizing* (or, to put a plainer but less accurate expression, a *figurative*) understanding. In that sense, and for that purpose, Burke is figurative; but understood, as he has been understood by the long eared race of his critics, not as thinking in and by his figures, but as deliberately laying them on by way of enamel or after ornament, not as incarnating, but simply as dressing his thoughts in imagery; so understood, he is not the Burke of reality, but a poor fictitious Burke, modelled after the poverty of conception which belongs to his critics.

There is in this passage a delicate piece of thinking—namely, the account of what one might call the relation-seeing mind; and there is a daring, though perhaps not absolutely justified, connection established between it and the mind which thinks metaphorically. But in what truisms and repetitions is it not wrapped up! Or, rather, how this thought staggers about in irrelevant directions, and among useless provisos and distinctions, impelled (if I may speak like De Quincey) by the fitful wind of the critic's abusiveness! Here

was something which wanted saying in the clearest, most abstract manner; yet how far less clear is it not than the far-fetched and romantically obscure train of thought of the criticism on Sir Thomas Browne. And now, having read De Quincey's encomium upon Burke, let us read the quotation which is intended to bring home to us the organic and inevitable quality of Burke's metaphorical thinking:—

Such are *their* ideas; such *their* religion, and such *their* law. But as to our country, our race, as long as the well-compacted structure of our Church and State, the sanctuary, the holy of holies, of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once and a temple, shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British lion; as long as the British Monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the State, shall, like the proud Keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double bar of its kindred and coeval towers, as long as this awful structure shall oversee and guard the subjected land, so long the mounds and dykes of the low Bedford level will have nothing to fear from the pickaxes of all the levellers of France. As long as our Sovereign Lord the King, and his faithful subjects the Lords and Commons of this realm, the triple cord which no man can break, the solemn guarantees of each other's being and each other's rights, the joint and several securities, each in its place and order for every kind and every quality of property, as long as these endure, so long the Duke of Bedford is safe, and we are all safe together; the high from the blights of envy and the spoliation of rapacity, the low from the iron hand of oppression and the insolent spurn of contempt. Amen! and so be it, and so it will be.

Dum domus Æneae capitolii immobile
saxum
Accolit; imperiumque pater Romanus
habebit.

That is the quotation; and this is what De Quincey has to say about it:—

This was the sounding passage which Burke alleged as the *chef-d'œuvre* of his rhetoric; and the argument upon which he justified his choice is specious if not convincing. He laid it down as a maxim of composition, that every passage in a rhetorical performance which was brought forward prominently, and relied upon as a *key* (to use the language of war) in sustaining the main position of the writer, ought to involve a thought, an image and a sentiment; and such a synthesis he found in the passage which we have quoted.

Now it happens, whatever Burke himself (with parental ill-judgment) may have thought to the contrary, that this passage is a model of the inefficacious—all, save the sudden, "Amen!" and so be it, and so it will be," and the Latin. Far from having an impression of stability, one has a feeling that all the various things in which digging and building come in—"well-compacted structure," "sanctuary," "fortress," "temple," "Keep of Windsor," "towers," "mounds and dykes"—are not sitting still, as such heavy things should, but rambling vaguely all over the place. And this is due to the fact that the mind of the reader, instead of being kept as quiet as the British Constitution, is hunted up and down a series of parentheses, and made, so to speak, to look round the corner of ever so many qualifying sentences. The result being, by the well-known psychological law, that the reader attributes his own mental movement to the buildings. And this is made worse by the unnecessary use of the participle of so lively a verb as "defend"; had he said "guarded," things would have stayed just a trifle quieter. Then there is the equally unnecessary verb to stand (where "to be" would have sufficed); and the negation "inviolate," bringing with it its contrary "violation"; also the active verbs "limit" and "fence," "oversee" and "guard." The Wind-

sor simile is thought of, not thought in. Had Burke actually felt, so to say, in the terms of Windsor and its connected images, he would not have spread out before it (as if it were Eton playground) the Bedford level, as though Windsor Castle and the British Constitution were at hand to point guns together at its invaders. Least of all, had he really seen the towers of Windsor arise as the symbol of British monarchy, would he have been able to think of Bedfordshire from the merely topographical and agricultural point of view, as "low" and "fat"? What on earth could it matter to the monarchy whether the Duke of Bedford's estate was low and fat or high and thin? Further, this same land—increasing thereby the sense of action which is already making the various solid structures to wobble uneasily in our mind—is partially personified by the form, "have nothing to fear." But perhaps the crowning proof of this being a merely elaborately thought out (and as happens in over-elaboration, bungled) piece of rhetoric, the irrefutable mark of rhetorical inefficacy is this meeting together of the pickaxes with the dykes and the mounds. There is a masterpiece of the "happy thought." Note the connection! Levelness of ideas—levelness of soil. Dykes and mounds naturally destructible—what by? Why, by those very levellers and pickaxes! But what the levellers would have made for would have been not the dykes, but Windsor Castle; the levellers of ideas do not destroy ploughed fields, fat or thin; they demolish constitutions, monarchies.

It is quite probable that De Quincey was not only abnormally sensitive to the grandeur, the picturesqueness of the nouns in this passage (allowing them to evoke images in irrelevant fashion—"towers," "keeps," "dykes," "pickaxes," "levels," etc.), but that he did not feel the senseless quality of

the action suggested by the accompanying verbs, simply because verbs had very little significance for him. I have already remarked that this incapacity for duly appreciating action seems allied, in De Quincey at least, with certain other marks of a will-less and indiscriminate mode of being. These other characteristics are diffuseness, redundancy, a tendency to mix, quite irrationally, familiarity with grandiloquence, and finally a total lack of respect for others and of restraint upon his own vituperative faculties.

Here is a passage of which the items are placed so as not to coalesce:—

Again, at a coronation, what can be more displeasing to a philosophic taste than a pretended chastity of ornament, *at war* with the very purpose of a solemnity essentially magnificent. An imbecile friend of ours, in 1825 brought us a sovereign of a new coinage "which"—said he—"I admire, because it is so exquisitely simple." This, he flattered himself, was thinking like a man of taste. But mark how we sent him to the right-about. And that weak-minded friend, etc.

Here we have the long interrogatory passage about the Coronation followed instantly, when the mind is in a state of expectant attention, and crammed with Coronation splendors, by the sudden and at first irrelevant introduction of "an imbecile friend," and his little feeble speech. Then follows De Quincey's criticism of the friend's speech, addressed not to the friend, but to the reader, who is buttonholed by that sudden, "But mark!" We have been shunted three times from "Coronation" to "imbecile friend's point of view," from that to De Quincey's critical *apart* to us. And the "which I admire" of the friend is so placed as to suggest rather the previous sentence than the coin he is actually holding. The natural wording would have been "an imbecile friend," etc., "brought us a sov-

ereign," etc., "saying he admired it because—" But this very simple and direct form contains a concordance of verbs of which De Quincey is usually incapable. Let us look at this passage more in detail, for it is instructive to do so.

The main fault is that of all De Quincey's bad passages, a senseless, flurried changing of point of view. Thus:—"Pretended chastity of ornament," nominative to "philosophic task," dative; then nominative to dative "purpose of a solemnity," which is (by ellipsis) nominative to "magnificent." The next nominative, to our astonishment, is the sudden "imbecile friend," who continues to be nominative of the verb "admire," although the really important noun is now the "sovereign of new coinage." Then "*he*" becomes the second accusative [the reader, having been made the first accusative by the sudden grabbing of him with that "But mark!"]—and then "*we*"—i. e., De Quincey, becomes nominative to the "sending to the right about." As a matter of logic there are two chief nominatives—"elegant simplicity" and "sovereign of a new coinage," but they have got so hustled that we are scarcely aware of them. It is this lack of co-ordination which gives De Quincey's style, for all its real magnificence, a certain vulgarity. We feel, however vaguely, that we are dealing with a man, occasionally subtle and frequently majestic, but unbalanced, ungoverned, without plan, purpose or discrimination, self-important and self-indulgent, and with the restlessness of egotism.

The vulgarity is manifest in a tendency to talk big, and, at the same time, to mix slang with grandiloquence in situations where no humorous effect can be obtained by this proceeding. He seems to describe himself in the phrases, "the very top of the tree among the fine writers" and "Birmingham rhetorician;" and here is a description

in which, unwittingly, he has written himself down, matter and form:—

Undoubtedly he has a turgid style and mouthy grandiloquence (though often the merest bombast); but for polished rhetoric he is singularly unfitted, by inflated habits of thinking, by loitering diffuseness and a dreadful trick of calling names.

How perfectly this applies to De Quincey himself is shown by his beginning his "Essay on Style" with—what would you think?—an attack on

The semi-delirious lords and ladies, sometimes theatrically costumed in caftans and turbans—Lord Byrons, for instance, and Lady Hester Stanhopes—proclaiming to the world that all nations and languages are free to enter their gates, with one sole exception directed against their British compatriots; that is to say, abjuring by sound of trumpet the very land through which they themselves, etc., etc. We all know who they are that have done this thing; we *may* know, if we inquire, how many conceited coxcombs, etc., etc.

And now we may take leave of this strange, ill-balanced mortal, with his incapacity for holding his tongue on irrelevant matters, which is a sign of intellectual weakness; his incapacity for keeping his irrelevant emotions (especially vituperative) to himself, which is a mark of moral vulgarity; and yet with such subtlety of thought, such tragic depth of feeling, and, occasionally, such marvellous power of seeing and saying! For in that self-same "Essay on Style," where Mr. Snagsby and the modern paragraph writer are both forestalled, we come upon this passage:—

The preparation pregnant with the future, the remote correspondence, the questions, as it were, which to a deep musical sense are asked in one passage and answered in another; the iteration and ingemination of a given ef-

fect, moving through subtle variations that sometimes disguise the theme, sometimes fitfully reveal it, sometimes throw it out tumultuously to the blaze of daylight; these and ten thousand forms of self-conflicting musical passion. . . .

The Centemporary Review.

Self-conflicting musical passion! Is it not characteristic of De Quincey that to him music should signify self-contradiction, rather than plan and harmony?

Vernon Lee.

POETS OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE: JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

In Du Bellay the literary Renaissance, French but transfigured by Italy, middle-north of the plains but looking southward to the Mediterranean, came to one soul and concentrated upon it, as the plastic expression of the same influence concentrated in Goujon. Very central in time, half soldier, half priest, all student; traveler and almost adventurer, a pilgrim throughout of the Idea, everything about him is symbolic of the generation he adorned.

In its vigor, at least, the Renaissance was a glorious youth—he, Du Bellay, died at thirty-five. Its leap and soaring were taken from the firm platform of strong scholarship—he was a scholar beyond the rest. It fixed special forms—he the French sonnet. It felt the lives of all things running through it as a young man feels them in the spring woods—he gathered in the cup of his verse, and retains for us the nerve of all that life which is still exultant in the forest beyond his river. His breeding, his high name, his leisured poverty, his passionate friendship, his looking forward always to a new thing, a creation!—all this, was the Renaissance in person.

Moreover, the Renaissance had in France its seat where, between rolling lands whose woods are the walls of gardens, the broad and shallow inland Loire runs from Orleans, past Blois and Tours and Saumur, and Ancenis,

until near Nantes at last it feels the tide: salt and adventures and the barbaric sea. This varied sheltered land of aged vineyards and great wealth has, for the French Renaissance, the one special quality of beginnings and Edens, namely, that it preserves on to a later time the outward evidences of an original perfection. This place, the nest or seed-plot of the new civilization, still shows its castles—Blois, Amboise, Chambord. Here Leonardo passed, Rabelais, Ronsard himself was born. Here the kings of the Change built in their fantastic pride, and founded a France that still endures. It is as truly the soil of the modern thing as are the provinces north of it (the Isle de France, Normandy, Picardy and Champagne), the soil of the earlier mediæval flower, and of the Gothic which they preserve unique to our own time.

Now, of this district, Du Bellay was more than a native; he was part of it; he pined away from it; he regretted, as no other man of the time regretted, his father's land; Anjou and the fields of home. He may be said, with some exaggeration, to have died in the misfortune of his separation from the security and sober tradition of his own walls. That great early experience of his, which I have already written down—his meeting with Ronsard—had come to him not far from his own hill, south of the great river. His name,

unlike Ronsard's, recalled the gentry of that countryside up to and beyond the beginning of its history; alone of the *Pleïade* he translated the valley of the Loire, its depth, its delicacy, its rich and subtle loneliness.

Again, the Renaissance lived in France an inspired and an exalted life, so that there necessarily ran through it a fore-knowledge of sudden ending. This tragedy repeated itself in the career of Du Bellay.

His name was famous. The three Du Bellays, the councillor, the soldier, the great Cardinal, were in the first rank of the early sixteenth century. Rabelais had loved them. Francis I. had leaned upon and rewarded their service. His father (their first-cousin and Governor of Brest) was a poor noble, who, as is the fashion of nobles, had married a wife to consolidate a fortune. This wife, the mother of Joachim, was heiress to the house of Tourmélière in Liré, just by the Loire on the brow that looks northward over the river to the bridge and Ancenis. In this house he was born. On his parents' early death he inherited the place, not to enjoy it, but to wander. An early illness had made him forsake the career of arms for that of the Church; but Orders were hardly so much as a cloak to him: it is difficult to remember, as one reads the few evidences of his life, that he wore the cloth at all: in his verse all trace of it is entirely absent. He lived still in that lineage which the reform had not touched. The passionate defence of the Catholic Faith, the Assault converging on through Europe, the raising of the Siege, the Triumph, that developed, at last, on the political side of the League, and on the literary the final rigidity of Malherbe, had not reached his circle, kind, or family.

Of that family the Cardinal seems to have regarded him as the principal survivor. He had determined to make of

the young poet the heir of his glory. It came to nothing. He accompanied his relative to Rome: but the diplomacy of the mission ill-suited him. Of the Royal Ladies at Court who befriended him, the marriage of one, the death of another, increased his insecurity. He had inherited, to his bane, another estate—Gonor—from his elder brother. It was encumbered, the cause litigious, and he had inherited with it the tutelage of a sickly child. He never shook off the burden. A tragic error marked his end. He died, certainly broken-hearted, just when his powerful cousin, by a conversion perhaps unknown to the poet himself, had rejected calumnies, and had determined to resign to him the great Archbishopric of Bordeaux.

Eustache Du Bellay, yet another cousin, was Bishop of Paris. He had made Joachim, on his return from Rome, a Canon of Notre Dame, and in that capacity, the poet, dying in Paris, was buried in the cathedral. The action of the Chapter in the eighteenth century, when they replaced the old tombstones by the present pavement, has destroyed the record of his grave: I believe it to lie in the southern part of the ambulatory.

In this abrupt descent, following upon so fierce an activity of thought, I say, he prefigured the close of the Renaissance as his genius typified its living spirit; for all the while, as you read him, you see the cloud about his head, and the profound, though proud and constant, sadness of his eyes.

This, also, was pure Renaissance in him, that the fields in which he wandered, and which he loved to sing—a man of elegies—were dominated by the awful ruins of Rome. These it was that lent him his gravity, and perhaps oppressed him. He sang them also with a comprehension of the superb.

He was second to Ronsard. Though he was the sharp voice of the *Pleïade*,

though it was he who published their famous manifesto, though his scholarship was harder, though his energy could run more fiercely to one point and shine there more brilliantly in one small climax; yet he was second. He himself thought it of himself and called himself a disciple. All up and down his works you find an astonished admiration directed towards his greater friend—

. . . Un amy que les lieux
Guydent si hault au sentier des plus
vieux.

Or again—

Divin Ronsard qui de l'arc a sept
cordes
Tiras premier au but de la memoire
Les traicts allez de la Françoise gloire.

Everywhere it is his friend rather than he that has touched the mark of the gods and called up from the tomb the ghost of Rome which all that company worshipped.

I say he saw himself that he was second. Old Durat saw it clearly in that little college of poets where he taught the unteachable thing: De Baif, Belleau—all the comrades would have taken it for granted. Ronsard led and was chief, because he had the firm largeness, the laughter and the permanence which are the marks of those who determine the fortunes of the French in letters or in arms. Ronsard made. His verses, in their great mass and unfailing level, were but one example of the power that could produce a school, call up a general enthusiasm, and for forty years govern the taste of his country. There was in him something public, in Du Bellay something domestic and attached, as in the relations of a king and of a herald. Or again, the one was like an ordered wood with a rich open plain about it, the other was like a garden. Ronsard was the Beauce; Du Bellay was Anjou. It might be said of the first that he

stood a symbol for the wheat and corn-land of the Vendômois, and of the second, that he recalled that subtle wine of the southern Loire to which Chinon gives the most famous label.

Du Bellay was second: nevertheless, when he is well known in this country it will be difficult to convince Englishmen of that truth. There is in his mind a facet which exactly corresponds to a facet of our own, and that is a quality so rare in the French classics that it will necessarily attract English readers to him, for, of all people, we nowadays criticize most in letters by the standard of our immediate emotions, and least by what was once called "reason." He was capable of that which will always be called "poignancy," and what for the moment we call "depth." He was less careful than are the majority of his countrymen to make letters an art, and so to treat his own personality as a thing apart. On the contrary, he allowed that personality to pierce through continually, so that simplicity, directness, a certain individual note as of a human being complaining—a note we know very well in our own literature—is perpetually discovered.

Thus, in a spirit which all Englishmen will understand, a lightness almost sardonic lay above the depths of his grief, and the tenderness which attached to his home played around the things that go with quietude—his books and animals. I wish I had here the space to quote the epitaphs he wrote to his dog and to his cat, this singer of sublime and ruined things.

Of the dog who—

. . . allait tousjours suivant
Quelquefois allait devant.
Faisant ne scay quelle feste
D'un gai branslement de teste.

and of whom he says, in a pretty imitation of Cutullus, that he—

... maintenant pourmeine
Parmy cette ombreuse plaine
Dont nul ne revient vers nous.

Or of the cat who was—

... par aventure
Le plus bel oeuvre que nature
F'it onc en matière de chats.

All that delicate side of him we understand very well.

Nor is it to modern Englishmen alone that he will appeal. He powerfully affected, it may be presumed, the Eng-

The Pilot

lish Renaissance which succeeded him. Spenser—thirty years after his death—was moved to the translation of his famous lament for Rome, and no one can read the sonnets to which he gave their final form without catching the same note in the great English cycle of the generation after him—the close of the sixteenth and the opening of the seventeenth centuries.

But his verse read will prove all this and suggest much more.

Hilaire Belloc.

SAY, BUT A KISS.

I.

Say, but a kiss;
Yet the great captains sailed
The world around, and spake as kings with kings,
And warred and won, and so returning hailed
The answering shore; then, while their welcomings
Roared from the quays, and the church-clangor pealed,
Saw but one face, and knew their fortune sealed,
Love, with a kiss.

II.

Say, but a kiss;
Yet the great sun that goes
About us triumphing
Moves but for this.
Yea, he, for this one thing
Looks out across the world, rises and sets,
Till the pale north her icy zone forgets,
Thrills to the throb of the sea, to the glad clamor of birds,
And the brown dust, long dead
In lands untenanted,
Sways in a golden cloud above the tumultuous herds.
So he, from east to west,
Calls from the furrow sudden spears of green;
Earth, as he goes, stirs in a sweet unrest,
Dreaming on that which shall be and has been—
Love, with a kiss.

WHISTLER THE PURIST.

Whistler of all men was essentially a purist—a purist in every sense of the word, both as man and worker. As a man he was sadly misunderstood by the masses. Whistler's nature was ever a combative one, and his long and brilliant career was a continuous fight throughout. He revealed himself only to the few, and even that small inner circle, of whom I was one of the most devoted, saw the real man but seldom. But on those rare occasions Whistler could be gentle, sweet, sympathetic, almost feminine, so lovable was he. And he was, as I said, essentially a purist. No one has ever heard Whistler tell a story which was not absolutely refined; such a thing would be impossible, for he never had a vulgar thought. And everything he did was done as a purist. For instance, even in so small and apparently unimportant a detail as the dressing of his hair Whistler was most particular. Many people thought him vain, but that idea is quite a false one; Whistler treated his hair, as he could not but treat everything about him, purely from the artistic standpoint, as a picture, a bit of decoration. Many a time have I been with him to his hairdresser's in Regent Street, and very serious and important was the dressing of the master's head. Customers ceased to be interested in their own heads, operators stopped their manipulations—every one turned to watch Whistler having his hair dressed. I myself was quite indifferent which way my hair might be shorn, so amused and interested was I in watching the master. But he himself was supremely unconscious, the bystanders troubled him not at all. And the process was roughly this. The hair was trimmed, but left rather long, Whistler meanwhile directing the cut-

ting of every lock as he watched the attendant in the glass. And the poor fellow, only too conscious of the delicacy of his task, shook and trembled as he manipulated his scissors. And well he might, for was not this common barber privileged to be thus an instrument in the carrying out of a masterpiece—a picture by the master? The clipping once completed, Whistler would wave the operator imperiously on one side, and we watched for awhile the back view of this dapper little figure surveying himself in the glass, stepping now backwards, now forwards. Suddenly, to the intense surprise of the bystanders, he would dive his head into a basin of water and half dry his hair, shaking it into matted wet curls. Then with a comb he would carefully pick out the white lock, a tuft of white hair just above his forehead, wrap it in a towel, and walk about the room for from five to ten minutes pinching it dry, with the rest of his hair hanging over his eyes. This stage of the process caused great amusement at the hairdresser's. Still pinching the towel Whistler would then beat the rest of his hair into ringlets (to have combed it would not have given the right quality), until it fell in decorative waves all over his head. A loud scream would then rend the air—Whistler wanted a comb! This procured, he would comb the white lock into a feathery plume, and with a few broad movements of his hand form the whole into a picture. Then he would look beamingly at himself in the glass and say two words—"Menpes, amazing"—and sail triumphantly out of the shop. Once he got into a four-wheeler, put his head out, the hat just touched the window and disarranged his hair. Whistler stopped the cab, got out, re-

entered hairdresser's, and the whole thing *da capo*.

Then again in his mode of dress he was consistent to his artistic conceptions. His was not an attempt at eccentricity, for many a time I have been with Whistler to his tailor's and watched the master being measured and tried on; and although his directions to the fitter were very particular and extraordinary, yet it was always the artist who talked, and not the vain man of fashion. Whistler wanted to produce certain lines in his frock coat, and he insisted upon having the skirt cut very long, while there were to be capes over the shoulders which must needs form graceful curves in sympathy with the long flowing lines of the skirt. The idea of wearing white duck trousers with a black coat was not conceived in order to be unlike other people, but because they formed a harmony in black and white which he loved. His straight brimmed-hat, his cane, the way he held his cane, each and every detail was studied, but only as a means of forming a decorative whole. Whistler copied other people's peculiarities of dress occasionally—boots, collars, hats, &c.—but, once worn by him, thenceforward they were always exclusively his, and any one who wore the same articles he declared to have stolen them from the master.

One of the most interesting periods of my friendship with Whistler was at a time when he was handling his exhibitions. I had the infinite privilege of being of some small assistance to the master during three separate exhibitions. And in the arrangement of his works Whistler showed himself more than ever to be a purist. I remember one exhibition called "flesh color and gray." It was a revelation to me. I had never imagined that one human being could be so complete in minute details as Whistler. He missed nothing, absolutely nothing, and he

dominated to an extraordinary extent. He decided that the decorations for this exhibition should be flesh color and gray, and insisted upon the color scheme overflowing into Bond Street and oozing out *viâ* the "chucker out," whose uniform was to be gray with flesh-colored facings. This man, after a month of standing outside Whistler's show, was touched with the master's enthusiasm, and eventually became one of his most earnest students, and was to be heard expounding Whistler's theories to his open-mouthed fellow-cronies around the corner. I overheard him one day asking a superior if he should clean the "toney" from the windows, dirt being an unknown word in Whistler's vocabulary, and one which was always translated into "tone."

The poor fellow, after the exhibition was over, was completely demoralized; he then felt that he was quite unfitted for his career as "chucker out," and drifted off into a totally new scheme of life, never to return to his old haunts. I remember well, when all the pictures had been hung to Whistler's satisfaction, the little dinners he used to give us at the Arts Club. We would all meet together there and proceed to price the pictures, and the result of our pricing was amusing. Whistler always gave what I called "exhibition wine"; it was not genuine champagne, but it sparkled—in short, it was a sort of gooseberry scheme. The master never partook largely of it himself, but the pupils did, and it affected us in a curious way, inasmuch as the prices mounted higher and higher with every additional glass. Whistler would say, "How much for the shop with the blue band? Shall we say forty-five guineas?" We sipped the gooseberry wine, and a murmur of dissent was heard while one of our members would say, "No, no, let it be fifty." Another, becoming excited, would sug-

gest fifty-five, and the master, leaning back with his pencil poised in readiness above the sheet, would say, "Well, gentlemen, shall we put it down at sixty?" And so we would continue throughout the evening until the pictures were priced at what were then fabulous prices. Under the influence of gooseberry wine we had really become prophetic; we were placing Whistler where he should be placed—on a lofty plane. These prices seemed extraordinary to outsiders, and even we ourselves had our misgivings the next day when the catalogue was printed, and the east wind was blowing and gooseberry wine was no more. And the sales unfortunately confirmed our fears. I remember that evening well. It was Press day, and we all met together at the gallery and discussed the prices by the cold unsympathetic daylight, and the result was that when Whistler appeared we were all a little sheepish and depressed. But the master entered, looking brilliant and sparkling, with spirits like champagne, and with a few words he soon picked us up again. For of course he knew the value of his work, and he soon impressed us with his own views, dealers and all. He hypnotized the dealers, as he did every one else, and they worked for him loyally. They showed the right spirit; it mattered not to them whether they sold the master's pictures or not; they felt that it was sufficient privilege merely to exhibit them.

Whistler came in literally bubbling over with joy. "Now," he said, "I can't have this. You must smile. Be merry, laugh all of you." And it was pathetic to see the dealers and the pupils mechanically working up smiles to please the master, many of them producing no more than a sad sort of "grin." The master swept one rapid glance round the gallery. "There is only one thing missing, gentlemen," he said, "to com-

plete the picture which this gallery should create—and that is the butterfly, a large painted butterfly on the wall." And there and then a ladder was brought, for Whistler wanted the butterfly to be almost upon the ceiling. It was a most anxious moment for all concerned—the master trusting himself on a ladder, we below were breathless. The ladder jolted, and Whistler bobbed as he aimed at the wall with his long brush, but each bob caused a stroke in the right position, and the butterfly, in shorter time than it takes for me to tell it, was completed, caught as it were on the wing; it was obvious to us that the Whistler butterfly had pulled the exhibition together. The first press man to enter was a very small, insignificant little personage, and he had the effrontery to address Whistler, not knowing that he was the master. "Where are the pictures?" he asked, evidently imagining himself to be in the entrance to the gallery. Whistler was furious and screamed aloud at him. The little press representative, to say the least of it, looked scared and almost as though he wished the earth might swallow him; but Whistler, looking over his head, mercilessly shouted to the attendant, "Who is this man?" with a strong emphasis on the last word. "Mr. —, representative of 'Funny Folks,' sir," replied the commissionaire. Whistler gave one of his eldritch screams of laughter, and I fled from the battlefield in dismay.

I have given you an example of Whistler as a purist managing a one-man show, but Whistler the president of an art society was infinitely more witty. He carried out his character of purist to a remarkable extent—in a word, he figuratively took off his coat and set to work to cleanse the society vigorously with the hot water and soft soap of his own good taste. And it was an exceedingly interesting experiment! Personally I would not have

missed one of those remarkable meetings with Whistler as president. It was incomparably witty, and I laughed at times until I cried, while my mirth was drowned by the angry shouts and complaints of the members about me. Never in this world has there been, nor probably will there ever be again, such a president as Whistler was then. He was among presidents quite unique. As to the duties of his position he was not quite clear, but he had in his mind certain fixed improvements and certain facts of which he wished to speak—and he spoke. The result was, as will be seen, disastrous for all concerned. A president at a meeting is supposed to encourage the members to talk and give their opinions, but that was not Whistler's idea at all; he sat up there on his president's chair and talked to them himself—talked to them for hour upon hour, brilliant, flowing, caustic talk, talk which made them stagger and well-nigh swept them off their feet. Was this the same man whom they had elected as president? the members whispered one to another—this brilliant epigrammatic individual who talked not to them but at them?

One of the first things Whistler did was to make a member of myself. He took me under his wing, as it were, and engineered me into the society in an incredibly short space of time. Myself and a few of us, all friends of his, Whistler gathered together and formed into a species of inner circle whose sacred duty it was to fight for the master. On the night before one of the exhibitions during Whistler's term of presidency we all met together at his studio, where he explained his plan of campaign to cleanse the society. I, as a member of the hanging committee, was especially instructed to be ruthless in rejecting pictures. He impressed upon me the necessity of saying "Out, out, out"; he said, "Never weary, Menpes, of saying 'out.' We

want clean spaces around our pictures; we want them to be seen; the British Artists must cease to be a shop." And out they went one after the other, until very few and select were the pictures reserved for the exhibition. But those few were hung faultlessly and in a decorative pattern on the walls, with plenty of wall space round each. Undoubtedly these pictures were shown at their best advantage.

Whistler started by redecorating the gallery, "cleansing" it, as he himself put it, procuring a neutral tone, and rejecting all other hangings and decorations. I remember well we used muslin to festoon with, and unfortunately towards the ceiling the material ran short, and certain of the battens were left exposed. But Whistler allowed this paucity to pass, and when I suggested that perhaps the critics might complain, calling the gallery unfinished and a skeleton, Whistler said. "If they complain we can simply tell them that the battens form decorative lines and well placed," and in a very short space of time he had quite convinced himself and all of us that these exposed battens were indispensable to the scheme of decoration. But somehow or other the neutral tone of the walls and the decorative hanging did not seem to appeal to the average British Artist; the society felt that, although artistically they might be improving by leaps and bounds, financially they were becoming just as rapidly ruined. Yet all these men had in their innermost hearts a great though reluctant regard for the master both as critic and painter, perhaps more especially as critic. And on the morning of the first exhibition, when all the pictures had been hung and the arrangements completed, all the members assembled in the gallery to await the arrival of the master. He was late, and many were the nervous conjectures as to what he would be likely to say concerning such and such

a picture, whether he might praise or condemn each man's special work. At last it was said that the master had arrived. There was intense excitement; we felt conscious and strained, yet tried to appear at our ease. The master at length entered, faultlessly dressed, walking with a swinging jaunty step, evidently quite delighted with himself and the world in general. He passed down the gallery humming a French chanson and, never noticing the assembled members, walked straight up to his own picture. And there he stayed for quite fifteen minutes, regarding it with a satisfied expression, stepping now backwards now forwards, canting his head and dusting the surface of the glass with a silk pocket-handkerchief. We watched him open-mouthed. Suddenly he turned round, beamed upon us, and uttered but two words—"Bravo, Jimmy"—then took my arm and hurried me out of the gallery, talking volubly the while. Whistler was very amusing in his attempts to "cleanse" the society; in the teeth of opposition from the British Artists themselves he left not a stone unturned to complete their artistic triumph. The smallest detail was treated by him with importance. For instance, there was the signboard that was a cruel thorn in the master's side for quite fifteen minutes, during which time he sorrowfully regarded it before the board was ultimately displaced and sent off to his studio, where with a few sweeps of his brush he transformed the Reckitt's blue enamel and white lettering of the original into a large well-placed butterfly and a lion on a red ground, while the "Royal Society of British Artists," printed in small black letters, did not at all interfere with the harmony of the whole. Then, again, of the society's note-paper and the stamp upon it Whistler did not approve. Immediately he designed another, a small red

lion, decorative and dainty in the extreme. On the first proof sent from the stationer's he wrote me a little letter. And to show what a joyous, light-hearted, almost boyish man the master could be on occasions, I feel I must repeat to you this letter: "I write on the official sheet, oh dear and most respectful one, because I am in love with the look of it. Isn't it really brilliant and fascinating as a picture? And my little red lion, isn't he splendid and well-placed?"

"What's the use——"

This letter I kept, as indeed I have kept and cherished all Whistler's letters.

At last the climax came; Whistler's ideas were too pure for the society; he was cleansing them too thoroughly, and the society rebelled. There was a strong agitation to depose Whistler and place another president in his stead, and the discussion took place at a meeting. There were two or three members who were very fluent speakers, and they attacked Whistler on the lines of his having taken away from the dignity of the society. They accused him of having brought too many eccentricities among them; it was impossible, they said, to keep pace with such ideas, and also their pictures were not selling. Whistler's reply to this attack was stupendous! He withered them as they sat there, withered them and turned yet again to grind his heel on the faded fragments of the fight. He put on his eyeglass and looked round on this circle of British artists—a slow, comprehensive, meditative stare. And then at length he said sweetly and with some concern, "You know you people are not well. You remind me of a shipload of passengers living on an old tub (the society) which has been anchored to a rock for many years. Suddenly this old tub, which has seemed disused and incapable of putting out to sea to face

the storm and stress of the waves, is boarded by a pirate. I am the pirate. He patches up the ship and makes her not only weather-tight but a perfect vessel, and boldly puts out to sea, running down less ably captained ships, leaving a stream of wreckage in her wake. But, lo and behold, her triumphant passage is stopped, and by the passengers themselves; for, unused to the strange and unaccustomed movement, they are each and every one of them sick and ill. But, good people, it is merely a matter of habit; soon you will not feel it, and you will live to thank your captain. Then you complain of my eccentricities. But mark you, dear people, you invited me into your midst as president because of these same so-called eccentricities. You elected me because I was much talked about and because you imagined that I would bring notoriety into your gallery. Did you imagine that when I entered your building I should leave my individuality on the door-mat? If so you are much mistaken, I am still Whistler, the so-called eccentric, still the master."

In this article I have spoken of Whistler as president, Whistler in connection with his own personal appearance, and many other sides of that great man's character; but it was Whistler the etcher that appealed to me more closely, for it was as an etcher that I had the privilege of serving him, and more especially in the printing room. Everything connected with Whistler's etching was absolutely pure and right; from the first stroke on the copper plate to the printed proof, every detail was carried through to perfection. For instance, take the paper that the plate was printed on. Now Whistler would think nothing of going on a trip to Holland in search of old Dutch paper, and many a time have I joined him in this interesting hunt. These golden sheets of Dutch paper gave him just

the ground he needed in order to receive the lace-work of etched lines. And Whistler economized each line so as not to destroy the breadth of the picture. His idea was that the sheet of golden Dutch paper should come as nearly as possible to represent the sheet of burnished copper. The sheet of paper was to Whistler as the broad tone of nature, and only a few lines were needed to caress it into form. To have attempted to get what the French call "values" Whistler felt would be an absurdity; it would be straining the medium. And then the handling of the plate: the way he would paint it with acid, putting it on daintily with a feather, instead of, as most etchers do, stopping out and protecting the back with varnish before plunging the whole into a bath of acid. Whistler in his method of painting was just as much a purist; there too he never strained his medium. He always started with the tone of the panel or canvas as near as possible to the general tone of the picture as he could get it, instead of, if he were painting a dark-toned picture, beginning with a white ground and then struggling to kill it.

The "followers" as we called ourselves—that is to say, the few men who surrounded Whistler—were not quite successful as purists. We tried to be so pure that we produced faces without any features—simply a fleshy mass. London from the top of hansom cabs, too, was a failure, the technique was somewhat shaky, and sad low-toned ballet girls who became all the rage with us two months later, ballet girls painted in the low tones of Whistler, were not in great demand. At a later period we took to living in cafés by day and night discussing art. Soon after this we dispersed, and the reason for our disbandment was that some one suggested that we should treat art from the athletic standpoint and hit out from the shoulder. At

that period the features of our portraits were a little out of place; it was the death-blow of the pure period; the purists were thenceforward known no

The Cornhill Magazine.

more, the sporting instinct was rife among us, and art for the time abandoned.

Mortimer Menpes.

HERBERT SPENCER.

In Mr. Herbert Spencer almost the last of the great figures of the Victorian era has departed. Few men have ever more completely dominated national thought in their own lifetime. By a happy accident, he began his career at a time when the great thesis of Darwin was being propounded, and a new world seemed to open for scientific discovery. With the enthusiasm of youth, Mr. Spencer set himself to map out this new world, and with a rare fidelity he continued his labors unremittingly to the end of a long life. To marry science and abstract thought, to deduce from the isolated discoveries of departmental science a guiding principle, and to work out this principle in every domain of human activity, was the task he set himself. He was well fitted for it by the possession of a considerable scientific training and a mind extraordinarily apt at acquiring and systematizing knowledge. He was probably one of the most learned men of our time, a great polymath, whose encyclopædic learning may justly entitle him to rank with those other synthetic philosophers, Aristotle and Bacon. If in his desire for a complete system of thought there was a suggestion of the German metaphysician, in most respects he was a typical English philosopher. He was, above all things, practical, desiring to bring Philosophy into the market-place and keep her there. He was keenly interested in current politics, and resisted Socialism with all the intense dislike of State interference which

characterized the mid-Victorian school of political philosophy. Taken as a whole, his life was a noble and influential one. He made popular the greatest of modern scientific truths, and he was an intellectual leader to thousands who desired some complete scheme of thought. The gravity and moderation of his argumentative methods, his high character, his fidelity to his enormous self-imposed task, were all influences of the highest value in a world which is becoming daily more disposed to judge men and things from a low material standpoint, and look askance at the self-sacrificing life of the thinker and scholar.

His work remains to this generation a very stately creation, spreading its roots far under the soil of most departments of knowledge, and sheltering the fowls of the air in its branches in the shape of a dozen minor schools of political and scientific thought. His terminology is still too much in use, and his ideas are still too familiar, for us to be able to judge him with any true perspective. How far, we wonder, will future ages value him? In a sense his work is already done. Owning more to him than to any other save its propounder, the idea of evolution has come to stay; it has been stated in comprehensible terms, and it has become an integral part of every form of thought. The task of the interpreter is over when his interpretation is accepted. We are even now revising our thoughts on evolution, and we shall probably continue to limit the

application of the doctrine. The famous definition, "the passing from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity," may come in time to be only curious. But Mr. Spencer himself was the chief protester against any narrow and formal interpretation, as when in his famous "Factors in Organic Evolution" he insisted on the inadequacy of natural selection taken by itself. He will be judged in future ages by the Synthetic Philosophy, that system which he worked out into every detail of the practical and the theoretical life. Merely to have created so huge a structure is a claim to immortality, for though every axiom and conclusion were denied, later generations might well wonder at the vitality which could carry one thinker through so many arduous paths. But every system must be judged on the qualitative as well as the quantitative side; it must not only be complete, it must be true. A laborious industry in collecting facts will not avail if the basis of the synthesis is false or inadequate. It is Mr. Spencer's chief claim on the attention of posterity that he built broad his foundations on the organic unity of the world. Partly, no doubt, as with Darwin, a biological conception, this idea of life as an organism with mutually related parts was the basis of all his departmental inquiries. From the evolution of life he passes to the evolution of consciousness, and thence to the evolution of the forms of consciousness in laws, ethics, and social institutions. Whatever fault we may find with particular applications of the conception, we must admit its fruitfulness and its high value in any synthesis of knowledge.

The chain had its weak links. Mr. Spencer was never, properly speaking, a metaphysician, and as a philosopher, in the German sense, he will probably have little influence on posterity. The

old Teutonic taunt that in England a man was called a philosopher who invented mechanical toys is not without a shade of justification even in his case. Twenty years ago his influence over English speculation was not to be compared with T. H. Green's; and since then the works of Mr. Bradley, to name one instance, have attracted the best speculative minds in a way in which Mr. Spencer's metaphysics of the unknowable are powerless to do. His psychology, to take another case, is out of date, both as to methods and results, as compared with the newer psychological laboratory work of Leipzig and Harvard. Sometimes, too, his conception of the organic broke down utterly, as in his *laissez-faire* theory of the State, which Huxley well described as "administrative Nihilism." But on the whole his synthesis is consistent, rich in suggestion, and liberal in its scope. He is *par excellence* in modern history the scientific thinker, not merely because the subject-matter of his thought is scientific data, but because he shows more than most philosophers the accuracy and order of a great scientist.

No writer of the first order has less claim to distinction of style. He has none of the literary graces which make Plato and Bacon, and even Fichte and Hegel, attractive, in part at any rate, to others than professed students of philosophy. At times, however, the simple and noble character of the man appears through his level sentences with something of an old Roman dignity. Such an occasion is the preface to the "Principles of Sociology," where he recounts the difficulties of his great undertaking, and the despair with which he embarked on it:—"Doubtless in earlier days some exultation would have resulted; but as age creeps on, feelings weaken, and now my chief pleasure is in my emancipation. Still there is satisfaction in the conscious-

ness that losses, discouragements, and shattered health have not prevented me from fulfilling the purpose of my life." And in his latest volume of "Facts and Comments" there is a passage which shows at the best that humane philosophic temper which, while far indeed from orthodox creeds, has so profound a compassion for mankind that it is not concerned, in the face of so much uncertainty, to deny value to any sincere belief. Some sentences may be quoted as a fitting comment on Mr. Spencer's life:—"The many who are reckless even of themselves and brutally regardless of human welfare may be passed by; unless indeed some good may be done by proving that

The Spectator.

there are natural penalties which in large measure coincide with alleged supernatural penalties. On the other hand those on whom fears of eternal punishment weigh heavily, may fitly be shown that merciless as is the Cosmic process worked out by an Unknown Power, yet vengeance is nowhere to be found in it. Meanwhile, sympathy commands silence toward all who, suffering under the ills of life, derive comfort from their creed. While it forbids the dropping of hints that may shake their faiths, it suggests the evasion of questions which cannot be discussed without unsettling their hopes."

LEIGH HUNT.*

Sir George Trevelyan, in the first of the two new volumes which bring before us with such vivid and entrancing power the men and manners of the American Revolution, describes a Tory loyalist who, seeing a work entitled *Trials for High Treason* upon a bookseller's counter at Philadelphia "asked the gentleman who kept the store whether it would not be a proper book for Mr. Adams to peruse." "Next day," adds Sir George, "the unfortunate loyalist was carted round the streets, and only escaped worse treatment on account of the meekness with which at every stopping-place on the route he thanked the crowd for their forbearance and civility." This was Leigh Hunt's father, a clergyman of the Church of England, who developed in later years into a universalist, and believed that all men would ultimately be saved. Nearly forty years afterwards, in 1813, Leigh

Hunt was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for libelling the Prince Regent, which would have been an impossible feat but for the cynical rule of law before Lord Campbell's Act that "the greater the truth the greater the libel." It seems that that exemplary Prince who, after his succession to the throne, fell under the far severer lash of Praed, would have pardoned the obvious remark that he was "a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps." But he had also been called "a corpulent man of fifty," which in his own opinion was not equally obvious, and he insisted that the law should take its course. Mrs. Hunt had more sympathy with Republican principles than her husband, and brought up her son to a horror of war, especially war with the French, which he never lost. But whatever side

* "The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt." Newly Edited by Roger Ingpen. Constable. 21s. net.

* "The Essays of Leigh Hunt." Edited by Arthur Symonds. With illustrations by H. M. Brock. Dent and Co. 3s. 6d. net.

Leigh Hunt took, he always felt kindly disposed towards people who disagreed with him. When he wrote on political subjects he used strong language, and those to whom he applied it had certainly no cause of complaint which could be founded on the mildness of their own invective. In private life he was singularly amiable, and as void of resentment as if he had been an orthodox Christian who lived up to his creed. His *Autobiography*, by no means a masterpiece of English literature, and written, indeed, without much regard for style, has the irresistible charm of perfect kindliness, geniality, and good humor. "Every man," said Tennyson, "imputes himself," and nothing could persuade Leigh Hunt that people who seemed to him wrong-headed had mean or disreputable motives. His religion might be summed up in the lines of Coleridge:

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the great God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Leigh Hunt died in 1859 at the age of seventy-four. As a young man he edited the *Examiner*, in which his libel on the Prince Regent appeared. An elegant poet and an ingenious critic, he devoted his subsequent life to forms of literature even less remunerative than journalism, and received from Lord John Russell in 1847 a pension of £200 a year from the Civil List. It was his biographical and critical notices to the works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar which prompted Macaulay's famous essay on the *Comic Dramatists of the Restoration*. Harold Skimpole, in *Bleak House*, was generally supposed to be Dickens's conception of Leigh Hunt's character until, if not after, Dickens took the trouble to repudiate the theory. If Dickens had meant what he said he did not mean, he would have been grossly unfair to

an upright and honorable man, whose indulgence to the faults of others was little needed for his own.

Although he did not live to any extraordinary age, Leigh Hunt could carry his memory over more than fifty years. He "saw Mr. Pitt in a blue coat, buckskin breeches and boots, and a round hat, with powder and pigtail. He was thin and gaunt, with his hat off his forehead, and his nose in the air." Hazlitt, with a reminiscence of Horace, declared that Pitt "suspended the House of Commons" on that nose. Follows inevitably the companion picture of "Mr. Fox, fat and jovial, though he was then declining. He who had been a 'beau' in his youth then looked somewhat Quaker-like as to dress, with plain colored (*sic*) clothes, a broad, round hat, white waistcoat, and, if I am not mistaken, white stockings." One is not surprised to learn that he "was making two young gentlemen laugh heartily at something he seemed to be relating." The life of Fox has still to be written, and it ought to be one of the most entertaining books in the language. Another humorist of a finer type paid a visit to Christ's Hospital while Hunt was at school there. "Lamb I recollect coming to see the boys, with a pensive, brown, handsome, and kindly face, and a gait advancing with a motion from side to side between involuntary consciousness and attempted ease." One taste, at least, Hunt shared with Lamb—he was from his youth a constant and enthusiastic playgoer. His description of Mrs. Jordan shows how infinitely superior she was to her royal lover, and also how Hunt himself delighted in the stage. Mrs. Jordan, "though she was neither beautiful nor handsome, nor even pretty, nor accomplished, nor 'a lady,' nor anything conventional, or *comme il faut* whatsoever, yet was so pleasant, so cordial, so natural, so full

of spirits, so healthily constituted in mind and body, had such a shapely leg withal, so charming a voice, and such a happy and happy-making expression of countenance, that"—she must have been bored to death by His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

For Shelley Leigh Hunt, like every man who really knew him, had a sincere regard as well as admiration, and he gives an amusing account of the poet's friendship with Horace Smith, of *Rejected Addresses*, a poet, too, in his way, though the way was very different from Shelley's. "Is it not odd," asked Shelley, "that the only truly generous person I ever knew, who had money to be generous with, should be a stockbroker? And he writes poetry, too, and pastoral dramas, and yet knows how to make money, and does make it, and is still generous." Shelley himself was generous to a fault. He gave money to a discharged servant of Lord Byron's, who had tried to murder the Countess Guiccioli's brother, because "nobody would help such an ill-looking fellow if he did not." He "would give up any pleasure," says Hunt, "to do a deed of kindness," and he "assented warmly to an opinion which I expressed in the cathedral at Pisa, while the organ was playing, that a truly Divine religion might yet be established if charity were really made the principle of it, instead of faith." Such a religion might win at least a qualified support from the author of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. Leigh Hunt's account of Byron, with whom, and with Shelley, he lived in Italy, is much less agreeable. "It is a credit to my noble friend (why did Hunt, like Moore, adopt this Parliamentary slang?) that he was by far the pleasantest when he had got a little wine in his head." Byron's saying that "Johnson would have awed him, he treated lords with so much respect," is amusing and characteristic. Never

for a moment did Byron, Radical though he proclaimed himself, forget that he was a "lord."

"If the world is to remain always as it is," says the *Autobiography*, "give me to all eternity new talk of Coleridge and new essays of Charles Lamb." And he adds, in a note, with true critical insight, that Coleridge's poetry was "the finest of its time," "in the sense of being the most quintessential, the most purely emanating from imaginative feeling." Even Byron, who was not the best of listeners, and whose feelings for the Lake Poets are notorious, admitted the supreme excellence of Coleridge's talk. His poetry it would be mere impertinence to praise. Wordsworth's conversation was not, as is well known, his strong point. He had no humor, and his eloquence was confined to his verse. On the other hand, his eyes spoke for him. "They were like fires half burning, half smouldering, with a sort of acrid fixture of regard and seated at the further end of two caverns. One might imagine Ezekiel or Isaiah to have had such eyes." After this it is almost startling to find that they were not in Leigh Hunt's opinion equal to Carlyle's. As a Shakespearean critic Wordsworth does not shine by the side of Keats. That incomparable line,

The singing masons building roofs of gold,

appeared to Wordsworth faulty because it contained two present participles, just as a line of Æschylus was criticized by a modern commentator because it violated Dawes's canon. "Keats thought, on the other hand, that the repetition was in harmony with the continued note of the singers, and that Shakespeare's negligence (if negligence it was) had instinctively felt the thing in the best manner." A commentary on Shakespeare by Keats

would have been almost as precious a possession for ever as *Hyperion*, or the Ode on the Grecian Urn.

Leigh Hunt, though a charitable, was not always an appreciative, judge of public men. Canning is certainly "not a man to be treated with contempt under any circumstances by those who admire wit and rhetoric." But the last seven words might be omitted. For even if Canning had never made a speech or a joke, he would still be the most brilliant diplomatist who ever conducted the foreign affairs of England. To a man even more illustrious in letters than Canning in politics Leigh Hunt was also less than just. It may be true that between Coleridge's *Christabel* and Sir Walter Scott's "novels in verse" there is "as much difference as between a precious essence and a coarse imitation of it got up for sale." But his novels in prose are unsurpassed, if not unsurpassable, and it was beneath such a critic as Leigh Hunt to let Scott's honest, unaffected Toryism bias his own literary judgment. That he could raise himself above such prejudice in the case of Swift, who, unlike Scott, was an apostate from the Whig faith, his essay on *Rainy Day Poetry* abundantly shows. For Swift's coarseness,

The Speaker.

compared with which the grossest passages in Rabelais are harmless, he had a proper abhorrence, though he insults the father of English poetry by mentioning them in the same breath with the frank outspokenness of Chaucer. Yet there is a delicate charm in his apology for the great Dean's "idle rhymes," not, of course, to be confounded with such trenchant satire as the *Day of Judgment* or the *Legion Club*. "If he had written nothing else, there might be some color of accusation against him; though I do not see why a dean is bound to be a dull private gentleman. But if he had written nothing else, I think it may be pretty safely pronounced that he would not have written these trifles. They bear the mark of a great hand, trifling as they are. Their extravagance is that of power, not of weakness . . . What should we have done had we lost Mary the cook-maid's letter and the grand question about the barracks?" Leigh Hunt had a natural propensity towards the good points in books and men. His gentleness was part of his cleverness, and became him, for his mercy was not due to want of discrimination. "Charity never faileth," and therefore the virtue of Leigh Hunt's writing can never fail.

Herbert Paul.

A MAKE-UP FOR THE NEW MELO-FARCE.

(Lord Rosebery to C.-B.)

Henry! you took my challenge like a Briton!
Full at your breast I drave my olive-dart!
At once the weapon bounded back and lit on
Your loving Archibald's receptive heart!

I knew we could not always keep asunder
Each to his friend's existence gravel-blind;
They said you'd disappeared—a silly blunder;
You were not lost but only gone behind

A Make-up for the New Melo-Farce.

For by the bonny braes we twa were cradled,
 Alike absorbed the breath of Lowland kine,
 In peaty burns identically paidled,
 And caught the pibroch squealing "*Auld Lang Syne*."

Nursed on a diet framed by *Abernethy*,
 That Spartan fare that suits the pawky Scot,
 Could we allow such ties to lapse in *Lethe*?
 Could such cohesive links be long forgot?

Tempted we were at times, no doubt, to differ,
 For Nature built you otherwise than me;
 You had a supple backbone; mine was stiffer,
 Owing to inconvenient *vertebræ*.

Yet what were these disputes? Scarce worthy mention
 Mere academic quarrels lightly healed,
 As when—to take a case—you called attention
 To England's barbarous methods in the field.

For we were one on matters more material,
 On Tory impotence and Tory shame;
 You may have been pro-Boer and I imperial,
 Yet both agreed just where to fix the blame.

And that reminds me how the time-worn cackle
 Fades out of knowledge like a broken spell—
 "Pro-Boer" and "lonely plough," and "tabernacle,"
 And those old metaphors I worked so well.

And let them go! We will no longer palter
 With what concerns the country's higher good,
 When in between us rises like an altar
 The oven where they bake the People's Food!

O Scot wha hae! This cry of dearer forage
 Breaks down my bosom's guard and lets you in!
 One touch of fingers tampering with her porridge
 Makes all the sons of Caledonia kin!

Punch.

Owen Seaman.

GARDEN CITIES.

Without in the least underrating the importance of the fiscal questions now engrossing public attention, it would be tolerably safe to predict that, whether the conclusion ultimately arrived at be wise or foolish, the consequences will not be altogether irretrievable nor the national efficiency permanently reduced. There are, however, questions affecting the well-being of the home population of which the same cannot be said. They strike at the very root and foundation of national prosperity, and cannot with safety be ignored or the consideration of them deferred to a more convenient season. The first and most urgent of these, concerns the health and physique of the mass of the people.

That physical degeneration is in wide operation amongst the inhabitants of our great towns will hardly be denied by any one who has studied the question. That it may have escaped the notice of those whose observation is practically confined to the members of the well-to-do classes and their immediate dependants is likely enough; but it is none the less a fact, and if proof is wanted it can be had in abundance. In one great industrial centre, we are told, out of 11,000 applicants for Military Service 8000 fell short of a physical standard so low that one positively blushes to hear of its application to the descendants of the finest race in Europe. In considering the significance of these figures it must be borne in mind that the consciously defective would not submit themselves to medical examination. An abundance of evidence pointing in the same direction could be adduced if necessary. The physical condition of the population of our great towns is in fact so unsatisfactory that it could only be disregarded

ed by a nation smitten with the blindness which precedes destruction.

It is not pretended that the matter has altogether escaped attention. Efforts undoubtedly have been and are being made to improve the hygienic conditions of our great towns. At the same time no serious attempt has been made to grapple with the root of the evil, nor indeed is there any indication that the necessity for taking effective steps to maintain the national physique is at all adequately recognized. If the subject is to be dealt with scientifically it is necessary in the first place to ascertain the causes underlying the evil, to separate those which are practically fixed from those which are open to alteration, and then to consider how the latter may be modified so as to give a reasonable prospect of permanent improvement.

The first step presents little difficulty. The main causes of physical degeneration are by common consent to be found in the change which in a few generations has transformed the English from a race of agriculturists to a race of artisans, from a race of countrymen to a race of townsmen. The Englishman of to-day is essentially a townsman. He no longer rejoices as the pioneer of civilization to struggle with the forces of nature in unsettled lands. If he emigrates it is to the towns he goes. At home he crowds into the towns to such an extent, that in many parts of the country only the aged, the feeble, and the very young, remain. Now the difference between country life and town life, in its effect upon physique, is marked and well known. The man who lives in the country can, all the world over, give points in physique to the man who lives in a town. The man who works

in the open air can give points to the man who works within doors. The man, therefore, who lives in a town and works within doors, is at a disadvantage compared with the man who lives in the country and works within doors, and at a still greater disadvantage with the agriculturist. Moreover there is every reason to suppose that the disadvantage is not confined to stature, thews and sinews, but that it extends to brain-power. Even in so young a nation as the United States the saying already obtains that all the brains come from the country, and our own experience confirms its truth.

If the advantages of country life therefore are essential to good physique, unless we are content to see our race degenerate, we must either turn the artisan back into the agriculturist, or we must find means to extend these advantages to the occupations which the former follows. The first of these alternatives is clearly impossible. The industrial tendencies of the nation are due to economic causes. A nation tends to the production of those commodities which it can produce to the greatest advantage. Capital and labor cannot permanently be prevented from following their true interests. That the interests of a nation, which imports three-fourths of its food-supply and some 80 per cent. of whose imports consist of raw material, lie in increasing manufacture and not in reversion to agriculture, cannot seriously be contested. Moreover, so long as the markets of the world lie open to this country for the purchase of food, the English farmer, under existing circumstances, will always be at a disadvantage, handicapped as he is by soil and climate. It seems clear, therefore, that the transfer of labor from agriculture to manufacturing industry, in a continuously increasing ratio, must be accepted as inevitable.

Abandoning, therefore, the first alternative, our only hope lies in the second, namely, in enabling the artisan to share with the agriculturist the advantages of country life. But there is another point to be considered. If it be true that country-bred brains are the best, it is equally true that the best country-bred brains gravitate to the towns; and if the countryman beats the townsman in brain-power, he is inferior to him in intellectual agility, and in, at all events, superficial mental development. The problem to be solved therefore is not only how to extend the advantages of country life to the artisan, but also how to enable the agriculturist to share the advantages of town life. But what are the advantages of country life which we desire to extend to the artisan? and what are the advantages of town life which we wish the agriculturist to share? So far as our present purpose is concerned, the former may be summed up in two words—"fresh air"—and the latter in as many more—"social intercourse."

The importance of fresh air as a factor in human development is being tardily recognized, but as yet it is by no means adequately appreciated. An abundant supply of fresh air is more necessary to healthy human existence even than an abundant supply of food. The bare sufficiency of air to support life is a more certain precursor of disease and death than a bare sufficiency of food; yet the relative importance of the two things is wholly misunderstood. If the newspapers report a case of death from starvation the whole community is shocked; while the public at large are either ignorant of the fact, or little moved by the knowledge, that for every victim of insufficient food, a thousand suffer through insufficient air. In dealing with this point it cannot be too often or too strongly urged, that comfort and health

are not convertible terms, and that substantial buildings, and contrivances, however admirable, for saving time and trouble, do not fill the lungs with air, but often, indeed, indirectly hinder the process. The philanthropist-working in the slums finds two or three families herded together in, let us say, the ground-floor room of a squalid house. The different families sleep in separate corners of the room; in the day-time the children are turned out to play in the gutter; consumption is almost certain to be present in their midst. Our philanthropist is very properly shocked. But what strikes him most forcibly is not, in all probability, the hygienic aspect of the case, but the fact that the people are living like pigs—the absence of decency and comfort. If he can secure their removal to separate rooms on, say, the fifth floor of a tenement building (erected by another philanthropist) where the doors and windows fit well enough to exclude the air, where the women have everything at hand and need but seldom leave their rooms, and the children play either on the staircase or in the room itself, the philanthropist will depart, filled with the comfortable conviction of substantial good effected. Yet from the hygienic point of view, I venture to assert that the last state of these families, particularly as regards the children, would be worse than the first, and that the philanthropist would have done better if he had left the people where he found them, having previously pulled out the window of their hovel, and trusted to their want of means or energy to replace it. The gutter was at least open to the sky and in some degree to the four winds of heaven, and was a better place for the children to play in than the tenement staircase. It is not to be tolerated, I agree, that people should continue to live like pigs, but your pig, after all, is usually a healthy animal,

and the conditions of his life are in that respect superior to those of a large proportion of our fellow citizens. The essentials of health enjoyed by the former at least must be extended to the latter, if any permanent good is to be done them.

If the importance of fresh air is once recognized, and the conditions of life in our great industrial centres examined, experience only serves to confirm the conclusion to which *à priori* reasoning must lead, that under such conditions it is impossible to maintain the physical efficiency of the race. It is, of course, one thing to recognize and deplore the evil, another to find a remedy; but to distract our attention from the sorry spectacle of the condition of our people at home, by external schemes which that very condition, if unamended, must render futile, is surely the policy of the ostrich rather than that of a great nation. To enforce and reiterate this argument is no proof of indifference to Imperial concerns. No one is more convinced than myself that for the full development of national character, the larger view of national duty is of the highest importance; but the recovery of the physical standard is the necessary preliminary to the development of an Imperial race. If this be neglected the Imperial structure rests upon a foundation of sand.

It follows from what has already been said, that the remedy for the state of things we have been considering must be found, either in a radical alteration of our existing towns, or in some fresh method of distributing the population upon the land. Without minimizing the result of the efforts which have been made during the last few years to deal with the question of overcrowding, and to improve the hygienic conditions of life in industrial centres, such conditions remain essentially unsatisfactory and, to my mind,

must ever so remain, in default of radical measures to check and ultimately reduce the pressure of population. Where a great town already exists improvements must be piecemeal. Demolition in one quarter tends to aggravate overcrowding in another. The cost is enormous. It would often be cheaper to pension off the occupants for life than to substitute accommodation in reasonably accessible positions. If the working man is compelled to find lodging further afield, the bulk of his leisure is consumed in travelling, often under conditions even less healthy than those of the workshop; while the growth and extension of the suburbs still further vitiates the air in the central districts, and renders the country still more and more inaccessible to the citizen. Reform is made difficult by the unwisdom of our predecessors, and the haphazard, disconnected way in which the town has grown. The past hampers the present at every turn. If we could imagine the occurrence of a devastating conflagration which would sweep all the buildings in London off the face of the earth (Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's being, let us hope, miraculously preserved), and could suppose that, moved by conscientious scruples on the subject of unearned increment, the ground landlords simultaneously laid their rents at the feet of the London County Council, retaining only what represented the unimproved value of the land, no doubt much might be done. In facilities of transit, in unity of construction, in careful distribution of the population in accordance with their several requirements, in low rental value, the new city might be expected to excel any in existence. But, even then, the County Council would be compelled either to send a large proportion of the former citizens about their business, or to resort to the present device of piling family upon fam-

ily at so many thousand per acre; while the suburban difficulty would remain as acute as ever. In addition to a clear site of land at its natural value, the County Council would require a great increase of building area and, in addition, the control of all the land around their city, before they could establish a town fit to form the cradle of an Imperial race.

But although our imagination fails to conceive the satisfactory evolution of London itself, the country could furnish an abundance of sites where all the conditions which we have seen to be necessary exist—land at agricultural value, a clear site, and command at will of the surrounding country.

Making a still more vigorous effort of imagination, let us suppose that, at some future time, there arose a Government the Ministers of which realized that, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, the vital principle of our social organization was industrial democracy; and that, consequently, the first and chief concern of the State was the health and well-being of the industrial population. Let us further suppose, though here the most powerful imagination may fail, that they were prepared to provide for the furtherance of the well-being of the tolling millions of Englishmen, a fraction of what was spent upon the South African War, or of what is to be devoted, with the approval of all, to buying out Irish landlords, on the off chance of putting an end to Irish agitation. In such a case, what could be simpler than to provide sites for industrial towns, upon which the required conditions might be realized; namely, due proportion of area to population, and reservation of an agricultural belt of adequate size round each town? Increase of population in such a case would be provided for, not by increased crowding, but by overflow to contiguous towns established under similar

conditions. For instance, land might be provided for a central town of 100,000 inhabitants surrounded by several overflow towns of 50,000 inhabitants, forming, by well-planned means of communication, but one community for social and business purposes. Such a scheme might, of course, either succeed or fail. If it succeeded, the problem we have been discussing would be solved. Artisans would ply their avocations in towns specially devised for the convenience of themselves and their employers, and in immediate touch with the country, with which they would be surrounded. The possibilities before the founders of such a town, in the way of width of streets, parks, gardens, recreation-grounds, allotments, and so forth, can be estimated if we imagine the London County Council with a practically unlimited area of land at their disposal, at a cost of £40 or £50 an acre. Nor would the benefit to the artisan be the only gain; the proximity of a large town would bring a market to the doors of the occupiers of the agricultural belt of land surrounding it, who would naturally devote themselves to the minor agricultural industries, such as dairies, poultry farms, market gardens, &c., most of which involve the employment of a greater number of hands than ordinary farming. The conditions laid down for adequate development would thus be realized. The artisan would be in enjoyment of the fresh air of the country, while the agriculturist would obtain the advantage of social intercourse by the immediate proximity of a large town. The development of the sites need not be undertaken directly by the State, but might be left to the enterprise of private undertakers under suitable conditions approved by the Board of Trade and embodied in provisional orders. If the scheme were successful, it is obvious that the improved value of the land would

largely exceed what was required for the reasonable remuneration of the capital expended. If the scheme failed, the loss would be measured by the difference between the price given for the land and its real selling value; so that the enterprising Government of our imagination would not seriously jeopardize the national resources.

But, in addition to a site to form a town, a population is required. Are there sufficient grounds for supposing that such a population would be forthcoming? This depends mainly upon the attitude of the manufacturers. At the present time they show a marked tendency to leave the great towns, particularly London. Would they avail themselves of a site—which, for the convenience of reference, we will call a "Garden City"—if it were offered them?

That there are advantages at the outset which manufacturers gain by bringing their works together is proved by the fact that they have hitherto crowded into the great centres. What is driving them out is high rent, contracted area, oppressive building regulations, and high wages. In other words, the consequences of the very contiguity which they originally sought, uncontrolled and unrestricted.

Now the advantages which a Garden City could offer would be cheaper land, greater room for extension, lower rates, better (because more vigorous) and possibly cheaper labor, and the numerous facilities for cheap production, which forethought can provide, where a town is specially planned for that purpose. In the case of a municipality supplying its members with water, gas, &c., which would otherwise form the subject of private monopoly, it is not, I think, denied that the consumer gains. Objection is taken on another ground, namely, that he obtains an advantage at the expense of his neighbors, who are not equally benefited. In

a Garden City, the central authority being the landlord, the increment in the value of the land would form a fund applicable to such purposes without resort to the rates. On the whole, therefore, it may reasonably be anticipated that those manufacturers who are not by choice or necessity wedded to a great town, would be attracted by the advantages offered by a Garden City.

With regard to labor, it cannot go if manufacturers abstain, nor can it abstain if manufacturers elect to go. Labor must follow employment. The scheme, therefore, though primarily intended for the benefit of the working class, is not dependent on their voluntary co-operation. And this is important; for although there are many working men who would understand and appreciate the boon, the scheme may very likely fail at the outset to interest the working class generally. To tell the average working man that his lethargy and craving for drink are largely the result of unhealthy conditions of life and labor would probably only excite his resentment and ridicule. It is only by experience that he will learn to appreciate the advantages offered him.

Apart from the question of health, however, they are indisputable; for if he gets the same wages as before, he will be better off by the difference in his rent, *plus* the benefit he would derive from the application of the unearned increment for the benefit of the community. If his wages are reduced by the difference in his rent, he will still enjoy the latter benefit.

The producers once planted on the site, the subsidiary classes, professional and trading, will of necessity follow.

If, therefore, the State were minded to apply itself seriously to the question, there is little doubt that a redistribution of the people upon the land might be commenced, which would gradually

check both the overcrowding in the towns and the exodus from the country, to the benefit alike of the landowner, the farmer, and the manufacturer. At present, however, there is little hope of State assistance. That individual effort should anticipate the action of the State is however in conformity with all precedent, and the Garden City Association have for some time past been actively engaged in the endeavor to make a practical experiment upon the lines above indicated. The matter is at present so far advanced that a site of some 4000 acres, about 35 miles from London, has been purchased by a company registered under the name of the First Garden City Limited.¹ Upon this site it is proposed to found a Garden City. The interest of the shareholders is limited to a dividend of 5 per cent. All further profit will be devoted to the benefit of the residents on the estate.

Will the enterprise succeed? I think it will. The readers of this article must judge what weight, if any, attaches to my opinion on the subject. I will only say that I have long studied the question, and that thirty years at the Bar and nine in the House of Commons are calculated to dispel any tendency to extravagant idealism. To me it seems a practical and practicable scheme, the success of which is mainly a question of management and money. A reference to the Garden City Association will satisfy the inquirer that the enterprise is in the hands of business men. With regard to money, some £75,000 has been found by those immediately concerned in the movement, and I cannot believe that the public will allow the scheme to fail for want of funds when the impending appeal is made to them.

For it holds the field as the only practical suggestion for dealing com-

¹ 348 to 351 Birkbeck Bank Chambers, Holborn, E.C.

prehensively with the questions of overcrowding and agricultural depression, and bears within it the promise of ultimate success. And *something* must be done. The loss of initiative is the most unsatisfactory symptom our country exhibits at the present time. Yet, since we are in a later stage of industrial development than other nations, we are confronted by problems which do not as yet affect them. Waiting for a lead in this regard will be fatal. The greatest of Englishmen (judged by the importance of his message to mankind) has come and gone; yet the influence of his teaching upon the social life of his countrymen is still to seek.

The Monthly Review

It is surely time that the altered view of life to which the doctrines of evolution constrain us should be evidenced by practical conduct. While the conditions of life affecting the majority of the people are inconsistent with sound physical development the best laid schemes for social progress are in vain. The distribution of the people upon the land in the manner suggested is not put forward as a panacea for all ills, but as a necessary preliminary to future advance. It is but the first step in a task, which will tax all the energy and all the intelligence of the country during the twentieth century.

Ralph Neville.

RESTLESSNESS IN AGE.

We are all familiar with the impatience which comes naturally with age and failing health, the intolerance of little hindrances, the inconsequence in argument, the petulance in comment, which are the first signs of senility. But there is another kind of impatience which has a wholly different meaning. It comes to the high-spirited, strenuous man when he feels the hand of Age on him, or that premonition of death which the human body in some hidden way can give to its owner. A man whose soul is centred on a great ideal to which his life's work has been given chafes at the thought that he must be taken before seeing its realization. A man, again, of fiery energy, whose days have been spent in conflicts, may redouble his efforts at the prospect of their cessation, and show an almost hysterical vitality in his closing years. It is a commonplace of literature. The men of the greatest power have the least toleration for petty triumphs, the most abiding sense

of the smallness of their doings and the magnitude of their task. That line of "In Memoriam" which was one of the last utterances of Mr. Rhodes is a cry on the lips of all who fix their eyes on a far horizon. Haste to justify themselves, either to make practical some idea, or to walk a little further on the road, is the last infirmity of the strongest and best. For them there can be no afternoon. Their view of age is the view of the old huntsman in "The Flight of the Duchess":—

What's a man's age? He must hurry
more, that's all;
Cram in a day what his youth took a
year to hold.

They cannot be content, like Bacon, to leave the understanding of their work and character "to foreign nations and the next ages," or to suffer gladly that others should complete what they have begun. To have led the people to the Promised Land, and then to get

no more than a Pisgah sight of it, is a bitter trial for human nature.

There are two forms which this restlessness may take. The practical worker, the statesman, explorer, thinker, artist, may chafe at the fiat which bids him give up his task before completion. A year or so more and the great policy will be a fact, a new State or a new Empire will be created, the barrier mountain will have been crossed and the new continent beyond explored, the great system of philosophy which is to reconcile conflicting creeds will have been given to the world, the last touch will have been added to the picture which has been a lifetime in the making. To weaker souls the thought brings despair; but to the higher spirits it means only an increase of earnestness. And therein lies danger. To the man whose work is of a personal kind, such as the writer or the painter, an access of energy, however feverish, matters comparatively little. But to the maker of nations, the statesman, the sudden quickening of pace may mean the undoing of a life work. When we build successfully we build in tacit alliance with natural forces, biding our time and making broad and deep our foundations. We believe that Time is on our side, and believing also that "the counsels to which Time hath not been called, Time will not ratify," we dare not move too fast. Short-cuts, which policy forbade in those earlier days when we had patience, are not more justifiable now in our old age. The temptation, indeed, is superhuman. It is natural to wish to hurry a work to its completion while you are still there to superintend, for who knows that you may trust your successors? To bring life to some full satisfying close is an essential if you are to say "Nunc Dimittis" with a quiet mind, and the stronger souls have a hunger for finality. They do not see that the

gratification of an instinct, which, however noble, is a personal one, may gravely endanger the permanence of that structure at which they have labored. If in the desire to see the tower clear of scaffolding they build the last story hastily, the first north wind may send it down about the ears of their children. "So little done, so much to do," is a fine motto for life, but so far as concerns methods, Goethe's *Ohne Hast, ohne Rast*, is perhaps a safer maxim. But there is another form of restlessness in age, which is not concerned with the completion of a particular work. A man of strong natural energy may be content to trust himself and his labors, so far as they have gone, to the mercies of his successors, but may chafe at the thought that with it all he has but realized a fraction of what is within him. The consciousness of latent power may drive him to that strange flare of genius which we find sometimes in the last years of great men. Here there is no need to counsel patience for the sake of their work, for they differ from the man who has been possessed by the idea of some practical achievement. They need not think of the world, but of their own souls,—how to find a balm to soothe the feverish love of living from which they must soon be free. And happily they may find it, like Browning's Grammarian, in the hope of immortality.

The one faith which can give patience to the great builder among men is the belief that in his work he has been on the side of cosmic forces, and that these will cherish and perpetuate his efforts. It is a high stretch of human fortitude, and few have reached it. The martyr who, believing that God is fighting for him, is content to leave his cause in His hands, is the most conspicuous example of such a faith. There used to be a theory among certain German historians—a theory for

which, unfortunately, we have no warrant in facts—that Cæsar, having brought his country to the brink of an Empire, chose to forego its consummation, thinking that work better done by other hands, and deliberately courted the sword of Brutus. If the fable were true, it would be a perfect instance of the patience of the great builder, who could so purge all personal vanity from his soul that for his work's sake he could choose to leave the crowning achievement and the glory to another. But there have been many cases of men who died without seeing the fruit of their labors, but in perfect confidence as to the ultimate issue. No restlessness clouded the last days of William the Silent, who seemed to the world to be leaving his country in as ill a plight as ever, but who was sustained by the faith that he had allies whom the world knew not. There is a fragment of a song in one of the "Waverley Novels" which represents the attitude of the great man who has

The Spectator.

not achieved a small success, but has laid the foundations of a permanent one:—

The body to its place, and the soul to
Heaven's grace,
And the rest in God's good time.

There is no other sedative for the noble impatience which great workers must feel except the belief in some Power in the universe which will preserve and complete whatever of truth and value their work has contained. It is a presupposition of philosophy that the world is not in league to defeat the efforts of man in the quest of truth or the moral life. In the same way it is a fair supposition that progress cannot be permanently impeded by the hiatus of death. The restless desire to finish off a work is justifiable only when the haste it entails does not do violence to those principles of organic growth on which alone permanence is founded.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The serious illness of Mr. Swinburne has forced his publishers to postpone the issue of his new volume of poems.

Mr. Orme Angus is revising the proofs of his next novel which, like the preceding volume from his pen, will be a story of peasant life in Dorset.

A copy of the extremely rare first edition of Whitefield's "Hymns," 1753, of which there is no example in the British Museum, has just been sold in London for \$1,000. The purchaser was an American.

Mommsen's works would form almost an entire library. A catalogue of them, according to The Academy, would contain more than one thousand titles.

Two Germans, F. K. Gerden and H. Heiseler, whose courage seems more admirable than their discretion, have undertaken to translate four works of Robert Browning into German. The works chosen are "Pippa Passes," which appears in the German version as "Pippa geht vorueber," "In a Balcony," "Paracelsus," and "A Soul's Tragedy."

M. Georges Brandes is writing a History of Modern Danish-Norwegian Literature, the date of the publication of which has not yet been fixed. He is himself one of the most voluminous contributors to that literature, as the issue of his complete works in Danish, which is now in progress, will extend to thirty-four volumes.

Writing of "Lord Beaconsfield's Novels" in *The Monthly Review*, Lord Idesleigh concludes:

"I have been informed, on what I conceive to be good authority, that it was Lord Beaconsfield's daily custom to devote some of the early hours of the morning, through which most of us sleep, to the study of the Bible and the literature of the Bible."

It seems odd to find "Bookworm," in *The Academy*, questioning the propriety of including Charles Kingsley in the "English Men of Letters" series. One would suppose that Kingsley's novels, not to mention his poems, had given him a secure place among English writers. Because a man is also a preacher and a social reformer, may he not be reckoned a man of letters?

The new British Ambassador at Washington is an author. His works include a book on "Central India in 1857" (1876), an edition, with a memoir, of his father's work on "The First Afghan War" (1879), a life of his father (Sir H. Marion Durand) (1883), and a novel entitled "Helen Treveryan, or The Ruling Race," in three volumes (1892). This last was published under the pseudonym of "John Roy."

Mr. John Buchan's long silence is explained by the fact that he has spent two years under Lord Milner in the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies, in some official capacity. He is about to publish "The African Colonies:

Studies in the Reconstruction." The volume is divided into three parts, the first consisting of historical studies, the second of descriptive sketches of the new colonies, and the third being an analysis of the different problems before the country.

The Athenæum announces that Dr. Moncure Conway has completed a record on which he has been engaged for some years, and which will probably be entitled "Autobiography: Memories, Travels, and Experiences of Moncure Daniel Conway." It should be of high interest, since the author has had a varied career on both sides of the Atlantic. He has edited at least two American papers, lectured gratuitously for the emancipation of slaves, and been a correspondent in the Franco-Prussian War. Further, he is a distinguished collector of pictures and pamphlets, and has figured prominently both in the English and American pulpit. The history of his friendships alone would make a remarkable book.

According to *The Academy* the death of well-known authors has quite ceased to exercise any influence, favorable or otherwise, upon the sale of their works. Not many years ago the death of a famous writer usually produced a temporary revival of interest in his books. But investigation shows that, for some wholly inexplicable reason, the public of to-day absolutely refuses to be "stimulated" by an event of this sort. A careful analysis of the booksellers' returns shows, for instance, that the English sale of Zola's novels remained practically unaffected by the sudden and tragic death of their author. More recently the same phenomenon was noticed in connection with the decease of Mr. Henley. And the death of Mr. Lecky, which, of course, was noticed and lamented all over the world, produced no effect whatever upon the sale of his books.